July 20, 1935

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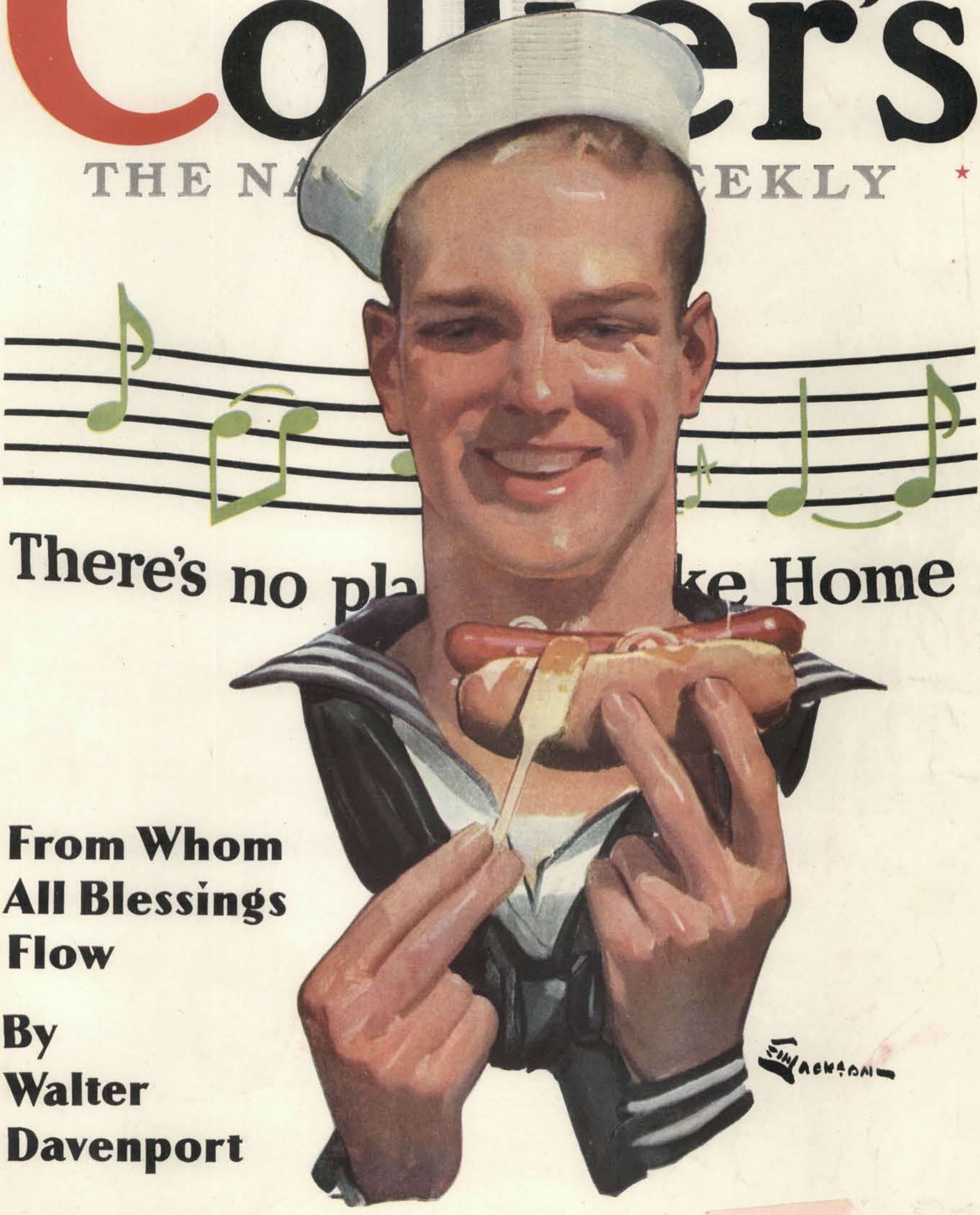

There's no pla ke Home

From Whom All Blessings Flow

By Walter Davenport

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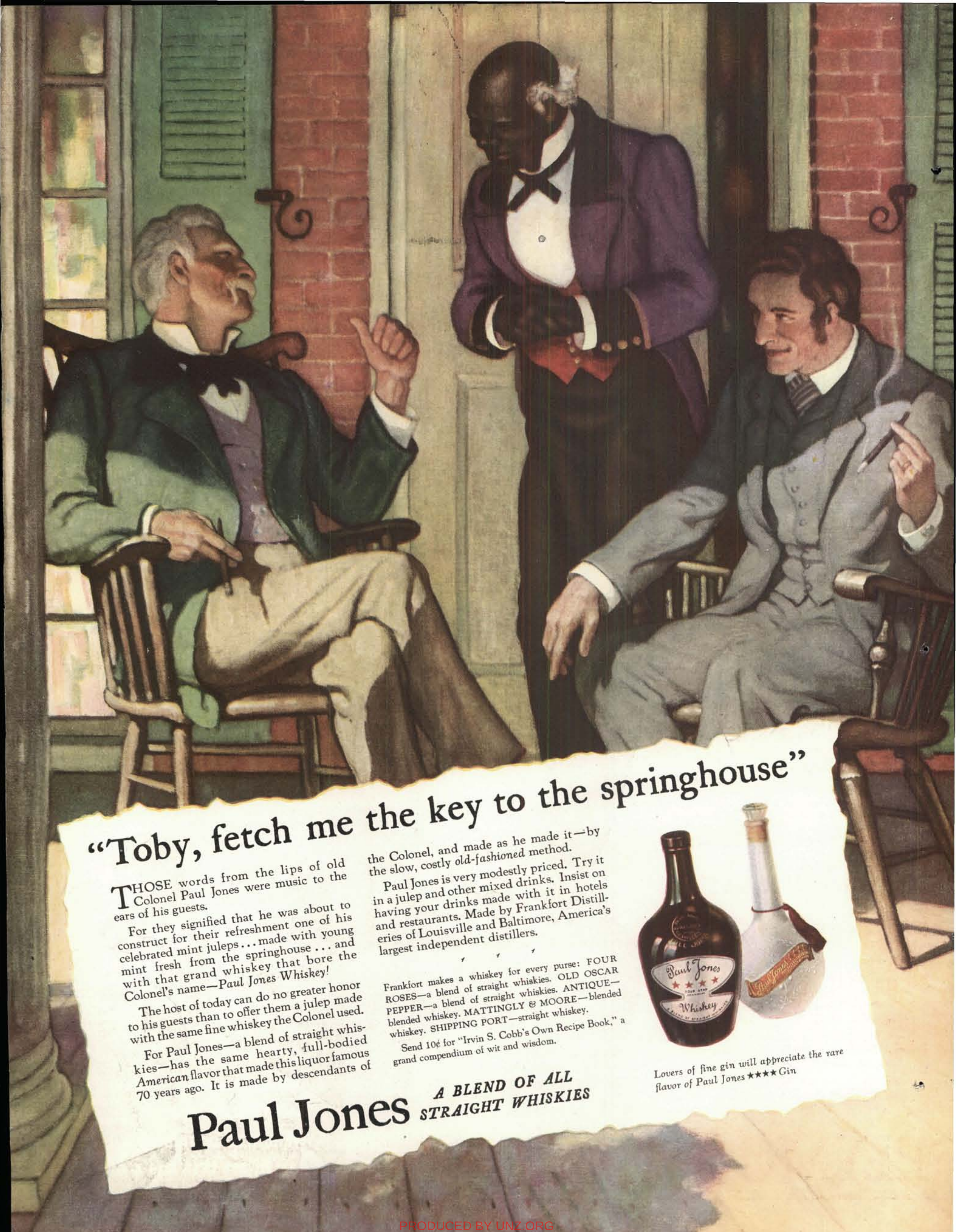
July 20, 1935



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Associate Editors

Next Week

LIFE was passing Miss Pruitt by. The Love-at-First-Sight man had failed to materialize. So had the Older-Man-Who-Had-Suffered, and even the Widower-with-One-Child man. Timidly, Miss Pruitt decided that it was high time life was grappled with, and grappled. The consequences of that decision were diverse and astonishing. Involved, among other things, were a bet on the longest shot in the Derby, and Honest John Grogan, who seemed to qualify as the Human-Derelict-with-Some-Saving-Grace man. Frederick Hazlitt Brennan proves in an amusing love story that a lady can always count on "A Gentleman's Word."

THE most precious assets of any nation are its natural resources. For hundreds of years we've been dissipating ours with such fine abandon that, if we are going to leave anything at all for future Americans, we've got to do something about it, and soon. Those who plunder our natural wealth have historically beaten down our occasional efforts toward control. Now the federal government sees its duty in the matter and the fight is on. Owen White discusses our debt to posterity in an article of importance to every American.

THERE was a story back of that entry in the Afghanistan's log: "The commander wishes to commend Acting Captain Conover . . ." It was quite a story, too, one of a traditional autocrat of the sea, living by the fine standards of his past, and of his disdain for the new men of the sea, the opportunistic youngsters who seek short cuts to glory—and promotion. It's the story of an "Invisible Command," by a master of sea tales, Albert Richard Wetjen.

W. B. COURTNEY tells you about the Collier Trophy, aviation's most prized award, for 1934's outstanding contribution to flying, and Bill Cunningham brings you the story of the man who has been so busy making bats for all of baseball's great, from Wagner to Ruth, that he's never had time to learn how to use one.

FREDERICK SKERRY writes the Short Short Story and Detective O'Malley applies his talents to a new kind of mystery. Bernard DeVoto, George Creel, Kyle Crichton and others offer stories and articles. Kathleen Norris continues the engrossing adventures of Mary Burleigh, and Courtney Ryley Cooper digs deeper into gold-bearing sands. A bonanza, that's what it is.

This Week

July 20, 1935

Cover by E. M. Jackson

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Any Week

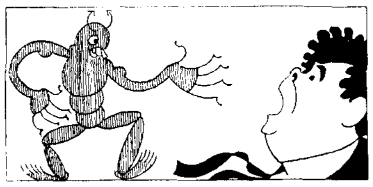
WE NEVER took much stock in the stories that one can't be a sheepherder and maintain an unimpaired intelligence. But Mr. M. H. Ballard of Roswell, New Mexico, advises us that it's sometimes pretty difficult to keep the old balance. A sheepman friend of Mr. Ballard's had applied for a federal loan. He telegraphed Washington that if the loan didn't come soon it would "be too late for the lambing season." But the government was not that easily confounded. From one of the fleetest minds in Washington, a gentleman who absolutely refuses to let sheep stampede him, Mr. Ballard's friend received the flashing reply: "Postpone lambing sixty days."

TROUBLE with this country is that we mistake mere emergencies for crises and eddies for the main current. But not Mr. C. R. Abell of Billings, Montana. Mr. Abell attended a local Grass Roots meeting and was told by the principal orator (who had been defeated for public office three times in three years) that, while he was a patriotic American and hated to mention it, the horrid truth was that the country was going to the dogs. He said it so often that Mr. Abell got tired of it. So Mr. Abell rose to his feet and, taking his departure, said: "That's something for the dogs to worry about. I'm busy."

AND while it's all right with Mr. James E. Sterner that we made the slight error of referring to the political boss of Missouri as Jim instead of Tom Pendergast, he wonders whether we noticed in the Monroe County Appeal's columns recently that "the Democratic party of Missouri and Mrs. Pendergast have sailed for Europe on the Normandie."

WITH all the chores we have to do we've fallen a bit behind in our reading. And from what Mrs. Laura G. Johnstone of Washington, D. C., tells us we think we'll fall even farther back. "At least five thousand of the men and women thrown out of jobs by the Supreme Court's NRA decision," writes she, "have notified the public that they intend to write books on how the government made the great mistake of not letting them run it. Do you think revenge ought to be carried to such lengths?"

AND Mrs. Frank T. O'Neall of New Orleans, Louisiana, thinks entirely too much pity was lavished upon the senators who had to hang around and listen to Huey Long talk for fifteen hours. "Think of us in Louisiana," pleads Mrs. O'Neall. "We've had to listen to him for years and unless some microbe is strong enough to get a good hold on him and tough enough to stay there and breed, we'll probably have to listen to pot-likker economics for several years more."



MR. COLIN G. WILSON of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, is a Scot, a native of Edinburgh. We knew nothing about this until Mr. Wilson, stirred to his greatest depths wrote about W. B. Courtney's statement in his article about the San Diego fair. "I was astonished," says Mr. Wilson, "to read that Edinburgh now has Stirling Castle. When I left my native town of Auld Reekie, Edinburgh had Edinburgh Castle, and Stirling, nearly twenty-five miles away, had Stirling Castle. Never did I think we of Auld Reekie would swap castles with the Stirlingites, whatever else we might do."

BUT Mr. Wilson doesn't know that Mr. Courtney is an aviator. And to an aviator what's twenty-five miles? This is no time for quibbling. Miss Elizabeth Dallworthy of San Francisco, California, reports that a committee of fifteen applied to the government for money to build a drinking fountain in the public square of a village below Los Angeles. They said they had left half the committee at home in the interests of economy and would be on their way home themselves if the government would let them have the extremely modest sum of $100,000 for their fountain. But the government man sniffed and said he'd put the application through, but for a million instead of a mere hundred grand. The committee departed, profuse in their thanks, explaining that they were just plain, modest folks and had hated to ask too much.

"IS IT libelous to call a person a Red?" asks Mr. Rudolph H. Feigin, of Detroit, Michigan. "Or is it against the law to be a Radical?" Better consult a lawyer. But—

IT'S very fashionable.

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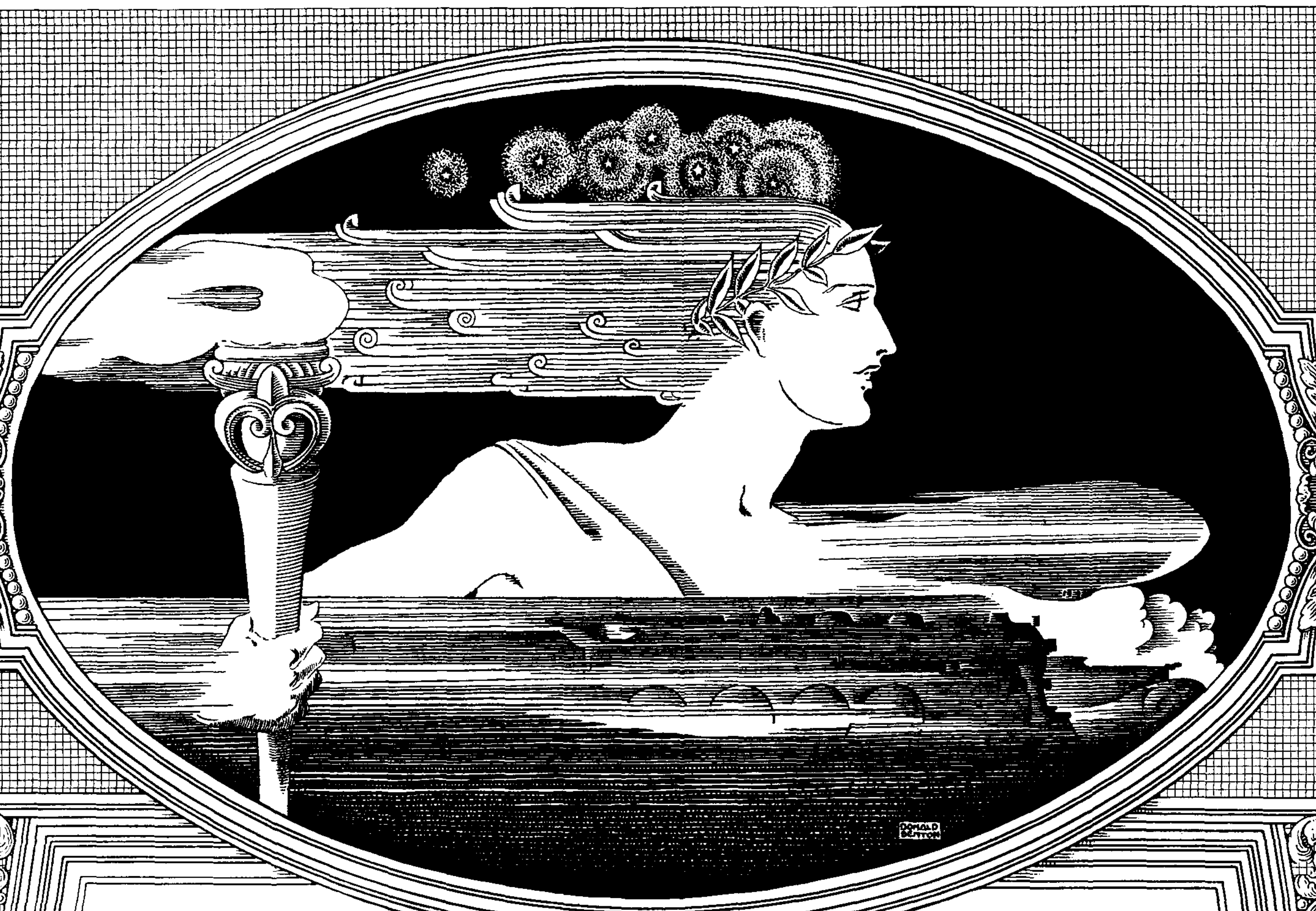

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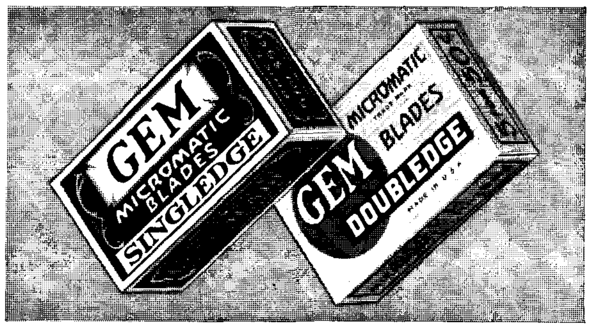

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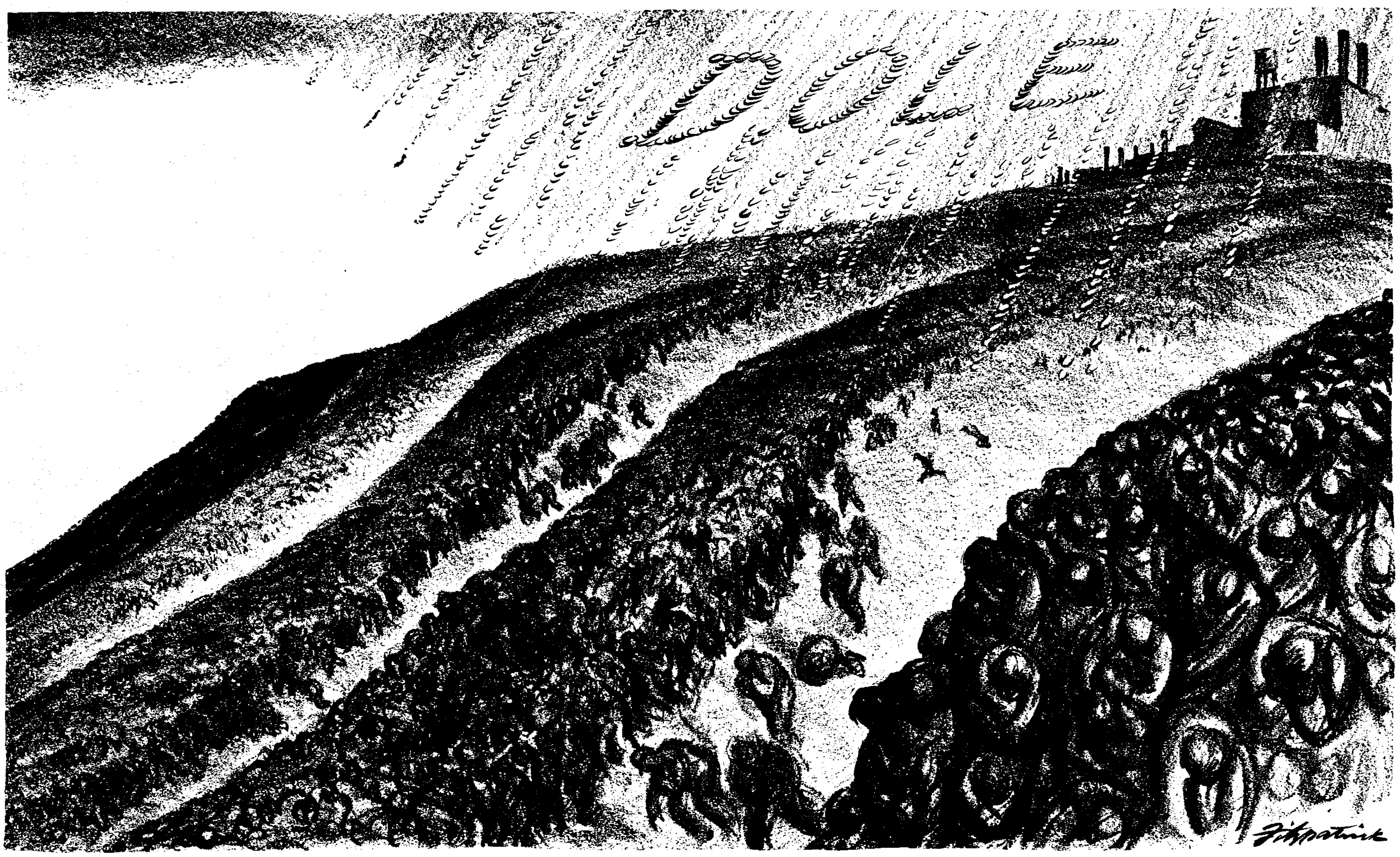


What another year of relief would do to the dwindling morale of the jobless—human erosion—is a discouraging subject

From Whom All Blessings Flow

By Walter Davenport

CARTOONS BY D. R. FITZPATRICK

Screams of rage, mixed with a little despair, will hit your ears about November 1. We're warning you in advance. Our huge work-relief program will be in full swing by that time and millions who have had but to open their mouths to receive a federal T-bone steak will have jobs or be succored by the reluctant states. The politicians are not cheerful at the prospect. Neither are the radical agitators. And some of the relieved like it least of all

WE KNEW him right away. The first time we saw him was in Moorhead, Minnesota, in 1920, where the late Big Bill Haywood, who died in Moscow, was bossing a jungle of wobblies. Bill called it a convention—the National Convention of the I. W. W. and the O. B. U. Perhaps you don't remember the Industrial Workers of the World nor its roaring, razzle-dazzle alter ego, the One Big Union which was Bill's personal racket. Bill was pretty jealous of the O. B. U., repelling boarders with skull-busting vigor. Didn't want too many members and be menaced by a challenge for control.

Perhaps you don't even remember Big Bill. Oh, well. Bill was at least ninety-eight per cent blubber and the rest wind anyway, but amazingly nimble on his gondola feet when personal danger impended. Yet, to do him justice, his O. B. U. was a forerunner of what more sweetly scented radicals in Washington today cherish as the Vertical Union—all workers in a theoretical column bound together by that ancient fallacy of all for one and one for all.

But this fellow we met (Boley was the only name we ever knew) is still with us and we recognized him instantly outside the courthouse in Denver. We had just come from St. Louis. Before that we'd been in half a dozen states doing our best to find out where our vast variety of relief policies was taking us. We'll go into all that but we don't promise to name the destination. Everybody we talked to had a nasty case of election eyes, being unable to see farther than the coming political campaign. But Boley, as usual, was operating on a big scale. Up in Moorhead when we first saw him he was Big Bill's chairman of the transportation committee.

"Comrades," roared Bill above the din (there were always two or more speeches in progress at once), "comrades, this convention is about to adjourn. But before it does—before you delegates, you representatives of the starving millions of wage-slaves of America, go back to your people to spread the glad tidings of dawning emancipation—Comrade Boley, the chairman of the transportation committee, will make his report."

And Comrade Boley, scratching like an august Navajo, straight-armed his way through a solid field of screaming Marxians to Big Bill's side and bawled:

"Comrades—and the hell with them that ain't—there's a freight pulling out for the south and east at one-ten and another on the Milwaukee road for Seattle at two-thirty. So get going in the name of Revolution."

Whereat Big Bill, his unteamed eyes more than ever askew, made for the door, hollering that they could do what they pleased but as for him the convention was adjourned. And with him went Boley, who is the best scratcher we've ever seen. Boley can scratch between his shoulders, under-and-up or over-and-down with his right hand while writing or eating with his left. Any 'bo will admit to the virtuosity of this. When we ran into Boley in Denver he was doing an under-and-up while lighting a cigarette. Try it sometime. (We concede that this has nothing directly to do with relief, but you have a right to know Boley.)

"Hello, you lousy slave," he cried—and we were immensely flattered that he remembered us—"hello. What are you doing here among us white folks? Looking for a handout?"

"No," we replied. "As usual, we're just looking on—just the innocent bystander as usual. You don't look like you'd missed more than two or three meals in the past fifteen years."

"Let's sit down," said Boley. "I'm organizing for the United American Relief Benefit Union. Remember the old wobbly slogan—Workers of the World Unite? Well, same as ever. Same thing except with the UARBU, see, it's Unemployed Workers of the World Unite. We're doing pretty good—considering. Doing pretty good except maybe in California, where Sinclair and Doc Townsend got the proletariat and the bourgeoisie all mixed up and confused. The UARBU is for direct international action. Old-fashioned, see. The general strike is still the most powerful weapon of the masses, like always."

So we sat down with Boley on the courthouse lawn, and very glad of the chance. To the east and south we'd been hearing lots about the influence of the Red agitators upon the unemployed.

The newspapers had been giving us nightmare material by the column with brilliant descriptions of the dim dens wherein revolution was being plotted and of the dour plotters all a-jingle with Russian gold. And woolly governors, mayors and the like had spent whole hours assuring us that the radicals were to blame for the dismal circumstances into which their local relief administrations had fallen.

Naturally you couldn't expect them to blame themselves. Things haven't got that bad. But their days and nights were haunted by the thought of the approaching November first. Between now and then our states will have to find the funds and rearrange their affairs to take care of six or seven million of the twenty million persons the federal government is now succoring with money and food.

By November first Washington proposes to put three and a half million men to work and out of their wages they will be expected to take care of their dependents. For a time the land will be filled with wailings. A million of us, having learned how to get along without labor, are going to curse the day. Ten thousand politicians, fearful for their political lives, are going to bellow in three directions at once—apologies to the local taxpayers, explanations to the relief seekers and protests to Washington. Those unemployed who will have to get along on state and local funds will be threatening horrid reprisals because they will be getting less, perhaps half, of what the government is now giving them. And the radicals—the professionals like Boley—will be exhorting everybody to rise, rise, rise and shake off a couple of shackles. In short, several people are going to be annoyed and several others annoying.

So we sat down with Boley. Pretty soon we too were scratching, although our efforts must have seemed pretty pitiful.

He told us all about it. If you didn't know Boley you might easily be quite alarmed. But Boley has been a labor skate, a bindle stiff, a professional wobbly, more than mildly a strike racketeer except that he never got rich at it. Born before his time, probably. And his type was fast disappearing in the West until the depression and relief gave it oxygen.

A Few Simple Demands

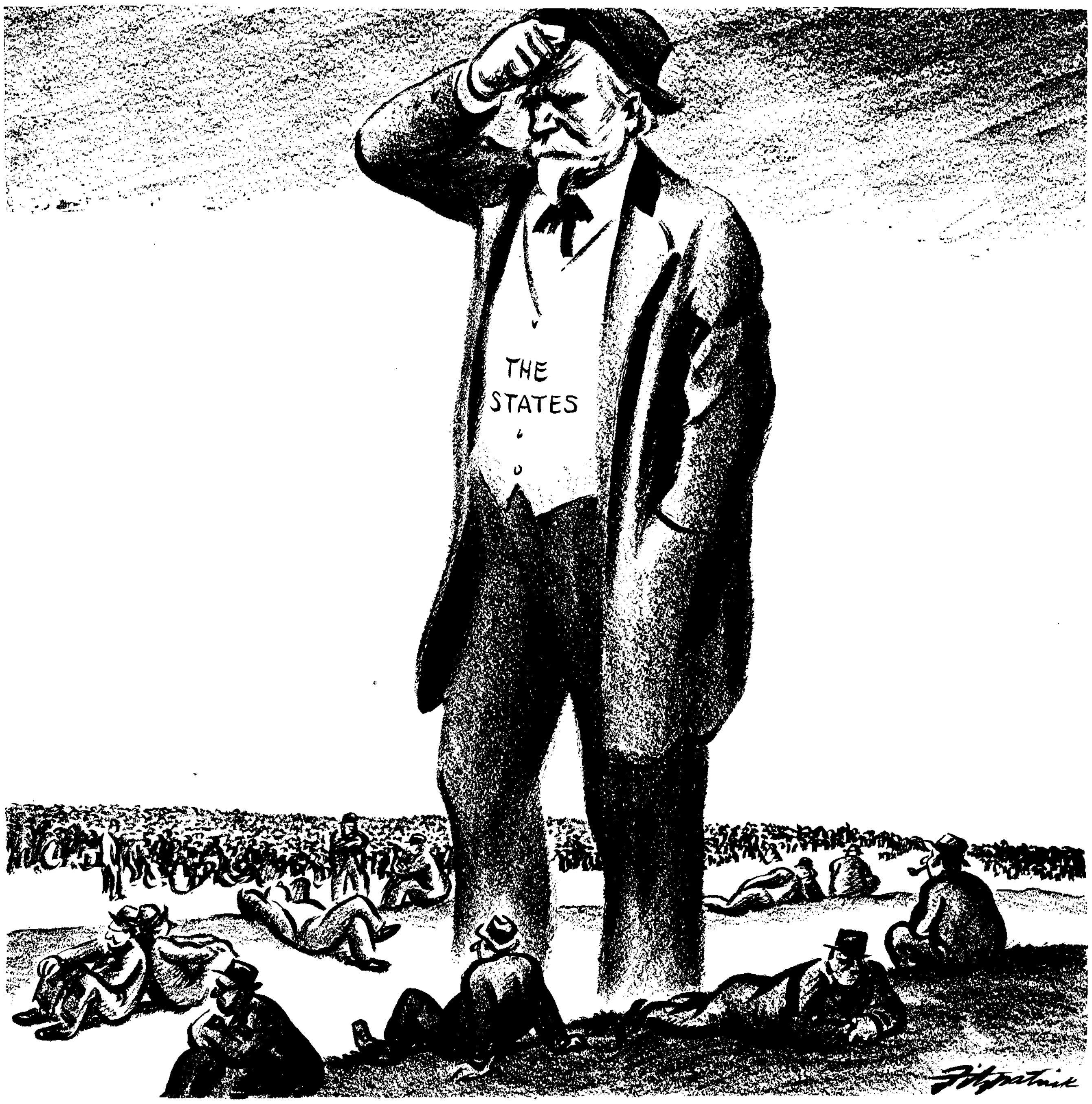
From a bedraggled sheaf of papers which looked as if they had been used to clean windows, he selected a typewritten document whereon the demands of the UARBU were set forth at wholly unnecessary length. Let's see. First and last there was an ultimatum for "double the present relief scale, all in cash and no merchandise orders." Well, that was all right except for the double part. The vast majority of relief administrators are for straight cash doles and spend it where you want. Give a citizen on relief a merchandise order and he gets cash anyway. All one has to do is to present the order (say for twelve dollars) to his provisioner, saying: "Give me a dollar's worth of groceries and the rest in cash." And the merchant, although he may hate the idea, has to do it or lose a customer—which in these days is not the way to fame and fortune. But to get along with Boley.

The UARBU pledged itself to fight "by all and every means" the presence of police at relief bureaus and promised to "enlist upon mass hunger strikes" unless federal and state governments "repudiated and removed all professional social workers and trained investigators." This last gave us something to think about.

From Alabama to California, Illinois to Oregon, we had listened to denunciation of professional welfare workers. It took on intensity as we moved westward. It came from the relief recipients who told us that they resented being case histories, and that the cold, impersonal attitude of case workers and supervising almoners assaulted their pride, suggested they were "living on charity." They deplored the absence of official shoulders to cry on, found the case worker's clavicle too cold. Further, they resented the hard-boiled social worker's collectivism through which he regarded them en masse and not as twenty million individuals, each with a personal problem to be solved.

We could understand part of it. We too had our troubles with a few haughty welfare persons who seemed to have forgotten that they weren't spending their own money, and had forgotten too that but for a capricious fate they would be on the opposite side of their desks. Also we met a few rather high and mighty ladies and gentlemen who might themselves have been in the relief lines had not the FERA given them jobs dispensing its largess.

Local political bosses and their legmen too had developed quite an antipathy for the professional welfare worker. You couldn't go into a city hall or state capitol without hearing the tortured moans of politicians who were being forced to watch the distribution of relief moneys to no personal political avail. For the most part, federal assistance was being doled out with more impartiality than you'd think, almost all headquarters being haunted by Mr. Harry Hopkins' own investigators, who gave off signs of being bitterly disappointed if nothing untoward had happened to FERA money that day. Generally speaking, direct contact was everywhere being maintained by young men and women who, being non-political appointees, either failed to appreciate the proffered friendship of the political district herd-rider or had developed a fine scorn for him.



The specter of the nation's unemployables handed back to their respective states haunts every legislative hall

A Hate-Breeding Situation

The result was that while the administrator may have been doing his best to maintain peace with City Hall, his agent in the field was reporting the truth about the Joneses in spite of the six votes the family represented. And the administrators, some of whom regarded their jobs as reprieves from the bread line, didn't dare bring pressure to bear upon their young and independent workers. This situation, as you can readily understand, did not endear the case worker and relief investigator to the local overlords.

Yet we met but one important official who had the courage to proclaim his personal distaste. And he, as far as I could learn, had made no political demands upon the FERA state administrator. He was Governor Ed C. Johnson of Colorado.

"We'll take care of our unemployables as best we can," said he. "I don't know yet what an unemployable is, but when the federal government starts this work-relief plan, leaving us to take care of those who can't work or who don't meet government requirements, we'll take care of our unabsorbed unemployed. We'll do it ourselves, too. No welfare workers. No professional social workers. The women of my state aren't used to having flappers in fur coats, slip-me-quick hats, roughed lips and a lot of impertinent questions telling them how to core apples and manage their families. Washington's given us quite a dose of that.

"Let the government take over the work relief and God bless it; we'll take care of our unemployables in our own way. The government's passed the baby back to us and it's a badly spoiled brat. All we ask is that the government won't be too strict in defining unemployable. We don't want them to pass over to us everybody over fifty and all the agitators. Just because a man's an agitator that's no reason why the government should throw him off the job and back on us. No, sir, we won't stand for the government supervising the dispensing of our own state funds. No social workers in our plans. Why, we're so sick of welfare workers that we won't even stand for the name. We call our state board the Colorado Official Relief Committee. No social workers."

"Who'll administer your funds?"

"The county commissioners," said Governor Johnson.

(Continued on page 34)

DR. PAUL WOLFF

You don't have to be a champion to get a lot of fun—and good—from swimming

Swim to Beauty

By Ruth Seinfel

Swimming is fun. And at the same time it's the best figure-perfecting beauty treatment you can indulge in—provided you stroke it right. So here's to good form

HE'S not a beauty doctor, nor yet a musical comedy producer. All the same, he has turned out enough beautiful girls in the past twenty years to do credit to the late Mr. Ziegfeld or your favorite cosmetician. He's a grave gentleman named L. de B. Handley, and his system is simple. He makes girls beautiful by teaching them to swim.

Of course that's not his main intention. Making them beautiful is only incidental to making them champions. Mr. Handley is responsible for most of those young Olympian goddesses who have conquered the waves in perfect form for the athletic glory of America. Those same young goddesses whose photographs prompted one sports page reader to write and ask Grantland Rice whether swimming makes girls beautiful. Mr. Rice replied that he didn't know about that, but it was obviously true that all swimming champions were beautiful.

The particular gallery that year included Eileen Riggin, Helen Wainwright, Helen Meany, Martha Norelius. If you don't remember that far back, you've certainly seen pictures of Eleanor Holm, the current back-stroke champion, who was lovely enough to be called recently by Hollywood, and who more recently has been giving pleasure to the discerning eyes of patrons of a ritzy Chicago night club.

They couldn't all have been born beautiful—and as a matter of recorded fact precious few of them were. The exquisite Eleanor was once "the skinniest little thing you ever saw"—I quote some of her fondest admirers, so I hope her young husband won't horsewhip me—with a drawn, tired look and dark circles under eyes too big for her small face. Then there's the sensational story of Ethelda Bleibtrey, who had a curvature of the spine that made her head and shoulders look like the top of a question mark, and who was thin enough to give a sad reality to that comparison. After six months of serious swimming that back was straight as a pine tree, and she had put on thirty pounds, all in the right places. The next year she displayed one of the handsomest figures on the American women's Olympic team, for which she won two championships and helped to win a third.

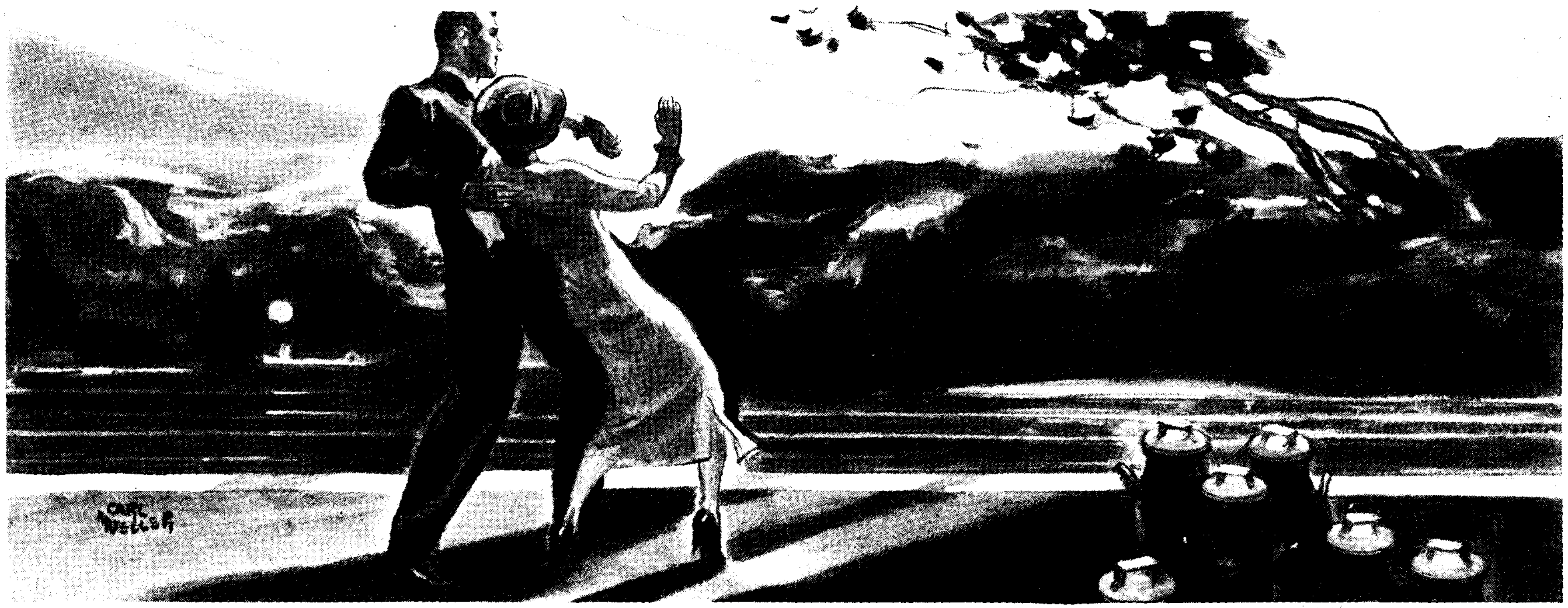
The Perfect Exercise

Skinny girls, lumpy girls, girls with round shoulders or sway-backs, with spear-pointed elbows or soft, blobby knees—and even girls who were anatomically pretty lucky. "I do not know of any girl who came to us, who did not improve her figure," said Mr. Handley, thinking back over the twenty years. "Us" means the Women's Swimming Association, where he does his champion-creating.

So it's true that swimming makes girls beautiful, or the next thing to it. There's nothing miraculous about it. Swimming is the one exercise that does whatever needs to be done to the body to bring it back to natural, and therefore beautiful, proportions. It's a simultaneous all-over massage. If you're too thin in spots, it puts the right curves on you. If you're too heavy, it takes the surplus curves off. It pulls you out into those long, sleek, supple lines you dream about, without tying your muscles up into knots. That sports writer who calls all girl athletes "muscle molls" carefully refrains from applying the term to swimmers, and with good reason. That's one thing the water nymph never is.

You don't have to be a champion. In

(Continued on page 46)



As they watched, there was a second and more violent explosion. They would have fallen if they had not clung to each other

Twenty-four Hours

The jilting of Jim Brown—a story which will not serve as a guide to the average young man who gets the gate from the girl he has planned to marry

By Lucian Cary

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

JIM BROWN tried not to wake up. He didn't want to wake up. It couldn't be time to wake up.

When he came half awake he remembered Jane. He remembered seeing Jane the day before. Seeing Jane had made the whole thing worse. Odd to meet Jane at a time like this when he had succeeded in forgetting her; or at least in not thinking about her much. He had been right about going to London. Any man who had won the chance to be London correspondent of a New York paper would be a fool to refuse. And a girl who refused to marry him and go along because she would have to give up her own little cub reporter's job that she'd probably be fired from anyway—

Jim dozed off. But in spite of himself he heard a slight persistent tapping. He opened his eyes and thought he was back in the Kalahari desert. He saw the tent cloth pale green against the African dawn. But it wasn't a tent cloth. It was the apple-green ceiling of a bedroom in the Townsends' country house in Minnewaska and this was the day he was going to marry Marguerite Townsend.

"Come in," he called, and jumped out of bed.

He heard the sound of feet running lightly down the hall outside and saw the folded sheet of paper that had been thrust under the door. He picked up the paper and opened it and stared at it. He read: "Dearest—I must see you before anybody else is awake—I'm starting now—up the road we were on yesterday—keep going north until you see my car—and please hurry—there's so little time. M."

Jim lit a cigarette and read the note again and crushed out the cigarette and saw that it was five minutes of seven and got into clothes. He carried his shoes in one hand and opened the door carefully and looked and listened. The house was silent. He went down the back stairs and out to the garage and saw that his car was in the front row. He started the motor as quietly as he could and drove down the Townsends' drive to the main road.

He drove fast through the cool of a summer morning. He couldn't imagine what had happened. Marguerite had told him the night before, as he was leaving for his last bachelor dinner, that she wouldn't see him again until they marched down the aisle. He hadn't known until she told him that it was the custom for the bride and groom not to see each other before the wedding on the day of the ceremony. He wondered what the origin of such a custom was. He thought perhaps the two were kept apart to prevent them from quarreling at the last moment when there wasn't time to make up.

HE SAW Marguerite's car ahead. It wasn't going ten miles an hour. He drew alongside. She stopped. He stopped and got out. Her face was pale and she was trembling and her eyes looked as if she hadn't slept. She was still beautiful. But she wasn't the calm, self-possessed Marguerite he knew.

"Jim," she said, "I'm going to marry Gerry."

He didn't know who Gerry was. He had known her only a few weeks. He had never heard of Gerry.

"I know I'm mad," she said. "I know it won't last more than a year or two. But I've got to have that. I thought when I fell in love with you on the boat coming over that you were the answer. I kept saying to myself that I'd never think of Gerry again. And Father and Mother were so happy about it. But Gerry got in from Paris last night and he called me up and he wanted to see me and—and that's all."

Jim stood there staring at her, not quite believing that this was Marguerite.

"I'm meeting Gerry down the road," she said. "We're going to drive until we come to a state where we can be married at once and then I'll wire Mother."

He could see that she had made up her mind. There was no use trying to stop her. He felt he ought to say something.

"Please, Jim," she said. "Please don't say anything. I know it's awfully low of me. To break up a big wedding this way. But it will be easier for Father and Mother than if I told them beforehand. It will be a shock—and then it will be over. They'll know they can't do anything about it. They won't have to try. There won't be any bitter arguments."

She smiled a little wistful smile.

"I know it will be embarrassing for you, Jimmy," she said. "I know I should have told you about Gerry. But I kept telling myself that Gerry didn't matter any more."

He stared and stared at her, trying to understand her and feeling what a fool he was not to have guessed that there was something wrong.

"And all the time," he said, "you were using me to get him back. The announcement of our engagement was your last card."

"I'm afraid," she said, "I'm afraid that's true. What else could I do? And it sounds worse than it was—you know that, don't you, Jimmy?"

Jim shook his head. "I don't know what you mean."

"I mean," she said, "that you weren't—you aren't—in love with me. Not really."

"I—" Jim said.

"Not desperately," Marguerite said. "Not so much that nothing else mattered."

"No," he said.

"Oh," she said, "I think that's nice of you."

They looked into each other's eyes and involuntarily they smiled. They were nearer to each other for that moment than they had ever been before.

"Please go back to the house," she said. "Go back to bed and when they come to tell you I've disappeared be more surprised than they are. Give us a chance to get clear away."

She held out her hand. He took her hand in his. "Goodby, Jimmy," she said.

JIM BROWN watched her car gathering speed. He watched it until it disappeared over the hill. He got into his own car and went back to the Townsends' garage. There wasn't anybody about. He put the car back where he'd found it. He heard sounds from the kitchen wing. He went around to a side door. He met a parlor maid. She didn't seem surprised. Jim said, "Good morning," to her and she said, "Good morning, sir," as if it were quite in order for the groom to be coming in at half past seven the morning of the wedding.

Jim went up to his room and took off his clothes. He couldn't go to sleep. He wished he could talk to somebody who spoke his own language. There wasn't a single person in the whole vast houseful of people who did speak his own language. There wasn't anybody within a thousand miles except Jane Fuller. And how could he possibly talk to Jane? She wouldn't listen. She was somewhere in a hotel in Northbury with all the other reporters who'd been sent up from Chicago to cover the wedding.

She would be arriving at the Townsends' in two or three hours. But she wouldn't listen.

He sat by the window and smoked one cigarette after another until he heard the house waking up. He got back into bed and pretended to be asleep. It was going to be awful.

GEORGE BANKS came charging into his room. George was best man. George was virtually a professional best man.

"Up and out of it," George shouted. "It's after nine. In three hours you'll be a married man."

George pulled all the covers off the bed. Jim sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"How's the old head?"

"Not bad," Jim said. He hadn't had much to drink the night before.

George Banks moaned. "I wish mine weren't bad," he said.

George chatted on so freely that Jim needed only to smile and nod now and again. George ordered breakfast sent up to Jim's room. George had just announced that he found the breakfast very helpful when they heard a scream.

George said, "That wild bridesmaid is loose again."

It was his job to maintain the peace. He hurried out. Jim Brown took a shower and shaved. He could hear a good deal of distant commotion in the house. They must have discovered that Marguerite was gone. But they weren't telling him about it yet. They were still hoping to find her.

Jim got into his striped trousers. He had tied his tie and was putting on the cutaway when Mr. Townsend knocked on the door.

"Will you come with me, Jim?" Mr. Townsend asked. "Marguerite's mother wants to see you."

Mrs. Townsend was tall, like Marguerite, and still handsome. She told Mr. Townsend she wanted to talk to Jim alone. Jim saw that she had been crying.

"Sit down, Jim dear," she said.

Jim sat down. Mrs. Townsend paced back and forth. It was almost more than she could bear to tell him.

"Marguerite is gone," she said at last. "We can't find her."

She paused beside Jim's chair and patted his head.

JIM waited for her to go on. He couldn't tell her what he knew.

Mrs. Townsend sat down and picked up the telephone and put it down again.

"Did Marguerite ever tell you about Gerry Askew?"

"She mentioned him," Jim said.

"You'd think," Mrs. Townsend said, "you'd think that Marguerite was the last girl in the world to let herself become infatuated with a man who's almost disreputable and almost old enough to be her father."

"Yes," Jim said, "I would."

"We did everything we could to help her out of it. She was so reasonable when she talked about him. She admitted he was what he was. And now" —Mrs. Townsend tried to speak calmly but the tears were running down her face—"now I'm terribly afraid she has eloped with him."

Jim got up and walked over to the window and looked out. The newspapermen had arrived. He saw Jane Fuller. It would be a good story for her.

"That's why we haven't notified the police," Mrs. Townsend said.

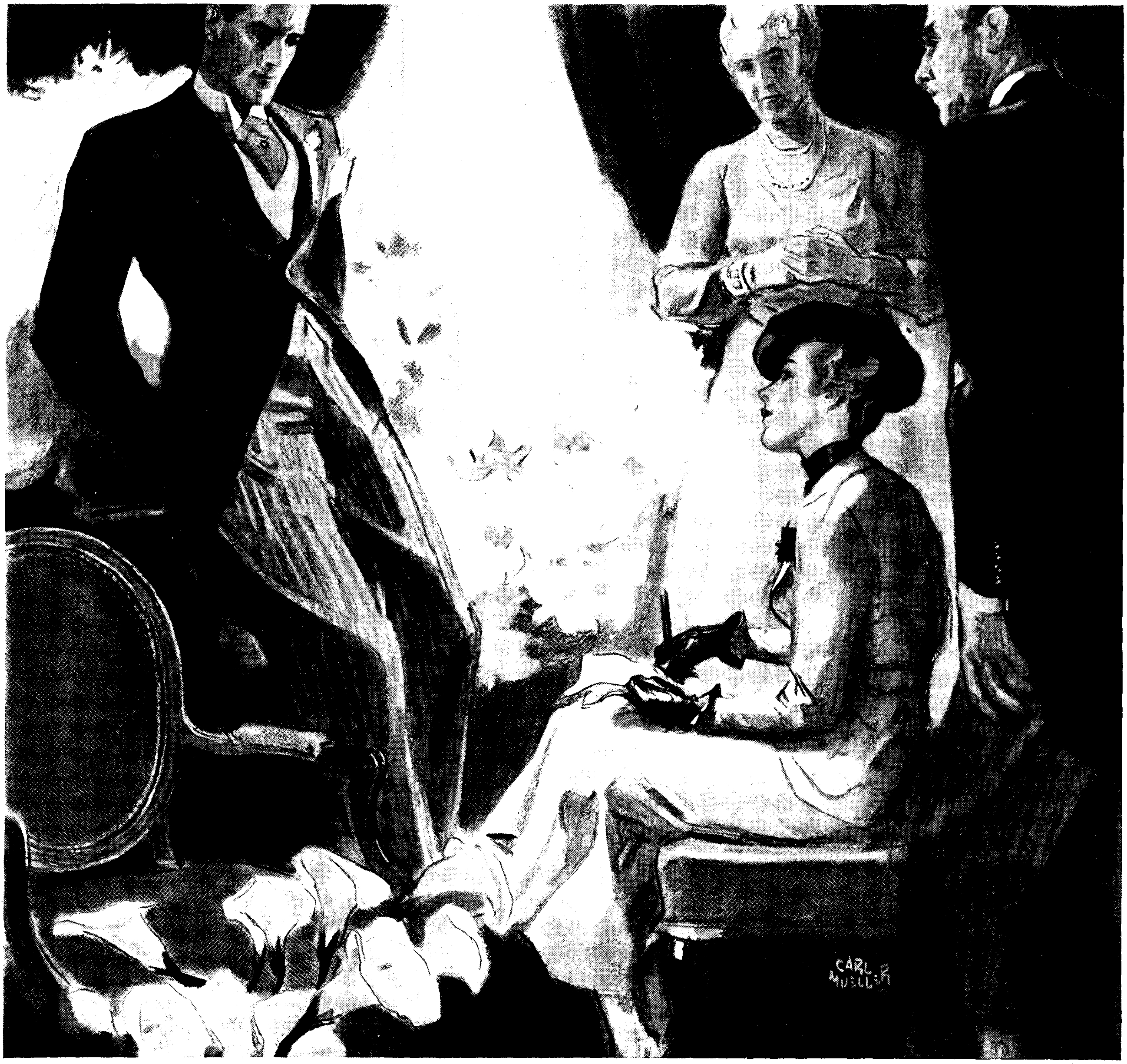
"I wouldn't notify the police."

"But what are we going to do—the wedding isn't an hour away—"

They were still talking about how to manage it when the telephone at Mrs.

(Continued on page 52)

"When did you begin to realize that all was not well?" Jane asked. Jim saw that she was out to make him squirm



Romance Deferred

There was every reason to hate the man
and Tabby was a girl who'd do her best

By Jean Francis Webb

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES W. EARLEY

AT NIGHT all cats are gray," said Tabby Varick. "But day or night, all Varicks are crazy. It's tradition. It's in our blood. It's expected of us. Why shouldn't I marry him?"

Linda had seemed pale and tense all the way out from town. But now, at her younger sister's question, her thin face flushed faintly.

"Why should you be so sold on marrying anyone? Sometimes it's not exactly the pure rapture the fairy tales would have it, Tab."

Tabby, stripping off her gloves and flinging them across the big, comfortable living-room, ran restless fingers through her short, bright copper hair. She stretched arms cramped by the long motor ride.

"Two years! Gosh, Lin, it's good to get home again! I'm—I'm sorry about you and Gary, Honey. I hoped that maybe things would straighten out for you, after a while."

Linda Varick Joslin held out her left hand—white and delicate, laced with fine blue veins.

"Look, Tab! My finger's not even marked where his ring was, any more. The brand of the Joslins didn't last very long—on me!"

Lyster, who had been Philip Varick's butler before his daughters were born, came in from the breakfast-room with a tray of cocktails.

Tabby waited, while he left them with slow majesty. Then: "How is he, Lin? Pretty bad? Cracked up?"

Linda knew what the youngest Varick meant. It had been her cable that had called Tabby back from Paris. And all the way out to Long Island from the boat—because Pierce, the chauffeur, could hear them—they had not even mentioned their father.

"Not cracked, exactly, Tab. I don't know how you'd describe it. Queer. Dazed."

"Hmm! That's not typical of Philip."

"Neither is being indicted for embezzlement. It was all so sudden, Tab. He just doesn't seem to know how to face it."

TABBY stared into the empty fireplace for a moment, blindly. The room was growing darker and the last slanting light glittered less strongly along its westward windows.

"So they've really indicted him?"

"Not yet. But it's practically a certainty. Any day now. Russ Joslin—that's Gary's brother, you know—has been pressing the case for their father. Quite a family party, all in all!"

Tabby turned quickly, and her arms went about her sister's shoulders in a sudden warmth of sympathy.

"Nice little imitation of hell you've been living through, Lin. And me off kicking the moon around among the Paris chimney pots! I'm a swine, I guess."

Linda tried to laugh.

"Foolish! You couldn't have known until somebody told you. You came when you got my message. What more?"

"A lot more. Even on my way to the scene of the cataclysm, I had to take time off to fall in love. Big-hearted Tabitha! Not a selfish hair in her curly little head!"

Linda said, "That's because, as you say, all Varicks are crazy. But you aren't really in love. You couldn't be. Why, you don't even know—"

"His name," Tabby agreed. "All I know is that he's absurdly handsome and smells of a perfectly vile pipe and had a button off the left cuff of his shirt. And that he kisses like an angel. Isn't it ridiculous?"

UNDERNEATH, it wasn't ridiculous at all. He was the only male who ever had made her turn cold inside, the way she felt in an express elevator going down. And she didn't even know his name.

He had burst into the wrong cabin aboard ship, just after docking. He had stared at her for an instant she never would forget. And then he had said, "Lord, but you're beautiful!"

"Thank you," she had said. Weakly. She never had felt so weak, so breathless, in all her twenty-three years. She had been drawn toward him by some power outside herself. Something as irresistible as rip tide. Something she had not even thought of fighting.

He had kissed her. Just one kiss. One of his hands still rested on the doorknob behind him, but there was enough strength in his free arm to pull her close to him and hold her there.

"Thank *you!*" he had breathed. "I'm looking for a perjurer. Have to hurry. Look here, don't go until I come back!"

That was all.

The cabin door had closed behind him. Tabby, gulping, had sunk to the edge of her bed. And presently the door had opened again, and Linda was kissing her, and Pierce was doing things about customs business.

Of course she hadn't waited. And now she wondered whether she might not be sorry all the rest of her life for that.

"Ridiculous," she said.

Linda was pouring cocktails from the tall, frosted shaker. Tabby took hers solemnly.

"I wish Philip were home to have one with us, Lin."

"He'll be along soon. Pierce drove up the shore to fetch him as soon as we were out of the car. Any minute now."

Tabby stared into her glass, as if the answer to all their mixed-up Varick affairs lay somewhere in the cloudy amber liquid.

Philip's preposterous indictment by the father and brother of the man from whom Linda was taking a Reno train in the morning. Linda's year-old marriage, smashed by the tumult. Her own absurd, hungry longing for the man without a name. All of it.

"Poor Philip!" she said.

"He'll come through, Tab. The Joslins can't hurt him. They can't even hurt me, any more. Let's drink to the Joslins, shall we?"

Tabby's eyes had hardened. She

thought of proud old Philip, heckled and vilified. She thought of Linda, with that unhealed ache in her voice when she had spoken Gary's name.

"To the Joslins, then. To the Joslins, damn them!"

They drank, and she hated those men they had toasted with all the passion of her Varick heart. Those unknown men. Calvin Joslin, who owned a bank. Gary, his son, who had broken Linda's life.

And Russ, his other son, who was pressing their personal grudge against Philip under cover of a district attorneyship.

"Lin, if this brother-in-law I've never seen should decide to bother you in Reno—"

"He won't. That's all over, Tab. Gary can't do anything more to me."

Wheels ground the gravel of the driveway below the terrace, stopping. Linda put down her glass.

"It's Philip, Tab."

Together at the window, they watched their father come across the lawn. Suddenly, tears were blinding Tabby's eyes. He was a broken old man.

Her gay, white-haired devil of a Philip! He walked slowly, leaning on a cane. His eyes were on the ground. His shoulders sagged.

"So the Joslins did that!" she said softly.

It was almost time for the New York train. Morning sunlight spattered the long, bare platform and cast foreshortened shadows of Linda's hand luggage in distorted angles athwart the gray planks.

Philip had said goodby to his elder daughter at the house. He didn't like to go to the village, these days. Although he had not admitted it, Tabby knew why. He was afraid that people were staring at him and pointing behind his back.

Philip! He had kicked the moon around, too. The crazy Varick strain had run strong in him.

If he had wanted a thing, he had taken it. Firmly, in a lean, strong fist. Philip might have kissed a stranger in her cabin; and held her with one arm; and said, "You're beautiful!"

But now—because of those unknown Joslins—

LINDA, clinging to Jay Ballantine's white linen elbow, cried out in sudden alarm: "My tickets! We haven't bought my tickets, and here comes the train!"

Jay could rise to such emergencies.

"Hold everything! You and I'll raid the window inside. Tab, tell the brakeman to take it easy for us."

They were gone, into the interior of the low-roofed station. And with a clamor and hiss and roar the train was pulling in.

No one else was leaving for town, it seemed, although a man had climbed down from a rear car. Not the brakeman. But Tabby glimpsed a blue, official sleeve directly above her.

"Brakeman! Conductor!"

The conductor swung down beside her.

"Yes, ma'am?"

"If you'll hold the train a second. That baggage goes on. My sister's inside, buying her—"

"You didn't wait!" a voice accused at her shoulder.

She whirled, almost into his arms. The sunny platform seemed to waver oddly.

"It's—it's really you!"

"Of course it's me—I. Who else? And why did you take advantage of my having to hunt up a professional liar, to—to break your word to me?"

He seemed really angry about yesterday, and he was behaving a little as though she belonged to him. And Tabby—who had broken wild horses, and flown solo over the most dangerous peaks in the Alps, and driven a speedboat through a plank retaining wall to settle a bet—was loving it!

"I d-didn't give you my w-word, so I couldn't have broken it. But I did mean to wait. Truly, I did. I—"

"These bags need hefting, don't they? Talk to you later. Don't run away again."

He carried them aboard with ridiculous ease and stowed them away on the rack. Two trips did the job except for the smallest case, scarcely more than an overnight kit. He stopped then, and grinned at her.

"I was going to ask you to marry me, yesterday."

Faint color stained Tabby's cheeks.

"Were you? Were you really?"

"Didn't I say I was?"

"But—but we're total strangers. You don't know me. I don't even see how you could have found me. You—"

"I do know you." He still was smiling. "You're so beautiful I didn't get to sleep last night, remembering. And if it weren't silly, I'd have said there were stars in your eyes. And that kiss! Do you know about your kiss?"

TABBY looked at him helplessly. Looked up. A long way up. And again, but not in the way they had when she had watched Philip from the window, tears came to her eyes.

"I couldn't very well know about that."

The man considered.

"No. I suppose you couldn't, very well. If I'd asked you yesterday, would you have?"

She couldn't say yes. She was a Varick. And it wasn't as though he really had asked her.

"Why—I—"

"Would you have?"

His eyes held hers. They were green—no, blue. Blue eyes. And his hair was black and thick. His square, blue-shadowed jaw looked like rock.

"I—I think so," she said.

Something flamed in the face above her.

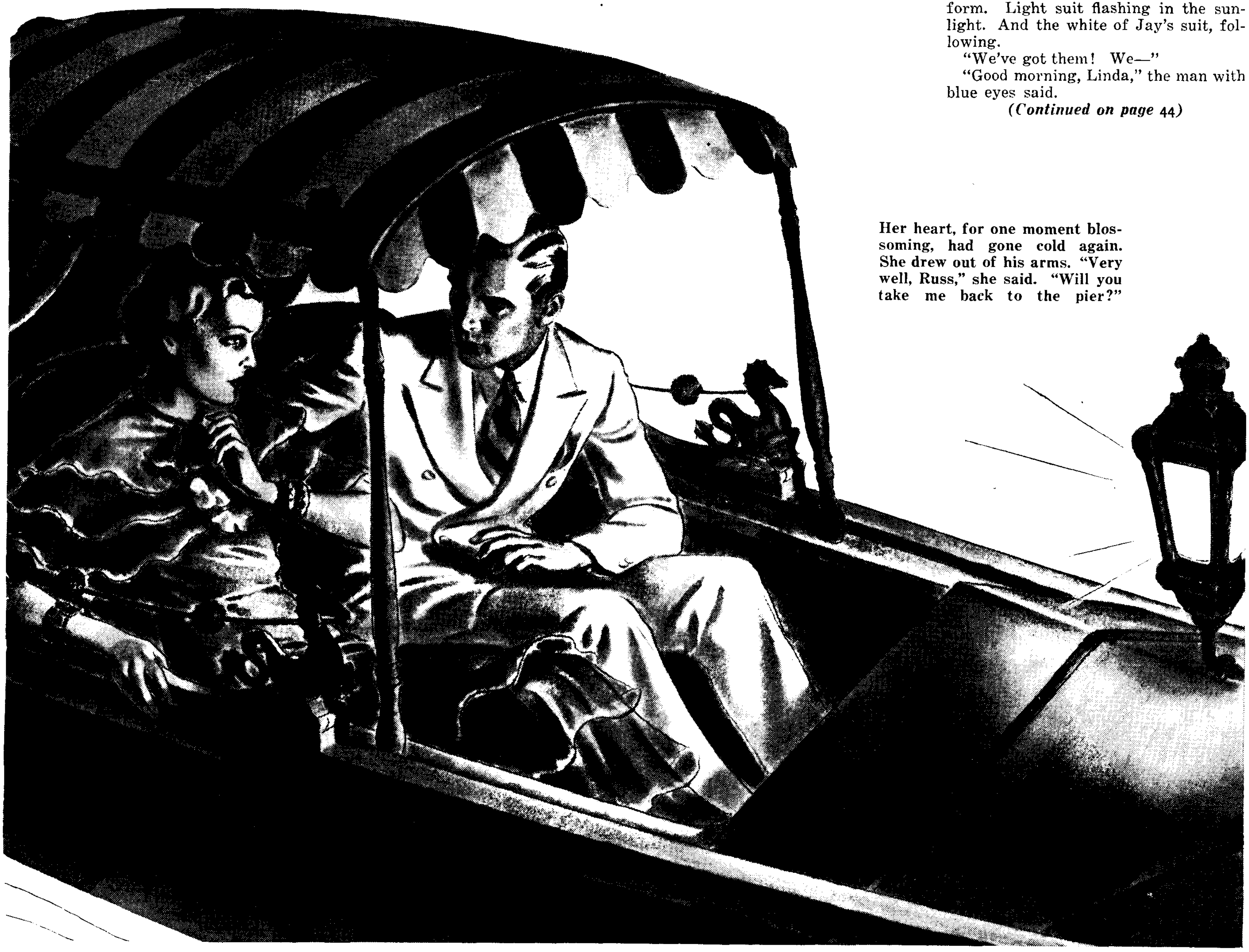
"Then—today—"

The door of the station crashed open and Linda was running across the platform. Light suit flashing in the sunlight. And the white of Jay's suit, following.

"We've got them! We—"

"Good morning, Linda," the man with blue eyes said.

(Continued on page 44)



Her heart, for one moment blossoming, had gone cold again. She drew out of his arms. "Very well, Russ," she said. "Will you take me back to the pier?"

Secret Marriage

By Kathleen Norris

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ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

"You won't like him, Mary," said Carol. "I feel in my bones that I'll loathe him," Mary thought

The Story Thus Far:

FOLLOWING the death of their mother, in their home-town in California, Mary Burleigh and her brother, Peter, make an *appalling discovery.* A parcel of valuable bonds, left the little family by Mrs. Burleigh, is missing!

The problem is what to do, in order to avoid starvation. They solve it by moving to an old, decaying house which they now own in the near-by village of Green Oaks, and securing jobs—Mary as a baker's assistant, Peter as a bookkeeper for a lumber company.

But before she goes to work, Mary has a secret which she guards zealously from everyone, including the members of her family: Peter, Barty, Chrissie, Lindsay, and their eccentric Aunt Joan, who lives with them. The secret is this: She has become the wife of young Calvin Tait, who, shortly after the marriage ceremony, has left for Hollywood, there to work in a bank.

Mary is not a girl given to subterfuge. Her marriage—a secret one, in San Jose—gives her many a twinge of conscience. But Calvin insists that no one be told; and Mary, believing that as her husband's salary increases there will no longer be any need for concealing her true status, agrees to keep silent.

Like many another girl, Mary has married on impulse. When Calvin had proposed she had been well aware that the time for marriage had not yet arrived. But Calvin had been so insistent, so persuasive, that in the end she had, rather reluctantly and with many misgivings, capitulated.

But she is far from happy. Again and again she wonders if she really loves her husband; at times she wonders why she married him—and if all marriages are as uninspiring and uninteresting as hers. It is not, however, until Calvin runs up to San Francisco and she meets him that the full realization of what she has done sweeps over her. It comes while they are together in their hotel room—and she knows, at last, that she has married a man—a gentle, sweet, attractive enough young man—*whom she does not love!*

As Calvin lies sleeping beside her that night, she tosses about restlessly. Sleep is out of the question—she is lonely, homesick.

She glances at the man by her side. And it is impossible to control her thoughts. "How easily," she muses in anguish, "I could manage—how simple it would be for all of us—if it were not for Calvin!"

IV

"PETER," said Mary, "Carol Moulton is home."

"How d'you know?"

"It was in the paper last night. You know she's going to be married?"

"I knew she was engaged again. It's coming off at last, is it? She must be—well; at that, I guess she's only about twenty-five."

"He writes books," said Mary.

"I thought he was just a rich New Yorker."

"He may be. But he writes books. He wrote that book of essays—what was it? Remember Mrs. Moulton brought it over to Mother? Cap to the Stars, Cap Over the Windmill—what was it?"

"I remember the book. How'd Carol ever bag *him?"*

"I don't know. But she's gone very arty, you know, and she had plenty of money. Her grandmother left her a lot, and Carol's had a studio and parties, everything! Well, anyway, she's home again, and he's coming next week, and I understand there'll be big doings."

"Will we be asked?"

"Well, rather," Mary said amusedly. "She wants me to come to lunch tomorrow, and to be her bridesmaid."

"Good old girl!" Peter said in surprise. "Are you going?"

"I don't see why not. I can take the noon bus. I've not seen her for years, but Maria Elena and Lin have always been thick as thieves, and Mrs. Moulton was awfully kind when Mother died. I suppose Alma'll be there. It will be sort of fun to see the old crowd. It's Sunday, the bakery'll be closed anyway. I can do it."

"What's the guy's name?"

"Maclean. Jeffery Maclean."

"Make you envious, Mary?"

"Envious of what?"

"Oh, another girl getting married. Presents and bridesmaids and all that."

"Good *heavens!"* Mary ejaculated.

"You *don't* want to get married, do you, Mary?" Lin asked eagerly.

"I do not. There's your toast, Peter. That clock's nearly seven minutes fast. Push Rajah off the table, Bart; don't let him do that!"

"Mary, you'll get a bridesmaid's dress out of it, anyway."

"Maybe not, Lin. I was thinking of that. It'd be just like Carol to decide to have us in jeans, with straw hats and rakes. She was always a freak."

"I'll bet he's a worse freak," Peter said.

"HE DID a first book that they said was good. I didn't read it. We'll have to get it out of the library and bone up on him before he gets here. It was about travel in Peru. It was the book of the month, I think. Anyway, I'll get the whole thing from Carol on Sunday," Mary said, pleasantly excited. "I'll wear my new dress."

"Probably it was Alma's, and she'll be there. It looks like Alma," Lin said. Mary, for three dollars, had bought a dark blue silk with an engaging broad embroidered collar before the doors had opened for a rummage sale. She had been helping Mrs. Pitcher to mark the dresses; she had fallen in love with this one. It had been exciting to feel that she *could* buy it without straining the family finances too far.

"It isn't Alma's," she said. "It came in a box from Palo Alto. I wouldn't care if it was Alma's! I'll wear it. I'll have to wear my black hat—no matter. Carol usually has on a portière with two glass ashtrays for earrings."

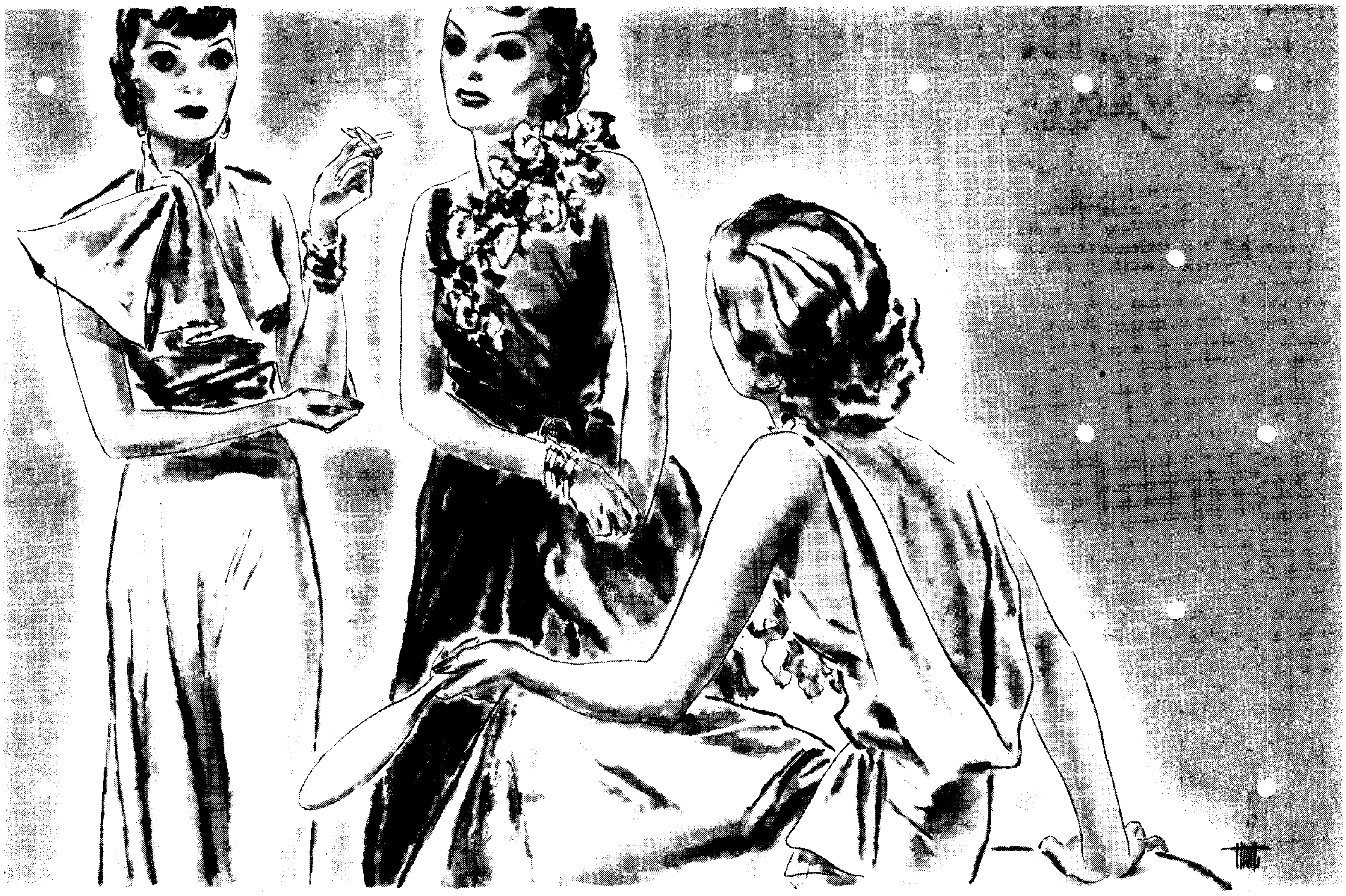
"You'll see our old place; it always makes me feel blue," Lindsay said.

"I've not seen it since we moved away." Mary reflected that it would be fun to be a bridesmaid at the smartest wedding that Las Palomas had seen in years, and took the green bus on Sunday with a heart fluttering with pleasant anticipations.

The very odor of the Moultons' impressive dark hall when she reached it; the sight of the polished leaves of the rubber plants and palms, took her back to the old days. There was dignified comfort everywhere: big fires burning, soft rugs underfoot, a bridge table always set up and waiting, with its cards and score; flowers—freesia lilies and roses, flat bowls of pansies, spiky carnations scenting the air in the old way. Silver frames and massive lamps reflected themselves in polished wood; tables had clawed feet; books were shut away behind heavy glass and wooden doors; Nubians in bronze upheld clusters of lights.

The luncheon would have served the six Burleighs for three meals. Biscuits, crackers with cheese melted on them, mayonnaise, crabs' legs and bouillon, browned little birds and jelly, creamed things and fried things, whipped things and stuffed things and scalloped things; heavy-faced, florid old Asa Moulton, as massive as his furniture, was known as a good provider.

Sitting at the head of his table, he had Mary on his left, with Carol on the other side of him, and Spencer, fair and stupid and lisping, at Mary's left. Spencer, the girl decided disgustedly, was sillier than ever. She thought with pleasure of Calvin, so definitely ambitious and energetic, and tried for the hundredth time to persuade herself that she felt a thrill of love when she thought of Calvin. Admiration, yes, and affectionate appreciation, yes. But the little stir of reluctance and regret that



always came with the mention of his name had nothing to do with love. Mary would not admit it, even in her heart, but she knew it only too well.

"How are you all getting along?" Asa Moulton asked her. It was as if a bulldog had spoken through a mouthful of beef. Asa did not like squabs, and had been served a thick cut of sirloin in their stead. "Like those bags of bones?" he asked Mary, in his juicy, heavy-lipped way. "I've got more of this than I can eat!"

"Oh, this is delicious!" Mary said hastily. "I was wishing I could take it home to my aunt. She used to love squabs."

"How d'you mean—your aunt?"

"Aunt Joan—Joan Burleigh."

"Sure enough," the man said. "She's still with you?"

"Oh, very much so."

"She was badly hurt, eh?"

"Yes; the day my father was killed. She was away—she was in a hospital for months, for years really," Mary said. "Not physically hurt, you know," she added delicately.

"Who's that been hurt, Mar-ry?" Mrs. Moulton asked in her quivering, apprehensive voice.

"Nobody, Aunt Carrie!" The old name slipped out unaware; Mary smiled her radiant smile about the table. She was happy. She was happy not only in being here, where they all knew her so well, and liked her, but happy in that somehow they had once again made her feel what she had sometimes felt years ago, that she was amusing, that she was adding life and excitement to their party. Alma was a darling, and Catherine Kendall the same fine, solid old Kate, but once again they were letting Mary Burleigh take the lead.

As for Carol, she had always been simply—well, preposterous, and she was preposterous today. She was a sallow, handsome creature, generously built, tall, high-shouldered and full-bosomed. She had fine Spanish eyes with long lashes and heavy lips dripping with brilliant scarlet. Carol wore a garment made of what looked like a gold and black and dull green upholstery brocade; it hung straight from her shoulders like a curtain, and was roped in at the belt with a tasseled cord. Her jewelry was of jade and silver, hand-hammered; her once black hair was now a henna bob, curled into a bush behind her ears, and coming down on her forehead in a heavy bang.

SHE spoke in a thick affected voice entirely new to Mary, smiled slowly, with slitted eyes moving languorously from face to face, and frequently forgot the English word she wanted and had to supply it with a German or a French synonym. Carol had been for more than a year in Berlin studying art, and had spent her holidays in Paris or on the Riviera.

"Mary, you've grown beautiful," she said. "Nobody ought to look like that! Those cheekbones—and that jaw line—"

She narrowed her eyes and looked keenly at Mary, appraising her in artist fashion.

"You're early Italian," she murmured. "You're Lippo Lippi. But I mean the incredible purity of it—I mean it's too calamitous, really," Carol said.

"Tell us about the wedding plans, Carol!"

"Carrie, could we have him wrap up some of these fellers—send 'em down to Joan Burleigh?" the head of the house was saying, wiping both sides of a walrus mustache carefully on a great napkin.

"Don't say wedding plans! You sound like punch in a cut-glass bowl and chocolate layer cake!" said Carol. "I'm marrying a savage."

"You are not!" Alma protested.

"But I mean completely and absolutely a savage!" Carol persisted, in her lazy, unctuous accents. "He's apt to go nudist for the wedding, or decide to skip the ceremony entirely; no one ever knows what he'll do, and least of all he himself!"

"You're mad about him," Alma said, with her rather solid air of shrewdness.

"I am indeed. I've always been completely mad about him," Carol said, enjoying herself. "I've asked him repeatedly to marry me, but it's only now—now, when he's out here doing some work in Hollywood, that I could get him to agree to it."

"Betty—Carol," her mother said reproachfully. Carol had been Betty until high school days; sometimes her mother forgot to make the change. Mrs. Moulton glanced about the group and laughed nervously as she spoke; Carol mustn't go too far, after all.

"We know Carol," Mary said comfortingly. "I'm counting on a new taffeta dress—ruffled, I think, Carol, and white, so that I can have it dyed. And if I'm in white you'll have to be in white."

"With Grandma's veil!" Carol suggested. Her laugh was still the schoolgirlish superior titter that Mary so well remembered from her own little-girl days, when Carol had been Maria Elena's impressive big sister.

"I think you ought to be in white," Mrs. Moulton said timidly.

"Darling — darling —" Carol murmured to her mother absently. She began to talk of her friends in New York. She knew them all—the writers and the actors, the essayists and columnists. They were all "Kit" and "Dodo" and "Ned" and "Sol" to Carol. Her twenty-five-year-old sophistication and poise so impressed Mary Burleigh's inexperienced and poverty-cramped twenty years that Mary was not even conscious of feeling jealous of Carol; Carol's spread pinions floated far above any space that Mary's humble jealousy could reach. New York, and smart, little Bohemian restaurants, and snow and shops, elevated trains and subways, Mary knew none of these. She tried to visualize New York; brilliant, roaring, its lights piercing the skies against the delicate fall of Christmas-card snowflakes, the doors of its great opera house gushing forth radiance to welcome bare-shouldered women in furs and pearls, big ships coming to anchor at its docks. New York!

AFTER luncheon the overfed guests wandered into the overheated parlors. Everyone else was playing bridge, but Mary Burleigh had to walk to the corner to take the three o'clock bus, and had but a few moments to wait. She stood looking out of the window across the bared garden, toward the old Burleigh place. It had been taken by the bank, she knew; whether the bank had sold it or not Mary had not heard. It looked pathetic, standing there in forlorn grandeur, deserted and empty; at some of the upper windows the old curtains still hung. Excelsior lay scattered down the side steps; rain and wind had blown papers and rubbish all over the neglected garden. Mary's heart ached as she looked at it. She was glad presently to say her quick goodbys, to accept a kiss heavily scented with some strong perfume and colored by wet lipred from Carol, and to find herself out in the cool winter air walking briskly toward the omnibus stop. Life was difficult in the wretched old wreck of a

(Continued on page 48)

Bringing Home the Bride

By Don Marquis

The gay and giddy adventures of Bertie and a girl known as Sugar—told by the inventor of the Henry Withersbee Cocktail

THANK you, Freddy, I *will* have a little Scotch, now that you suggest it. And I wonder if I could sleep here tonight, on the couch in your living-room? You see, I can't go to my own flat.

No, Freddy, I have not been evicted. Some other people are living in it. There's no room for me. I took them in, because they had no place to go, and were hungry and thirsty. I was in to see them yesterday, and they seemed to be doing their best to assuage their hunger and thirst. My little store of wet and dry groceries is rapidly disappearing. When I mentioned it, they threw me out. They said that I had cost them millions and millions of dollars, and if they stayed there a thousand years and used my supplies all the time, it would only be a small partial payment on what I had lost for them.

I could stand being a homeless wanderer, but their ingratitude wounds me. I am too tender-hearted for my own good. If I were not tender-hearted I would not be in all this trouble.

It all started at a floor show. No, not a flower show; a floor show. They are quite different. A flower show is all perfume and dew; and a floor show is all perfume and perspiration.

Bertie Duffield and I were having dinner at one of these places which has a floor show, one day last week, and Bertie was very melancholy, so I sent for the bartender and gave him instructions as to how to make the Henry Withersbee cocktail. It is a cocktail I invented and named after myself during prohibition days and I saw no reason to give it up after repeal.

So I said: "This will cheer you up, if anything will, Bertie."

"Thank you, Henry," he said, after we had a couple of them. "Isn't it queer how floor shows get started in places that have scarcely any floor?"

There was a man dancing with a girl, and swinging her around and around; and I had an idea she was a very pretty girl, but she was going round and round so fast I couldn't be sure.

"Probably," said Bertie, "the head-waiter or somebody says to the proprietor, 'Let's have a floor show!' and the proprietor or somebody says, 'Goody! Goody! Let's.' And they hire it, and then find out they haven't any floor to speak of; and it just squirms around underfoot."

SO WE had some more of the Withersbee cocktails, and I said to him: "Bertie, you can't fool me; you are very sad about something. Won't you tell me everything? After all, we are each other's oldest and best friends."

"They might put it on the ceiling," said Bertie, looking up at the ceiling. "Like spiders." So he called the head-waiter, and said: "A floor show on the ceiling would be quite a novelty. Everybody in town would soon be talking about it, and the place would be crowded."

The man looked terribly stupid, so I explained to him: "Like spiders, you know."

All the time this girl was going round and round and round, and I wished she would stop so I could see whether she was really very pretty or not. Such portions of her as came to my attention as she whirled looked quite attractive.

"What is there in them, Henry?" Bertie asked.

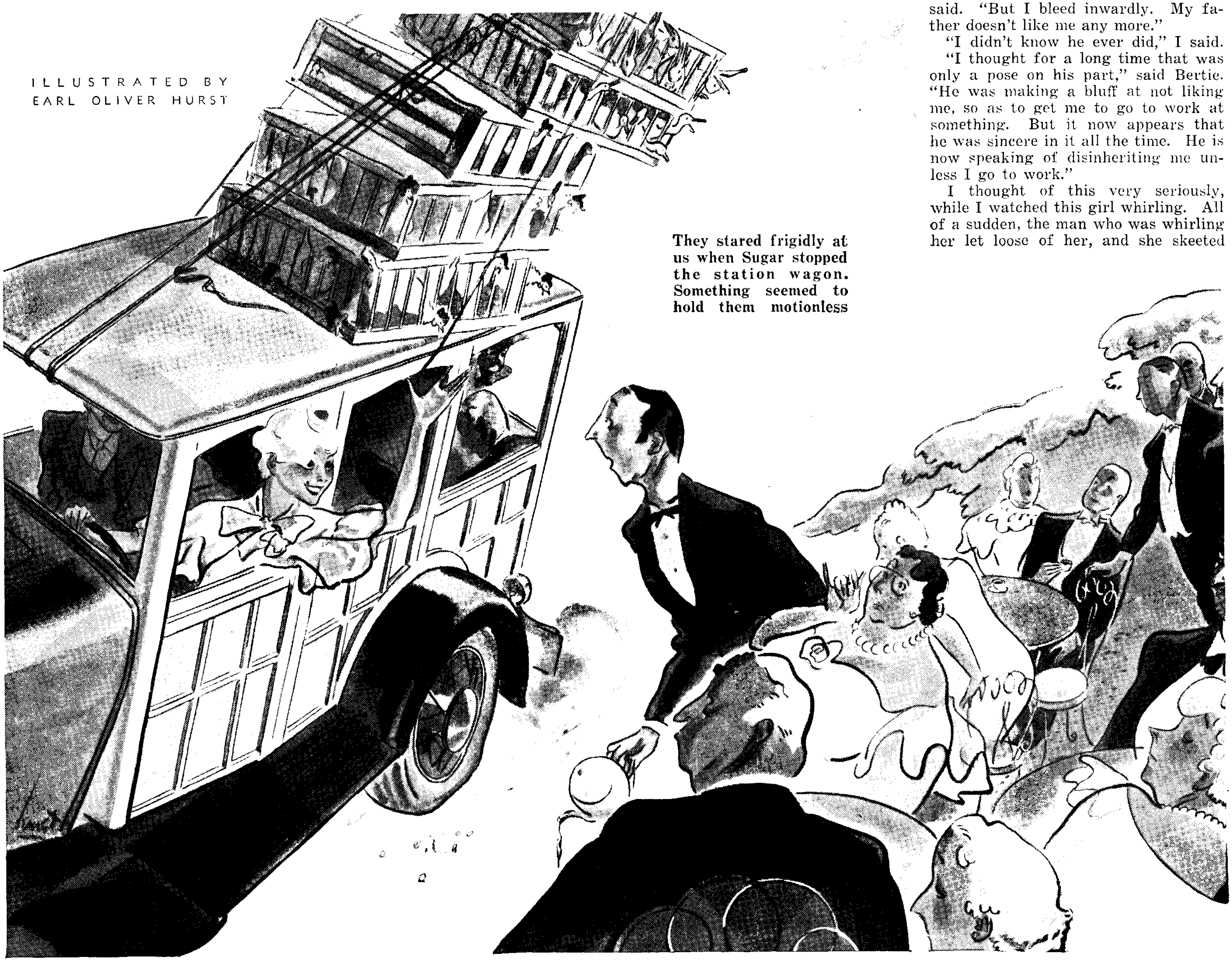
"Ingredients," I said. "The first thought I had was gin; then a friend gave me a case of rum; and I already had some whisky. So I got some bitters, and then some people were at my flat one night and suggested some brandy. The idea sort of grew and grew. The champagne was my own notion. It seems to me that you are not as sad as you were, Bertie."

"I choke back my grief, Henry," he said. "But I bleed inwardly. My father doesn't like me any more."

"I didn't know he ever did," I said.

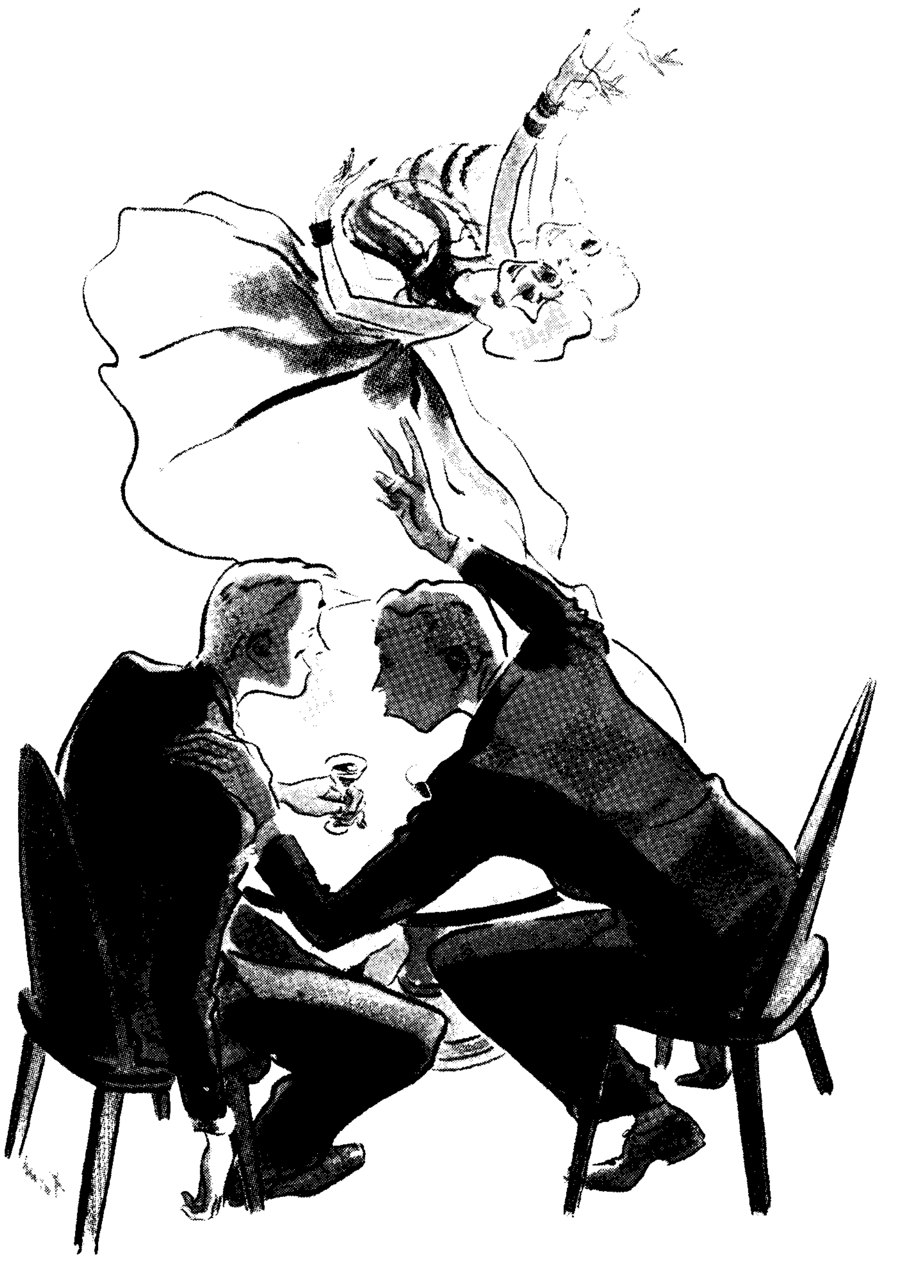
"I thought for a long time that was only a pose on his part," said Bertie. "He was making a bluff at not liking me, so as to get me to go to work at something. But it now appears that he was sincere in it all the time. He is now speaking of disinheriting me unless I go to work."

I thought of this very seriously, while I watched this girl whirling. All of a sudden, the man who was whirling her let loose of her, and she skeeted



ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

They stared frigidly at us when Sugar stopped the station wagon. Something seemed to hold them motionless



"They might put it on the ceiling," said Bertie. "Like spiders"

right across the floor and brought up against me.

"That's right," I said to the man, "get her all perspiring, and then throw her at me! I don't think you know me well enough to do a thing like that."

But Bertie said to the girl: "Hello, Sugar!"

"Hello, Bertie darling," she said to him. But he only sighed, and looked more melancholy than ever. And Sugar went back to dancing and being whirled again.

"WELL," I said to Bertie, "why *don't* you get a job? Your father is right. You are wasting your life. You ought to reform. Why shouldn't you get a job and amount to something?"

"I can only say to you what I said to my father, Henry," said Bertie. "My sense of honor won't let me get a job. I've got too much social conscientiousness to get a job."

"Where did you get that from?" I asked him.

"I keep up with the times," he said. "With millions of people needing jobs badly, how would it look for the son of the wealthy Albert Duffield to take work away from some poor fellow and doom his wife and family to destitution and starvation? Despicable, I should call it!"

"Have you explained that to your father?" I asked him.

"He won't talk to me. He won't even see me," said Bertie. "I am terribly fond of my father, but his gray hairs are hounding me in sorrow to my grave. I wonder if I don't know those girls?"

"What girls?" I asked him.

"Those girls that keep going round and round all the time," he said.

"There is only one girl going round and round all the time," I said.

"Are you quite sure of that, Henry?" he said.

"Oh, quite," I said. "She looks like two sometimes, but when the man let loose of her and she skeeted over here it was very apparent that there was only one of her."

"Well, thank heaven for that!" said Bertie with a sigh. "That's something that's right, anyhow."

"What difference does it make whether there's one of her or two of her?" I said.

"It avoids possible complications," said Bertie. "You see, I think I know her pretty well."

"What you need," I said, "is a manager, Bertie. You need to put all your affairs in the hands of someone who would start in by reforming you, and who would reconcile you to your father. A long-headed, capable, experienced man of the world."

Bertie looked at me very intently for two or three minutes, and then he leaned across the table and said:

"Henry, would you do it?"

I DID not hesitate an instant. Here was an old friend—my best friend—in need. I knew that he could trust me; and I knew that I had just the tact for the job. To reconcile Bertie with his father would take tact. I knew the old gentleman, and I felt that he regarded me as a steady character, and if I told him that I was reforming Bertie, and setting him a good example, the rest would be easy. He knew me as a man of experience in the business world. He very nearly gave me a job, right after Bertie and I left college, selling bonds; which showed that he had a high notion of my stability and trustworthiness.

Mr. Duffield has something to do with banks, and with life insurance companies, and I have heard that he was interested in oil and rubber; and if a man like that almost gives you a job it is because he has discerned great trustworthiness and ability in you. If he had seen it when I was a raw youth, just out of college, how much more would he be impressed now that I had had seven or eight years of contact with the world! These thoughts ran through my mind like wildfire, and I felt that I held Mr. Duffield in the hollow of my hand.

"We will go and see him at once," I said.

"See whom?" said Freddy. He was staring at the dancing girl again. "Henry," he said, "I am afraid that there are two of them after all."

"See Mr. Duffield. See your father," I said. "I hold him in the hollow of my hand."

"Oh, him," he said. "I don't think it's any use. And there *are* two of them. That makes it all the worse."

"Where will we find your father now?" I said, holding him to the point. For when I have a matter of importance to put through, I am all speed and decision.

"The family's in Westchester, this summer," said Bertie.

"Let's go," I said.

But outside the restaurant, Bertie stopped me as I was about to hail a taxicab.

"We'll go in this," he said, and pointed to a station wagon at the curb. "That's what I came here in." It seems that the last time he had seen his father Bertie had driven up to Westchester, and had traded his car, which was a little roadster, to his father for this station wagon, which was more convenient if you should suddenly get the notion to take quite a number of people on a party. And when his father had found out about the trade, it had made him more determined than ever that what Bertie needed was to be disinherited.

SO WE got in and started for Westchester, and pretty soon Bertie said: "Fifth Avenue reminds me of Texas."

I couldn't see that at all, so I asked him why.

"Because no matter where you are going," said Bertie, "once you have crossed Texas, you are halfway there."

"It seems to me," I said, "that we have crossed Fifth Avenue several times. You don't suppose that indicates we have been there and are coming back again?"

"I believe you are right," said Bertie, "about there being only one of them."

Then I noticed that Sugar was with us. So I said: "If you are as confused as all that, I had better do the driving from now on, Bertie."

And this girl Sugar made a remark which showed her to be a very sensible woman. She said: "If you are going to Westchester, why not just stick to driving along Fifth Avenue for a while, instead of crossing it all the time?"

I saw in a flash that she was right. So Sugar said every time she had driven into Westchester she had crossed a bridge, somewhere. But Bertie said no, that bridge was when you went to New Jersey. I had a distinct recollection myself that it was when you went out on Long Island that you crossed a bridge. So I said that Sugar had better do the driving, and that Bertie could look out on one side for bridges, and I would look out on the other. For it dawned on me like an inspiration that the success of the whole enterprise depended on going over the right bridge. And I did not think Bertie could be trusted. He seemed to be a little sleepy, so I had Sugar stop the station wagon, and I went into a place and had several flasks of the Withersbee cocktail compounded.

It seemed to waken Bertie up for a moment, and then make him sleepier than ever. But that was all right with me. For I knew that I would have to do all the talking when we got to Mr. Duffield's place, and I was glad to have Bertie quiet, for I felt that if he began to chatter he would spoil everything.

"Everything," I said to Sugar, "depends on the impression we make on Mr. Duffield. Bertie's future depends on it—and everything."

So Sugar said that was one reason she had come along. She thought she had quite a way with elderly gentlemen; and, anyhow, the best plan was to take the plunge and get it over with.

Sugar said she thought we must be getting near a bridge, for we were near a string of big open markets, where everybody was buying everything. And she had noticed a lot of markets like that one time before when she had driven to Westchester.

So I said: "Stop!" And Sugar stopped.

"The idea of this trip is to please Mr. Duffield, isn't it?" I said. "Well, then, what could put him in a better humor than a well-selected present?"

SUGAR agreed with me that it was a splendid idea, but what would a well-selected present be?

"Use your mind, Sugar," I said. "Don't go through life just getting by on your beauty. Mr. Duffield is a gentleman of rural tastes, otherwise he wouldn't have an estate in the country. A well-selected present would be something rural, of course."

So Sugar looked at the market, and said what could be more rural than chickens? There were some live ones in crates, and there was an extraordinary number of people buying things. Colored people seemed to predominate; but there were other people who were not colored, and some you could not swear to one way or the other. So, to be certain, we waked Bertie up, and Sugar said: "How does your father like chickens, Bertie?"

"Fried," said Bertie, and went to sleep again.

That gave me an inspiration, and I went into a place out of which a lot of music was coming, and people were eating and drinking and dancing in there, mostly colored people. Everybody knows they fry chickens better than anyone else in the world. So I said to Sugar that we would take old Mr. Duffield the best colored chicken fryer in New York, and that would please him. And we danced a while in there, Sugar and I, while Bertie and the live chickens snored and cackled out at the curb in the station wagon, and Sugar said we had better stick to the Withersbee cocktails we had brought with us, for who could tell what you might be drinking in this dump?

So we hired a very large cook named Caroline. She was quite extensive and dark and heavy, and we put her in with Bertie. We were delayed a little, for Caroline had to stop and get a bundle and a little mulatto boy, and the little mulatto boy had a dog, and we put them all in with Bertie. And then Sugar asked Caroline if she could cook ducks, too. And Caroline said she could, but fish was what she prided herself on.

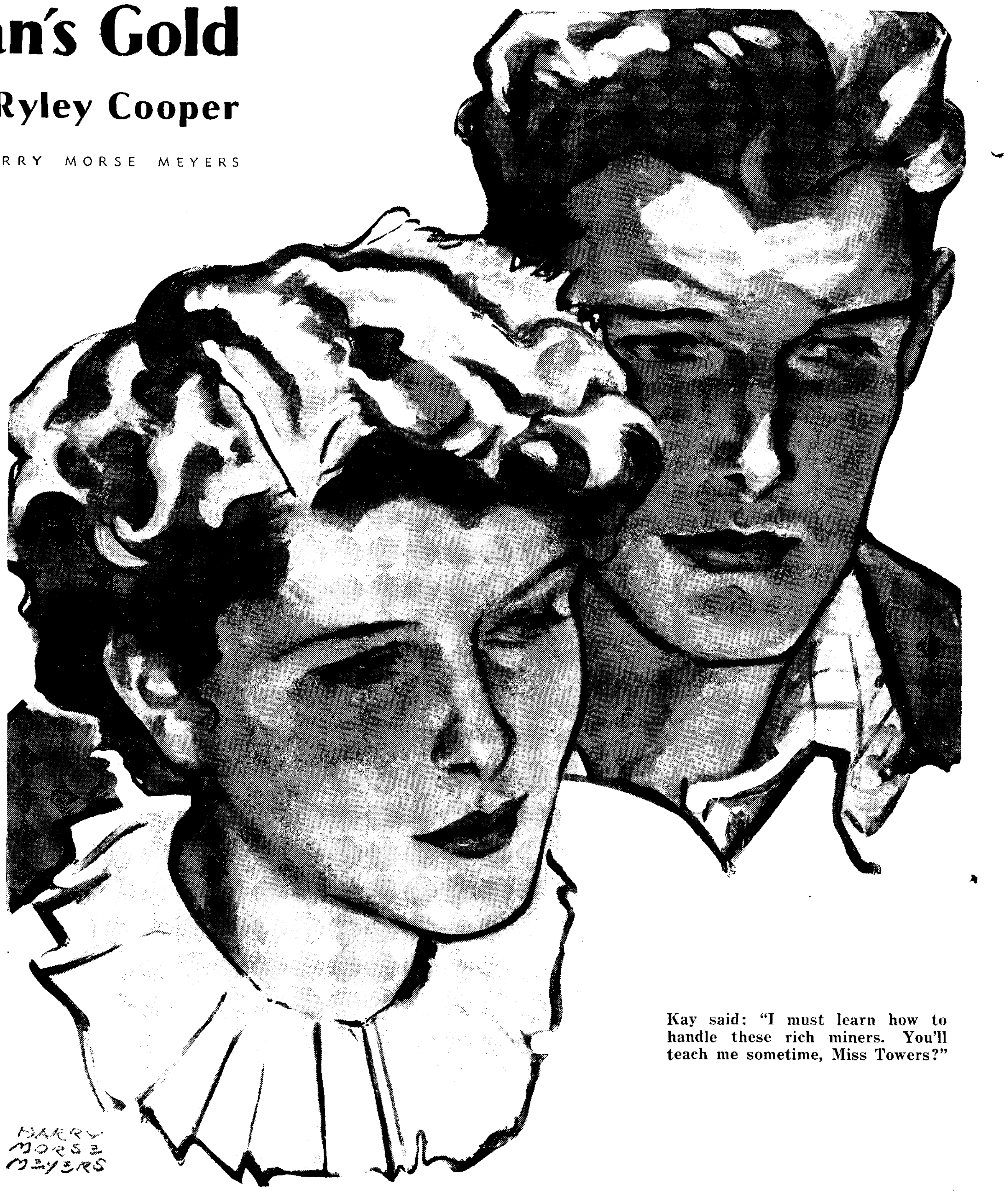
So at the next market we got a crate of live ducks, and some fish. The fish were not alive, but they were very raw,

(*Continued on page 54*)

Poor Man's Gold

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS



Kay said: "I must learn how to handle these rich miners. You'll teach me sometime, Miss Towers?"

The Story Thus Far:

AT SAPPHIRE LAKE, deep in the wilderness of Northwestern Canada, Jack Hammond and his partner, Mackenzie Joe Britten, find gold. Within a few weeks, following a mad rush, log cabins dot the lake's beautiful shores, and a heterogeneous collection of newcomers—including Around-the-World Annie and her collection of girl entertainers—is hard at work.

Among the new arrivals is the girl Hammond loves: Kay Joyce. Preceded by Bruce Kenning, a geologist who has been a loyal friend of the Joyces in Seattle, their home, Kay, accompanied by her mother, flies up in an airplane piloted by Timmy Moon, an old friend of Hammond. And among the new arrivals is a girl who interests Hammond from the first moment he sees her: Jeanne Towers.

Jeanne is a girl of mystery. She is obviously running away from something, trying to bury herself. And she has very little money. Noting all this, and taking pity on the girl, Hammond "stakes" her; whereupon she opens a little grocery store. And within a short time she sells a claim she holds to Bruce Kenning—for a trivial sum.

The arrival of a strange man—a sinister person who says his name is Lew Snade—apparently gives Jeanne an unpleasant shock. But when Hammond questions her, she informs him that she had, for a moment, thought the man was an old schoolmate, and then realized her mistake. . . . Which doesn't impress Hammond as being quite the truth. . . .

In Seattle, the Joyces are regarded as people of wealth. Hammond now learns—and Kay confirms it—that they are almost penniless. But, although Hammond urges her to marry him, Kay stubbornly refuses—she will marry him, she says; but not until she has found gold in a claim she owns. While discussing the matter, Hammond—adoring the girl and trusting her implicitly—tells her of another gold area, which Mackenzie Joe believes to be very promising. Whereupon, she urges him to coöperate with Bruce Kenning, an expert with experience, and test that area which Mackenzie Joe wishes to enter later. Also, she informs him that her mother is contemplating marrying one Olson, a rough prospector, with the idea of solving her financial problems. . . .

Meeting Jeanne, one day, Hammond escorts her to her little store. As they enter, Hammond observes that the money drawer is open. He glances at Jeanne. "Somebody's been here!" she gasps.

V

"HAD you left your money here?" Hammond asked sharply.

"Yes—all of it. I—I—thought—nobody ever bothers to lock their doors here—"

Hammond stared about him. It seemed inconceivable that crime should have entered this faraway place; Sergeant Terry's main work was growing a garden. Beside him, Jeanne Towers continued to stare blankly; it was as if they sought an explanation of the impossible, the supernatural.

"But who would want to steal my money?" she asked dazedly. "They took everything, the cash and nuggets and my bottle of gold dust—"

Hammond did not answer. The door had begun to swing shut; the faint breeze therefrom was sufficient to lift a bit of paper, hitherto unnoticed, and whisk it to the floor. Jack moved for it, but the girl, with swift intuition, sped before him. She grasped it, turning it in her hand. Then with a spasmodic movement, she crumpled it in a tightly clenched fist.

"It's—nothing," she said. Her face was bloodless.

"Let me see."

"But I tell you, it's nothing—just a piece of paper." Her appeal bore a note of the piteous. Hammond eyed her.

"Then give it to me!" he demanded.

She was silent.

"Jeanne!" he said. "I know it's none of my business. And maybe I don't need that paper. Maybe I've got a good idea who did this."

She turned to him.

"Please—it's nothing."

A strange madness had overpowered Hammond. He did not know why he insisted; he only realized that his face was hot and his veins pounding. His big hands opened and closed spasmodically, as if eager to clutch at human flesh.

"Give me that paper," he said thinly. There was something terrible about his eyes. Slowly the girl passed it over to him. His hands shook as he unfolded it, revealing its curt message:

"I O U. LEW."

"I thought so," said Hammond, and turned for the door. Jeanne moved desperately, catching him by an arm.

"Jack! Wait! Wait!"

"Why wait?" he asked. "I'm going after Sergeant Terry."

But she blocked him, frantic, both hands against his chest.

"Oh, don't!" she gasped. "Please don't—please don't!"

JACK HAMMOND could not believe her.

"You're not going to let Lew Snade get away with a robbery?"

"I don't see anything else to do," Jeanne answered hopelessly.

"But—" Vaguely Jack realized that he was discussing a situation of which he really knew nothing. "You can't do that. He stole your money!"

The girl sank against the counter.

"I simply can't go to the police. I guess that's why he left that I O U. So I'd know who did it and not make a report."

"Why not?"

She rubbed her hands.

"He still uses his own name."

"What of it?"

She smiled faintly.

"I've changed mine," came at last. "If I had to prosecute him and they took him out to Fourcross—don't you understand?" Plainly Hammond did not, and evidenced it. The girl added, in a colorless voice, "If it should ever get back home that Lew Snade had been arrested for stealing money from a girl—somebody would figure out the right name of that girl."

Again there was silence. At last Hammond began to pace the narrow confine between the door and the counter. Then Jeanne said:

"I'd hoped you'd never have to know about him."

"I don't—if you put it that way."

But she had straightened now, her chin lifted with determination.

"I'll feel better if you do know."

He caught her by the arms, clutching them tight.

"Look here!" he asked. "Do you think anything could change my feelings about you—my friendship? Do you? If that's the case, don't tell me. I don't want to know."

"You, of all persons, have the right to know."

She freed herself and walked past him to the door, closing it. Then she turned with her back against it as though the support would give her needed strength. Suddenly she drew back. A voice had come from outside:

"Hey, Jeanne! What's the idea? Shuttin' that door?"

Immediately, she opened it. A miner entered from Kay's claim.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "I didn't know you were here, Mr. Hammond."

"Yes, I'm here." It was banal—there was nothing else to say.

"Miss Kay thought you'd forgotten them nails."

"No—but while you're here, take them." Hammond clawed a double handful of spikes from the keg and passed them on to the miner. Then, he reached into a pocket and tossed a coin into the otherwise empty cash drawer.

"Tell Miss Kay I'll be down after a while," he commanded.

"Sure," the miner answered and started away. Hammond thought he saw the man's eyes twinkle. Jeanne Towers looked after him.

"Do you suppose he'll go back to Miss Joyce with some crazy kind of a story about us being in here with the door closed?" she asked anxiously. Jack laughed.

"Suppose he does? It wouldn't bother Kay."

"I hope not," the girl answered with a queer inflection. Hammond looked again at the scrap of paper.

"Jeanne, why can't I go to Terry about this man? He'd handle it confidentially. Certainly, we've got to do something."

THE girl leaned wearily against the counter.

"Not necessarily."

"Why not? What right had he to come here and take money?"

"It gets to be a habit after a while." There was no sarcasm in the statement; only resignation.

"I can't see it. Look here, you've made a start for yourself up here in the North. This fellow can't come and wreck it, no matter what the trouble—"

"The trouble is," she supplied dully, "that I'm tied to him."

"Married?"

"Worse than that. My people think I married him. But I didn't. I lived with him—"

"That's none of my business, Jeanne."

She rested her hands on the counter.

"It is, Jack. The subject's been opened. You might as well have it all. Lew and I were kids together in The Pas. You know where that is?"

"Yes—in Northern Manitoba. Quite a town now, with all those mines opening up."

"My father ran a trading store there." It was as though she were in a witness chair. "Neither Father nor Mother liked Lew. I worked in the trading store, especially when Father was up North. Well, this time he had to go into the Arctic Circle, to trade with the Eskimos. Before he left, he told me that I was to go to the annual fur auction in Winnipeg for him; I know furs. So I went, and took three thousand dollars with me."

"In currency?" Hammond began to see ahead.

"Yes. Father likes cash. Lew followed me down there. I was terribly in love with him." She must have caught the look in Hammond's eyes. "Oh, he's changed so much—all in a year. I guess getting hold of that money did something to him."

"Evidently. So, after he met you in Winnipeg—?"

"So—well—" she spread her hands.

"I know." Hammond was trying to make it easier for her. "You were away where nobody would know—and you loved him—and life seemed something terribly precious that wouldn't last—"

"Thanks," the girl answered.

"And, too, I suppose he pulled the old gag—what was the use of worrying your parents by getting married, to say nothing of his poor old mother who'd never survive the shock—"

"In this case, it was his crippled sister," Jeanne supplied without bitterness. "Oh," she supplemented suddenly, "I'm not trying to say I was led around. Did you ever spend the best part of your life in a place like The Pas? Not the town that it is now—but the one like it used to be? Nothing but a Hudson Bay store, and a railroad that ran from nowhere to nowhere and this the end of the line?"

"Pretty dull, I guess."

"Perhaps not, for the average person. But I was so tired of sitting in a dingy cabin store all day, jabbering Cree to fat squaws, or trading beads for moosehides. I'm not complaining. I'm just explaining my state of mind. There, in the store, I read constantly. It only made me more discontented. But all I could do was stare through those dingy windows and wonder what the world was like. Well—" she tried to laugh—"I found out."

"HOW did Lew Snade get his hands on that money?" Hammond asked bluntly. He felt queerly feverish. The girl went on:

"There wasn't anything at the Winnipeg auction worth buying. Lew argued that we ought to go on to Edmonton—there would be an auction there in about ten days. I wrote home what had happened, about the auction, I mean. Then we went to Edmonton. Lew's money was gone. I began to cut into the cash I'd brought along; then one afternoon Lew pretended to count the money to be sure it was all there. I wasn't looking. He shouted that a hundred-dollar bill had flown out an open window."

"Of course you never found it."

She smiled faintly.

"I found the place later where he had lost it gambling. Of course, I didn't know that then. I began to worry about making up our expenses and that hundred dollars. Lew said he had a friend in Vancouver who wanted to sell out his stock of furs. I let him argue me into believing that he knew enough about the fur business to go and buy out this stock and make enough on it to cover all our losses."

She was silent. Hammond waited a moment.

"Well," he asked at last.

"That's all," came tonelessly.

"He stole the money and deserted you?" asked the man. His hands were trembling.

"I worked at anything I could get in Edmonton until I earned enough for second class fare to Vancouver. The man in the fur store said he'd never even heard of Lew Snade. I couldn't find a job in Vancouver; finally I got one for a single trip on the Prince Rupert boat, working in the dining-room. It didn't make much difference where I went—any place but home. I'd changed my name now."

"You kept on looking for Snade?"

"I'd been to every dance hall in Vancouver, and every gambling joint. Someone remembered him and said he'd gone North. So I kept on asking questions after I got on the boat. One of the girls said she knew him—that he'd gotten her to sneak out after hours and meet him on deck. When I got to Prince Rupert, I asked about a lawyer and someone suggested Mr. Barstow. I was afraid to go to the police."

"Yes. Because of your people—"

"I told Mr. Barstow I'd pay him a percentage on any money he could get back for me. But he said no—"

"Barstow's that kind."

"I LIVED where I could; for a while I worked in Al Munson's store. I was there for nearly two months, but Mr. Barstow couldn't get any trace of Lew. Then one day, he called me and said Lew was in town—he'd been in Alaska and just came back. I don't know how he found out."

"Barstow knows every ship captain and cabin boy in Prince Rupert."

"I guess that was it. He said Lew had promised to come to his office the next morning and pay back every cent. So I went there. But—"

"He didn't show up," Hammond interjected coldly.

"No. Mr. Barstow had to tell me that he'd skipped out. That's when I first saw you—coming down the stairs from Mr. Barstow's office."

"I guess I know the rest. You haven't talked to him up here?"

The girl glanced at the I O U where Hammond had tossed it.

"That's all," she said slowly. "I don't even know how he got here."

"I do. He came up with the last bunch from Fourcross—got in the same night as Bruce Kenning. I know something more. He's going to give you back that money."

The girl flashed before him.

"Don't go to Sergeant Terry! Please! You know how news is—the kind that comes out of a new mining camp. It goes all over. If Terry ever took him down to Fourcross—"

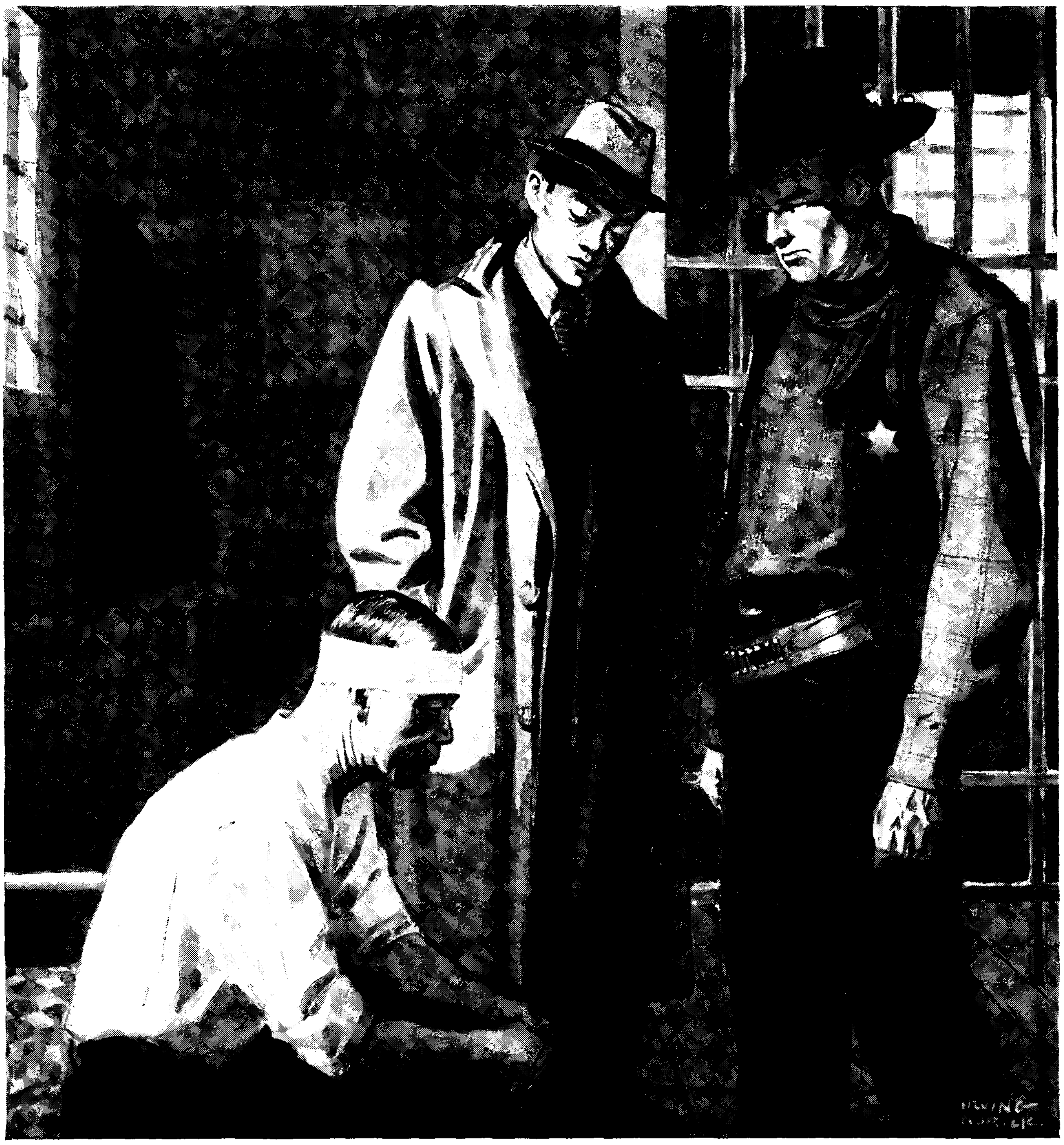
Jack Hammond raised his hand to her shoulder and gently pushed her away.

"I'm not going to Terry!" he announced.

Almost before he realized it, he was out of the store and stalking the crooked streets of the little town, head forward, a queer, ugly swing to his shoulders as he searched the territory of tents and shacks. Then he turned down to the lake where Timmy Moon, grimy with oil, was working on his airplane.

"Seen Lew Snade?" he asked. Without waiting for an answer: "Where does he usually hang out? Anywhere around

(Continued on page 28)



"Has he told you yet where he hid that second brick?" the sheriff asked

Jaybird's Chance

By Hugh Wiley

The suavest of all detectives, James Lee, again. This time, trailing a thief, he adroitly proves that a man can lose at poker—and yet win

I WOULDN'T bother you with this case, Mr. Lee," Melvin Armstrong explained, "except for the fact that the man who stole the gold is a Chinese—a countryman of yours. The sheriff's men can't make him talk. We've got the goods on him, all right, but he won't open up."

"What's the man's name?"

"His name is Wong Low."

James Lee nodded. "Probably a distant cousin of mine."

"I thought your name was Lee."

"My family name is Wong. Any Wong is my cousin."

Melvin Armstrong, president of the Gold Rock Mining Corporation, took time out to smile. "Forty million Chinese can't be Wong. Sorry. The point is this man Wong Low, who has been cook at the Payboy for the last six years, got away with two of our gold shipments. They don't amount to much but I want to find the gold."

"How do you know Wong Low is the thief?"

"His fingerprints were on the knob of the safe in the mine office, for one thing. The Bank of Canton issued a draft to his order for ten thousand in gold five days after the first brick was stolen. We discovered that yesterday and arrested him."

"Where are you holding him?"

"The sheriff has him in jail at Colburn."

"How far is the Payboy Mine from Colburn?"

"You turn off the main highway fifteen miles toward Paradise from Colburn—then it's three miles to Mad Creek and another three miles to where the road branches to the right. That's twenty-one miles. The branch road is about eight miles long. It runs down Mad Creek Canyon. That makes twenty-nine or thirty miles from Colburn. You can get out of the mine to the north, to Silica, over a stretch of mountain road. Twelve or fourteen miles. It isn't very feasible for a car. I wouldn't try it if I were you. . . . Will you look the job over for me?"

James Lee nodded. "I'll be very glad to. What were the gold shipments worth?"

"The first brick weighed slightly over eleven thousand dollars. The second one ran a little stronger—close to twelve thousand. I'm mighty glad you're on the job for us. I'll write a letter to Gorman. He's our superintendent at the Payboy." Melvin Armstrong pressed a button on his desk. "When can you get on the job?"

"I'll start for Colburn tonight," James Lee said. After a moment, "How do you usually make these gold shipments from the mine?"

"Good old Uncle Sam. Rural delivery carrier."

"Who carried them from the mine to the Silica-Redhill Road?"

"The mail carrier goes up to the mine once a week. We aren't interested in him. The two bricks were stolen from the safe in the mine office. The first one three weeks ago and the second one day before yesterday. Just a moment and I'll dictate a note to Sam Gorman. You'll find Sam a good egg. If you like fishing, there are a lot of hungry trout in Mad Creek. Excuse me a moment."

To his secretary, "Take a letter to Gorman," Mr. Armstrong directed.

"Mr. Sam Gorman
Superintendent, Payboy Mine

"Dear Mr. Gorman: This will introduce our confidential operative, Mr. James Lee. We feel sure that you will show him every courtesy and give him whatever assistance he requires.

"Melvin Armstrong."

"Bring that in here right away."

Turning to James Lee: "I understand that Gorman and some of the boys in the office play a pretty stiff game of poker up there at the mine. The best trout fishing in the world and a table stake game at night—I wish I could go along with you, Mr. Lee. . . . Or do you play poker?"

James Lee smiled. "I enjoy the game very much," he said.

The president of the Gold Rock Mining Corporation signed the letter to his superintendent when the secretary brought it in. He handed the letter to James Lee. "Good luck, Mr. Lee."

James Lee nodded. "I'll report progress when, as and if it develops. Good morning, Mr. Armstrong."

IN COLBURN, the county seat of Mountain County, after presenting his credentials to Sheriff George Dutton: "Mr. Armstrong tells me that you have an airtight case against Wong Low," James Lee said.

Sheriff Dutton nodded vehemently. "We've got that old sinner sewed up tighter than the horsehide cover on a baseball. Only thing that worries me is finding out what he done with that other gold brick."

Curtly, "What's the evidence against him?" Lee asked.

"In the first place nobody never seen no China boy get rich overnight unless he was gambling or stealing something or sold a woman," Sheriff Dutton began. "Five days after the Payboy's first gold shipment was stole Wong Low blossoms out with a bank draft for ten thousand dollars in gold. In the second place, one of my boys went up there and dusted the knob of the combination on the safe and found that Chinaman's thumb-prints in three places on it. In the third place, he's a mighty slick individual. Every fan-tan game from Dutch Flat to Little York in the early days was busted sooner or later when he hit camp.

"He's been mighty slick and he got away with it. But now we got him. All that worries me is gettin' the gold back for Mr. Armstrong. I reckon that's where you step in. We been working him over with a short piece of rubber hose but he won't talk worth a cent." Sheriff Dutton's eyes glinted up suddenly, to meet James Lee's calm gaze. "You savvy his lingo?"

"I speak Chinese," James Lee said. "I would like to talk to Wong Low."

"Come along and I'll turn you loose with him in his cell. He's battered up some but he can still talk if he has to."

Facing his countryman when Sheriff Dutton had left them alone in Wong Low's cell in the county jail, "An ape may sit on a throne," James Lee said in Cantonese, nodding toward the departing sheriff. "Courage! A stone lion does not fear the rain."

Old Wong Low nodded his bandaged head. "Aye, an intelligent man recognizes the will of heaven."

"Time is an arrow. Tell me your story quickly."

Seated on his cot in the jail cell old Wong Low looked up at James Lee. "The eyebrows of youth cannot compare with the beard of age," he suggested. "The horseman does not know the footman's trials. I have stolen nothing."

"You are an ant on a hot rock. Minnows can laugh at a stranded whale."

"True enough," Wong Low agreed. "Let me remind you, though, that the weight of a man's tongue can crush a giant."

"A hunting dog does not feel his fleas. On the jail gates in the Central Glory are four words: 'You repent too late.'"

"I HAVE nothing to repent. The tree for shade, the man for reputation. I have stolen nothing."

"Where did you get the money to pay for the ten-thousand-dollar draft that the Bank of Canton issued to you?" James Lee asked.

"Through the labor of twenty years. I had entrusted my savings to various merchants of the Four Families in San Francisco. I had intended returning to the Central Glory this month—to rest. I have worked hard through long years in the gold hills."

"Why were the prints of your fingers on the lock of the safe in the mine office?"

"The number two governor of the mine told me to make sure each night that the safe was locked."

"You mean the engineer, young Mr. Darrell?"

Wong Low nodded. "That is his name," he said.

"In the river of life no man can swim upstream," James Lee suggested. "There is a last step to every journey."

Wong Low bowed his head. "One moment of life can hold a thousand years of sorrow," he said. "This jailer who keeps me captive, *ren mien sheo hsin*—the face of a man, the heart of a beast."

"In this world of darkness heaven disposes," James Lee suggested. "Have patience. Calamity can be changed into a blessing. *Ch'uh liao si ti.* You will emerge from this place of death. Only the blind see ghosts."

"Maybe thou hast clear perception," Wong Low growled. "Who am I to question the will of heaven? I desire to regain the lost harmony of life—sweet after bitter. *Chin pen-fen*—I have done my duty."

"Be silent," James Lee ordered suddenly. "Your jailer returns. Beside the tiger's mouth is a place of danger. Walk the middle path, practice right conduct. All will be well."

LOOKING directly at Sheriff Dutton, who had suddenly appeared at the door of Wong Low's cell: "I have just reminded Wong Low of one of our ancient proverbs—'It is always the smartest monkey that falls from the highest tree.'"

"Has he told you yet where he hid that second brick?" the sheriff asked. "We can get a court order for that gold draft. It's where he hid the second brick that worries me."

"Making these old men confess is a difficult problem," James Lee suggested. "Take it easy with him. I wouldn't beat him up any more if I were you. His lamp of life burns low—they die easily at his age."

"Whatever you say," Sheriff Dutton agreed. "What's your next move?"

"I'm going up to the Payboy Mine and have a look at the scene of the theft," James Lee answered. "Will you come up with me?"

"I'll be up in a day or two," the sheriff answered. "I can't get away right now. Both my deputies is down with the flu."

At Redhill, fifteen miles from Colburn, James Lee swung his car to the northwest along the Redhill-Silica road. Three miles away from the main highway he crossed Mad Creek on a new concrete bridge and entered the three-mile stretch uphill to the point where the narrow branch road led westwardly to the Payboy Mine.

Along this road that paralleled Mad Creek he met no traffic. Part of the road was rough, but there were stretches through pine forest where the going was good, and here, careless of his driving, he gave himself over to a pleasurable contemplation of the beauties of the rugged country. Below him, visible through barren areas that broke the wooded slopes, Mad Creek, tumbling to the west, seemed to lie ready to confirm Melvin Armstrong's promise of good trout fishing. The mountain air was heavy with the scent of the pine woods, sweet with the smell of the tarweed that grew in the open glades. Through a sunlit corridor, deep in the pines, he saw three deer walking slowly up the gentle slope that lay back from the steep north bank of Mad Creek. "Good country," the traveler reflected. "Holiday country. I may prolong my stay."

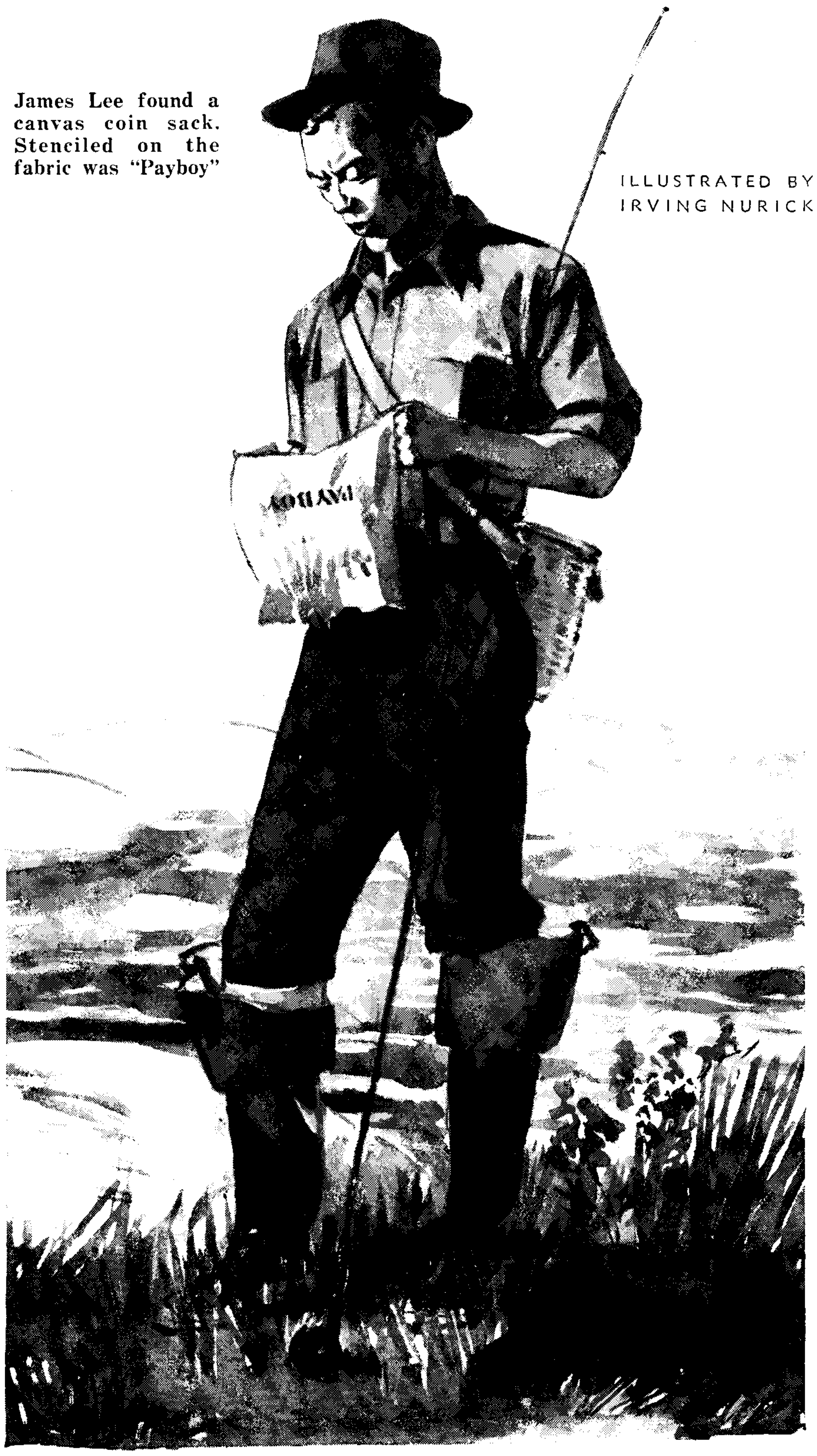
IT WAS nearly four o'clock when he got to the Payboy Mine. The sun lay behind a high mountain to the west and the air was suddenly chill. He drove past a bunkhouse, a cookhouse and a shaded bungalow. In front of the office of the Payboy he stopped his car. He entered the office and faced Sam Gorman. "I am James Lee," he said. "Here is a note for you from Melvin Armstrong. You are Mr. Gorman?"

"I'm what's left of him. I'm mighty glad to see you, Mr. Lee." A hearty handclasp and a warm smile on Sam Gorman's homely countenance left no doubt as to the sincerity of the superintendent's welcome. "Shake hands with Walter Darrell," Gorman invited. "That's him settin' at the drafting table. He's the engineer on this Payboy job. That's Tommy Miller settin' there at the desk. He's timekeeper and commissary boss and anything else that's got to be done. All of us feel like damn' fools, workin' our heads off to drag a little gold out of the mountains and then having that doggone Wong Low get away with it. By rights I ought to have hung that Chinaman before the sheriff got him."

James Lee smiled. "You're perfectly sure that he's the thief?"

"They ain't nothin' to it," Sam Gorman answered. "Nobody had to git that fingerprint feller to prove it to me. I was sure it was him the minute Darrell

(*Continued on page 39*)



James Lee found a canvas coin sack. Stenciled on the fabric was "Payboy"

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

THE horse gamblers collect in scheming knots outside of Lindy's restaurant on Broadway to haggle about parlays which never come home, and to glance over the night-club choir girls on their way to midnight work. Billy Rose could not identify Man o' War in a herd of zebras, but he usually can be found among these seedy and dreamy Canfields of the pavements, enraptured by their talk of seven and eleven, the nag that cannot lose, and the right number on the spinning rainbow of the roulette wheel.

It is not difficult to explain Rose's affinity for these wise guys of chance. They bet their pokes on the gallop of a horse, the spots on the dice and the slot a scurrying pill drops into. He puts his money on the way a comic tells a joke, the agile capering of a chorus, the spotlight's spangle and the commotion his ballyhoo makes. So you see Billy Rose is one of the take-a-chance boys.

I stood with him one night last summer in front of Lindy's long after the crap shooters and the race players had gone to their side-street rooms, and the ladies of the hey-hey haciendas had finished their romping toil.

It was too early for work, too late for play. The joints were closed, and the lights were out. Broadway was a belle an hour ago—but now she was a hag. The dawn had stripped her of her gown of glowing darkness. Day had robbed her of her electric-light jewelry. It was as if a harridan had come to a masquerade, and with a disguise had deceived one and all into thinking she was a beauty. And then dawn—the brutal guest at Broadway's masquerade—had ripped off the handsome mask, and there she was, wrinkled and old and frowzy and ashamed of her age and her ugliness and her tawdriness.

"It makes me sick," said Rose. "A guy produces a high-class burlesque show, and if it makes money he lets his hair grow and tells people he's a genius. These geniuses ought to look at Broadway at this time every morning. Broadway without lights and ballyhoo is just a dirty-looking street. Broadway is show business. It thrives on ballyhoo. I got a chance to beat this racket. I sell ballyhoo, not genius. The trouble with show business is that there are too many geniuses, and not enough showmen."

It was his way of saying that the shade of P. T. Barnum could not rest easily in his noisy Valhalla, where pinheaded angels and spider-boy cherubs sit on golden platforms. The suckers have a new shepherd, P. T.—Billy Rose, the Little Barnum of Broadway.

The Route to Glory

The name of William S. Rosenberg is engraved on the records of the Public School Athletic League of New York. The moniker is Bronx for Billy Rose, and he was a swift and skinny kid who hurried home first many a time in the hundred-yard dash. The hunger for glory was in his heart even then, and in those days he figured he would go to college to be the Bronx road company of Charlie Paddock. But Billy's father was a salesman who would have difficulty selling a famished dog a bone. The Rosenberg kid from the Bronx knew he would soon be on his own, so he took a course in stenography. Soon his bureau drawer clattered with the medals he had won in shorthand speed contests, and he was round-shouldered from hanging them on his shallow chest so his mother could exhibit them proudly to her horde of relatives. The father of the Gregg Shorthand System—John Robert Gregg—heard of the boy from the Bronx, with the fastest right hand in town. The master appointed himself Billy's gentle Svengali, and at sixteen he was an entry in the national race to elect the amateur champion shorthand reporter of the world.

The day before the contest little Willie went skating on the flabby ice of Central Park Lake. While trying to flirt with a nursemaid, he collided with a large young man, and was slammed to the watery ice, falling on his thumb. It was the right thumb, too, and it looked like a captive balloon when he was finally picked up, moaning and crying a little.

The next day Billy was at the hall where the contest was held, his injured thumb in an ointment-stained turban of bandages. There was a bulge on his right overcoat pocket, and in his left were his scratch pad and pen. Mr. Gregg almost swooned when he saw his champion, and he hysterically muttered that his reputation as well as his entry in the chicken track sweepstakes were ruined.

"Don't worry," said Rose with his customary immodesty.

"Don't worry, eh?" screamed Mr. Gregg. "It might startle you to know that in order to write shorthand you must be able to hold a pen. In order to hold a pen, you must be able to close your fist. You have just now told me that you can't close your fist. A fine thing—and you tell me not to worry."

They gave Billy Rose another medal that day, and the metropolitan gazettes carried his smirking picture, and the news that he had scrawled 180 words in a minute with 99.9 accuracy.

The bulge in Rose's overcoat pocket was a potato. He had shoved his pen through the spud. It was not necessary to close his fist to grasp the potato. He held it with four fingers and manipulated his pen by remote control. As his potato-imprisoned pen flew across the white paper, Billy's sore thumb stuck out like—well, like a sore thumb.

Rose says he wasted the next few years of his life by streaking shorthand across blackboards on stage, platform and rostrum in every major-league city in the country. Gathering a new crop of medals on his journey, he shipped them home to his mother in the Bronx, who still polishes them to this very day.

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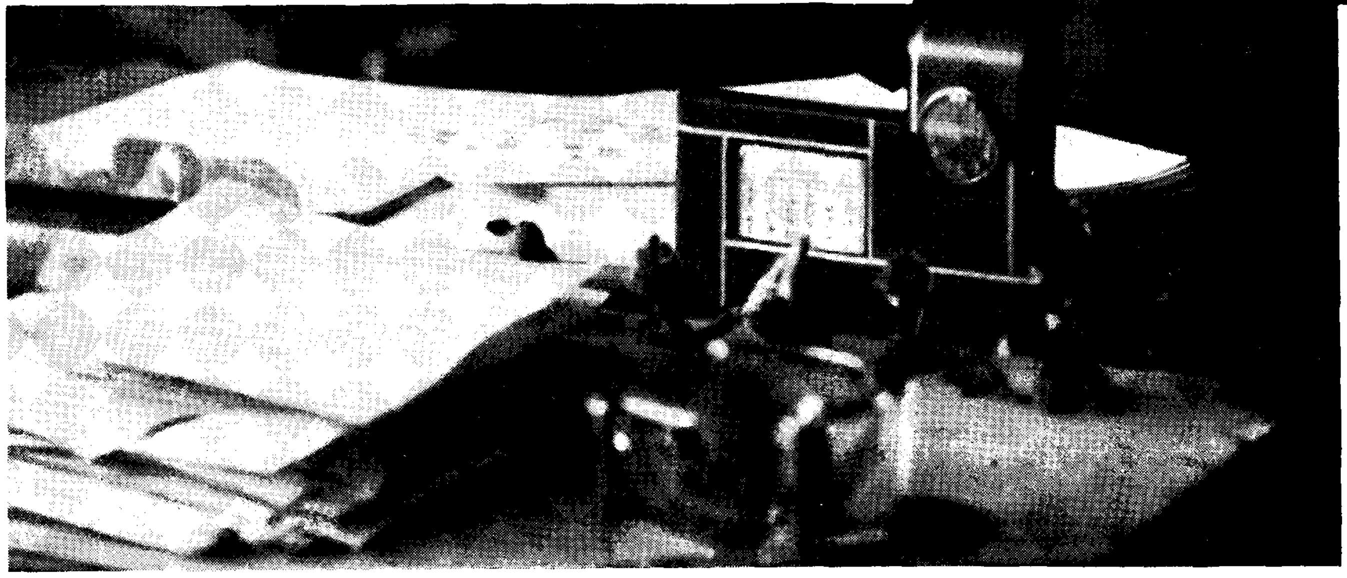
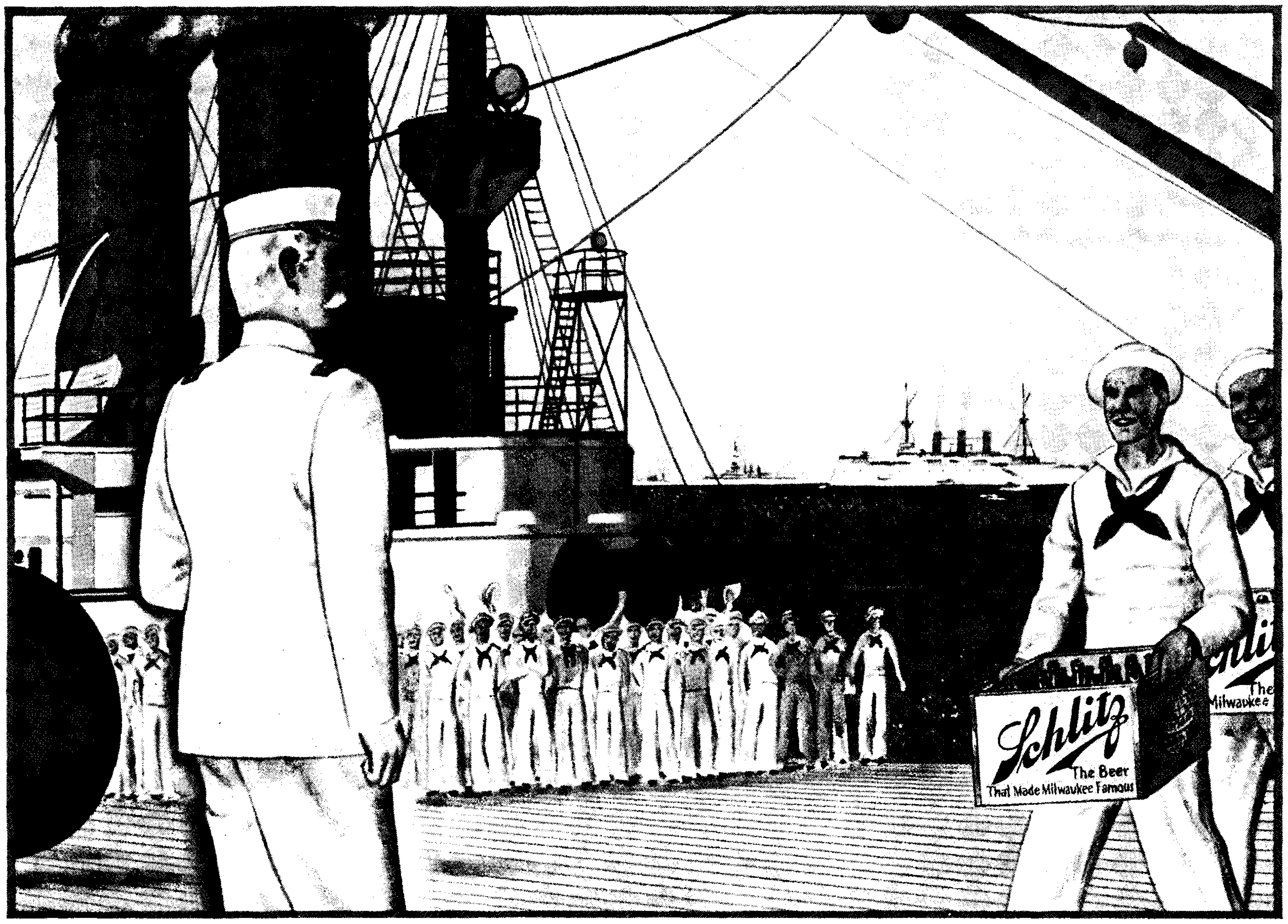
PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Billy Rose





"THANK YOU," SAID ADMIRAL DEWEY

When Schlitz, the Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous, was presented

Boldly they moved into Manila Bay, the night of April 30, 1898. Six American ships of war. At early dawn they fired on the Spaniards. In a few hours Dewey had destroyed the Spanish fleet, without loss of man or ship. One of the rewards came from the Schlitz agency at Manila. A special shipment of 3600 bottles of Schlitz Beer—one for every man in the squadron.

PASSING years have produced no finer gift. Today Schlitz is more than ever the beer that made Milwaukee famous. Others have tried to imitate its mellow flavor, and have failed. For that flavor is a Schlitz secret. So too is its digestibility, which means you can drink as much Schlitz as you like and feel fine afterwards. The reason is the secret process, Precise Enzyme Control, under which every drop of Schlitz is brewed. It regulates every step of brewing and fermentation. Energy-giving vitamins are kept, too, for extra healthfulness. Ask for Schlitz on draught or in the brown bottles. You'll agree that Schlitz agrees with *you*....

Schlitz

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Bottled at the Brewery
Schlitz
The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous

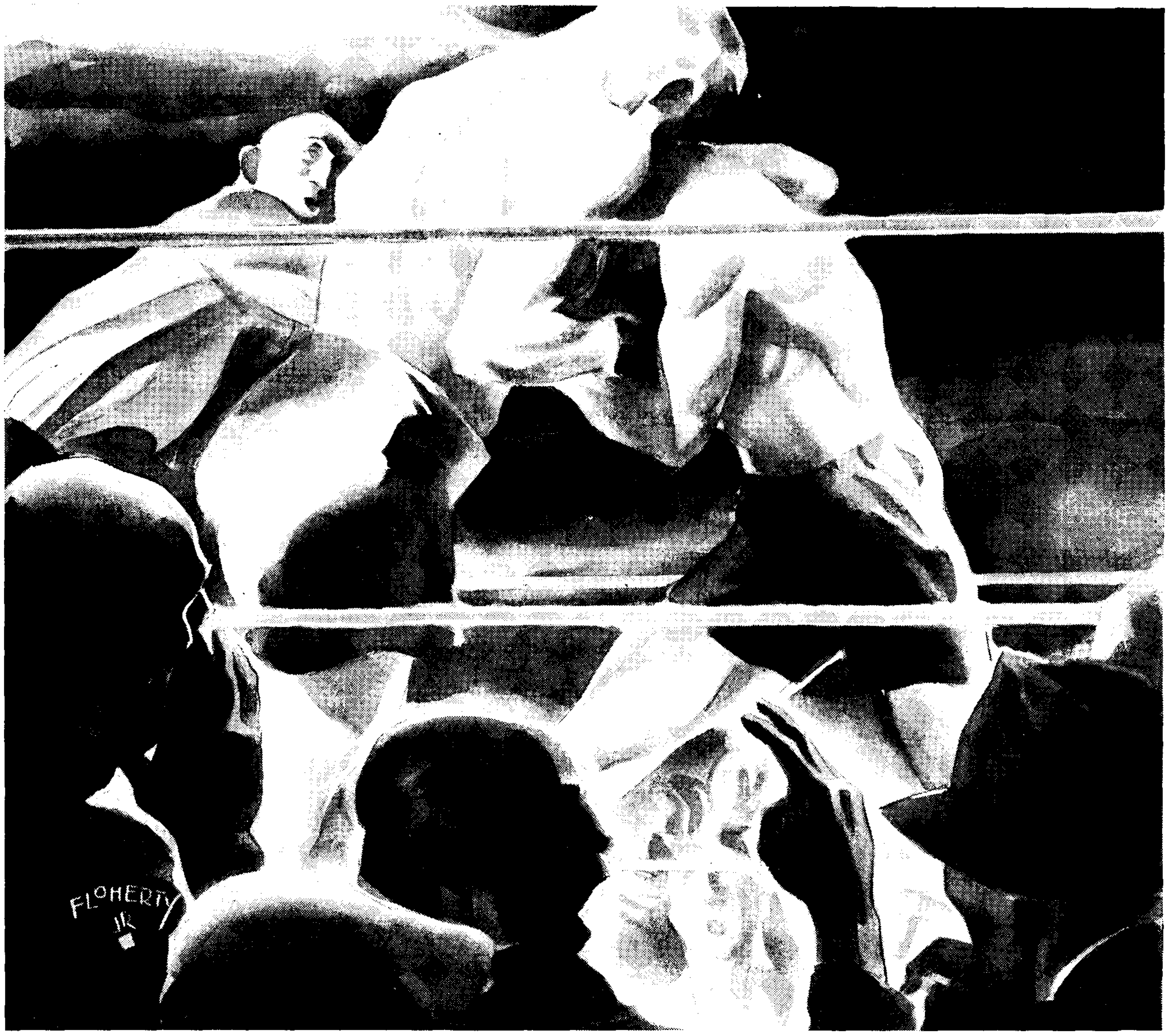
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

And with the Glory

By Edward Shenton

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN J. FLOHERTY, JR.



For a second or so he didn't seem to be doing much. Then Benny went to work

THE Champ was a good guy. Everybody liked him, except a few sports writers who was brought up on Stanley Ketchell and Bat Nelson and similar tough fighters. They called him a "clown," but it wasn't so. He was a kid at heart and had only been heavyweight champion about six months. And was he liking it—

When he came into a hotel or a night club with a swell new suit setting off his broad shoulders and lean hips, his blond hair shining and a big grin on his face, everyone felt good right away. The dames was crazy about him, but he never took them serious—except one.

She was a pretty kid with gray eyes and black hair pulled back tight to a knot on her neck. Her name was Anna Kelly and her old man run a two-by-four haberdashery on B'way.

The Champ met her there. He'd come in to buy a collar or something. She was behind the counter while old man Kelly was out grabbing a sandwich. Benny give her one look and took the count.

"What can I do for you?" Anna asked.

"Well," said the Champ, "you can start runnin', but it won't do you no good."

She looked him over calm.

"I never run from anybody bigger than I am," she said.

The Champ just roared at that one.

At this point in come old man Kelly. When he saw Benny, he near threw a fit. It was "Champ this" and "Champ that," while Anna just stood by listening until the old guy stopped for breath. Then she said: "So that's who you are!"

"Sure. Didn't you guess?"

"I don't like fighting or fighters," Anna said.

The Champ laughed again and no girl could do much after that laugh. So Anna smiled and Benny said:

"I'm no fighter. Ask anybody. I'm a big song-and-dance man. But to show you all boxers is not mugs, how about dinner somewhere and a movie?"

Anna looked at her old man and he gives her the O. K., so she put on her hat, and that's where they went.

After that night they was always together. The Champ was like a guy who has found the end of the rainbow, and it was easy to see Anna liked him plenty. But she kept her thumb down on fighting and Benny spent a lot of time trying to convince her that the racket wasn't brutal but a scientific sport.

"Look," he said one night. "When I'm a kid . . ."

"What are you now?" asked Anna.

The Champ grinned.

"I'll duck that one. Well, I'm big and cocky, see? I got a good right hand and have been poppin' 'em over. The then heavyweight champ is exhibitin' around the sticks. He come to my burg and I get a chance to show with him.

"'Make it good,' says this guy's manager, 'and it'll help you. Don't try nothin', see?'

"'Sure,' I say. 'I ain't dumb, am I?'

"But I am. I keep thinkin' if that right of mine lands just once I'll be made at nineteen.

"So we go on. The champion comes out bobbin' and weavin', makin' a good show. I play scared and back off. He says, 'Don't be nervous, kid. I won't hurt you.' I sort of stutter, 'Thanks, Champ,' and let go the right.

"Next thing I open my eyes. I been out for five minutes."

"And that's not brutal?" Anna asks, indignant.

"I got what was comin' to me," Benny said, surprised. "He just tapped me to sleep and no harm done."

"He didn't have to," Anna said. "He knew more than you did. He could have kept you from hitting him, couldn't he?"

"Sure," said Benny. "But that guy was a killer, I mean."

"That's just the point," Anna said.

Benny laughed.

"Well, honey," he said, "I'm no killer."

Anna laid her hand on his. "I'm glad. . . . I couldn't stand it if you were."

A MONTH or two later, Benny went on tour. He put on four-round exhibitions with whoever was dug up. Every day he telephoned Anna and in between he wired her flowers and candy.

All was going fine until he hit Scranton, Pa. It is a hard-boiled town. Benny was to box a local boy named "Miner" Kozak. He had a big dumb Polack face and weighed twenty pounds more than the Champ. But everything had been explained, so Benny ate a good meal, wired Anna a bunch of violets and went around to the fight club.

He didn't get much of a hand as he went into his routine of kidding and clowning. The big Polack slapped over a couple limp rights. They tugged and grunted. The clock moved close to the end of the round. "Miner" Kozak lifted one from his ankles and the Champ went up in the air as though somebody had jerked the ring from under him.

The ref begun to count. The crowd went crazy. Kozak stared stupidly down at Benny. The bell ended the count at eight, with the Champ out cold.

He come to with a half-minute to spare. His seconds was working like wild men to bring him up for the bell. Nobody thought he could make it, but he did. He sprawled forward and clamped his arms around Kozak. Lucky for him the Polack didn't know much. He heaved and mauled the Champ but he couldn't get loose to do any damage. Benny hung on till the bell rung.

He sat up straight while his handlers worked on him. What that crowd called him wasn't fit to hear. Benny took it all and never blinked.

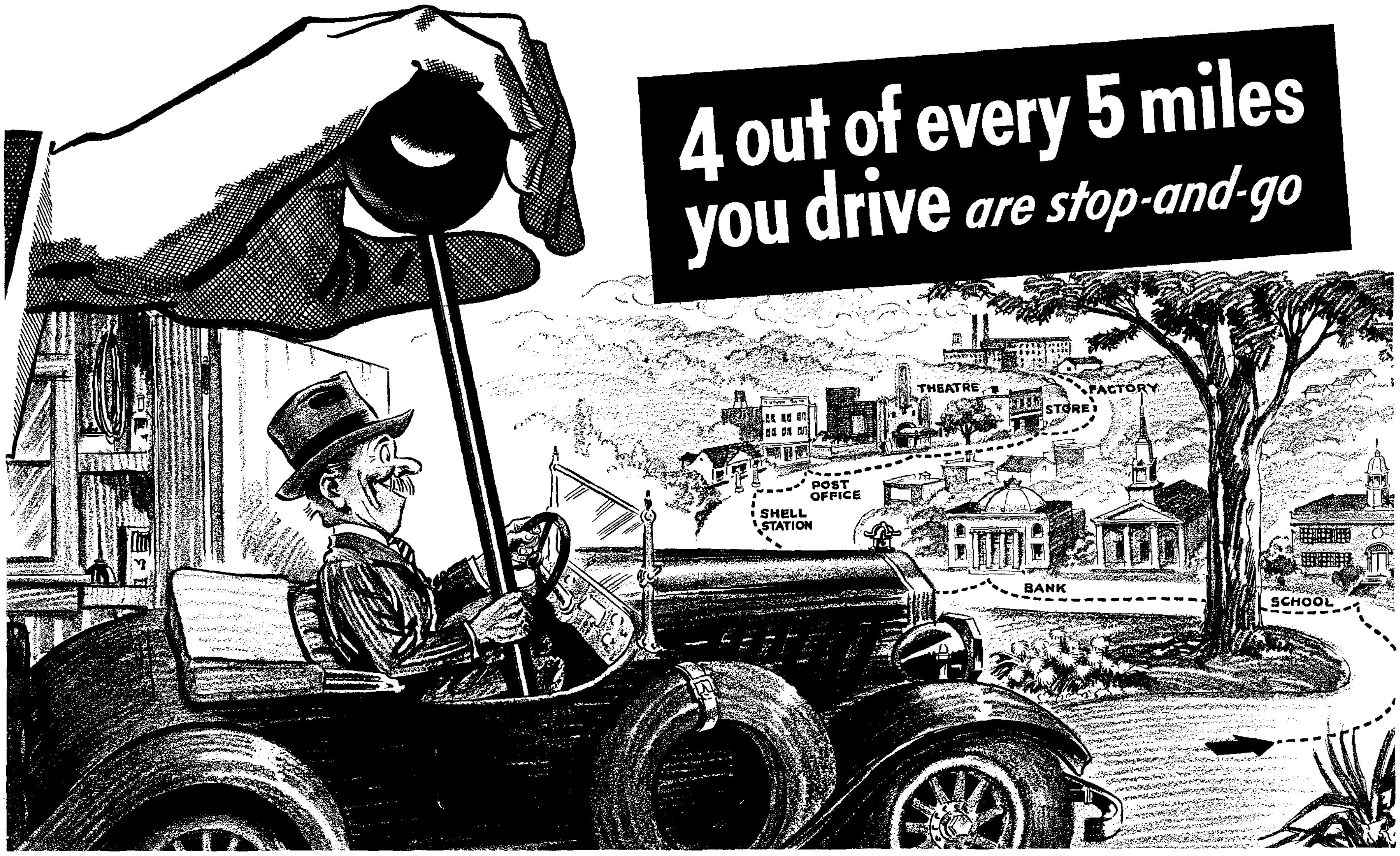
The bell rung and he went out. For a second or so he didn't seem to be doing much. Then Benny went to work. A big spout of blood come out of the Polack's mouth and he spit some teeth. Next his ear popped up like a red balloon. Then an eye just disappeared in a red lump.

People here and there started to yell "Stop it!" The ref stepped forward. Benny give him one look and he didn't move no farther. With twenty seconds to go, the Champ set himself. His right come up and over in that funny loop. Kozak struck on his back and lay still.

The crowd did everything but carry Benny out on their shoulders. They would have done that, only he shoved through them with a fixed blank look on his face and went back to the hotel.

THERE he sat down on the bed. He knew what the papers would say the next morning, the play they'd give this fight. He saw all the words like "killer," and so on, in the stories. He knew Anna would read them and what she would think. He picked up the telephone, took off the receiver and put it back. He got up and stood looking in the mirror. His face had no expression; it was terrible because there was nothing looking out of it that he knew. Suddenly he raised his hand and pounded the bureau.

"Well," he said aloud, "what the hell could I do about it? I'm the Champ, ain't I?"



You start over a Ton moving more than 30 times a day

Today's shift—shift—shift is hard on your pocketbook—unless your gasoline has these 3 Kinds of Power

THE average low-priced car weighs 2,600 pounds—over a *ton*. That's why you use the *doubled* power of your low gear to get your car moving.

In "high," your engine "turns over" about 4½ TIMES for every revolution of your wheels. But in "low" gear, your engine turns over 9 TIMES!

Naturally, the more *POWER* you have in your gasoline . . . the easier it is to get your car moving . . . the quicker you can flash out in "second" and into "high". . . and the *less gasoline you use.*

Power for this kind of HARD PULLING is mighty important in a gasoline. But to cut costs, you've got to have TWO OTHER KINDS of power as well!

FIRST, power for QUICK STARTING . . . which means you must have a gasoline that vaporizes quickly and "warms up" quickly! **SECOND,** power for STEADY RUNNING . . . which means ample *heat units!*

The engineer's problem is to get ALL these kinds of power into a gasoline . . . in perfect BALANCE.

Super-Shell is the FIRST TRULY BALANCED gasoline. Its 3 kinds of power save money in *3 ways!*

Yet Super-Shell is sold *at no extra cost*—at 30,000 neighborly Shell stations from Coast to Coast!

SHELL

SAVES gasoline in 3 ways

STARTING—Super-Shell can save up to a cupful on every "cold" start. (Your engine is relatively "cold" after being idle an hour.)

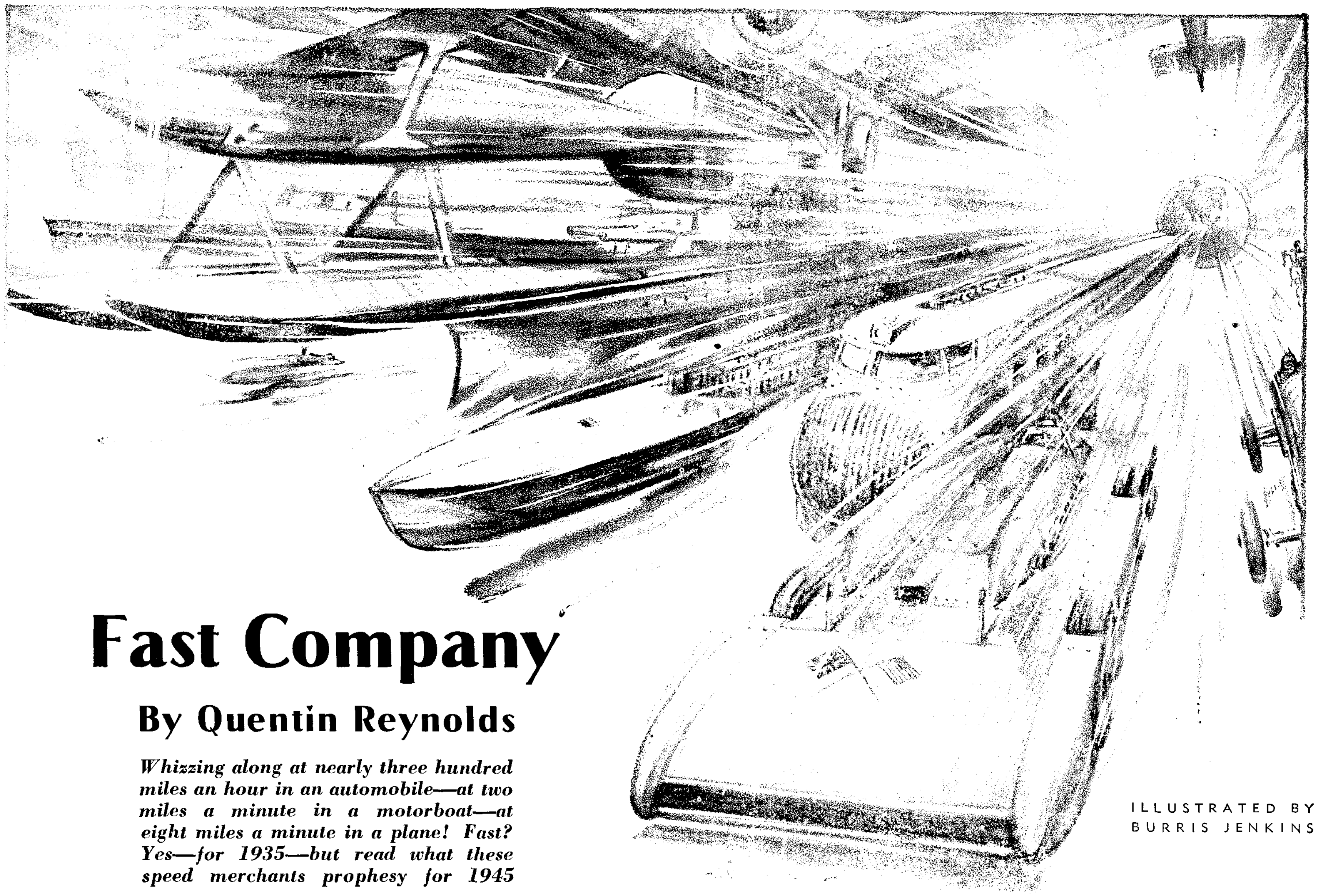
SHIFTING—Super-Shell can save up to a cupful in 10 minutes of hard pulling, or rapid accelerating, or on hills.

RUNNING—It can save up to a cupful, motorists report, in an hour on the long stretch—thus saving on long trips as well as short runs.

Remember, when you save 16 cupfuls, you save a whole gallon!

SUPER-SHELL

Saves on today's stop-and-go driving



ILLUSTRATED BY BURRIS JENKINS

Fast Company

By Quentin Reynolds

Whizzing along at nearly three hundred miles an hour in an automobile—at two miles a minute in a motorboat—at eight miles a minute in a plane! Fast? Yes—for 1935—but read what these speed merchants prophesy for 1945

THOSE apprehensive individuals who trouble themselves about the way of the world are constantly crying in alarm, "Whither are we drifting?"

The next time one of these professional worriers begins his viewing with alarm we might remind him that we aren't drifting at all. Even a most casual survey reveals the fact that we are drifting like a leaf before a cyclone and even though we may not know where we're going we are certainly on our way there in a terrific hurry.

We are rushing so fast via train, plane, ship and automobile that even the masters of speed are finding it difficult to keep up with themselves. If you ask them to prophesy the speed which will be commonplace ten years from now they can only answer vaguely, for speed flying on the wings of its own momentum seems to have gotten out of control.

Those years from 1920 to 1930 were known as the Decade of Speed. Living, dying, traveling, playing, working—all seemed to have been super-charged by the impetus of the war. All speed records tottered, then fell until there came a time when many thought the ultimate in speed had been reached. But look at those records made ten years ago, compare them with today's records, and then dare to prophesy what those records will be ten years hence.

In 1920 Gar Wood skimmed over the water in his Miss America at the amazing speed of sixty-one miles an hour. Until then the thought of traveling over water at a mile-a-minute clip was considered the mad hallucination of a visionary eccentric. But now? The same white-haired master of speed, Gar Wood, now streaks along at 124 miles an hour in his Miss America X, and even while you are reading this (you are reading this, aren't you?) he is poring over blue-prints, consulting with his engineers and scheming to cheat time by a few more minutes or a few more miles.

Ten years ago the Indianapolis 500-mile automobile race was won with an average of one hundred and one miles per hour. Last year, hindered by restrictions designed to give added safety, Bill Cummings won the same event with an average speed of 104 miles an hour and only a few weeks ago Kelly Petillo won this event with an average speed of 106 miles an hour. Ten years ago Tommy Milton sped over the flat sands at Daytona Beach in an attempt to drive an automobile faster than man had ever driven one before. He roared through a measured mile to establish a new record of 180 miles an hour. A few weeks ago Sir Malcolm Campbell sent his Bluebird over that same stretch for a speed record of 281 miles per hour.

Records That Wouldn't Stay Put

On the water. On the sand. In the air? One morning in 1923 people awoke, looked at their morning newspapers, and gasped in amazement. Lieutenant Al Williams had performed the speed miracle of the ages. He had attained a speed of 266 miles an hour in his racing plane. A few weeks before that Lieutenant J. Kendrick, in an Army plane, had actually beaten a flock of racing pigeons in a race from Staten Island to Washington.

"Whatever are we coming to?" the public asked. Then a few months later Lieutenant Maughan, in a Curtiss pursuit plane, made his never-to-be-forgotten flight, spanning the continent from Los Angeles to New York in the remarkable time of twenty-one hours and forty-four minutes.

Look at those records now. Where are they? All fallen under the terrific onslaught of the latest masters of speed. Now we have Lieutenant Francesco Agello, the Italian officer, roaring through the air at 440 miles an hour; we have Wiley Post, in his old Winnie Mae, climbing into the stratosphere to attain a speed of 350 miles an hour; and we have Captain Eddie Rickenbacker flying from Los Angeles to New York in an ordinary Douglas passenger plane, carrying seven men on the flight, in the incredible time of twelve hours and four minutes. Tommy Tomlinson, famed leader of the acrobatic Sea Hawks, once the pride of the Navy, in a ship of the same type, made a non-stop, coast-to-coast flight in eleven hours, five minutes and forty-five seconds, while Roscoe Turner, in his speed plane, streaked across the continent in ten hours and four minutes. A few months ago we saw Scott and Black fly from London to Australia in seventy hours and fifty-four minutes, breaking the old record by four days. Who can say what records will be on the books ten years from now?

Trains? Trains have kept up with the mad pace. Ten years ago the transcontinental record for a train was about seventy hours. Last October Union Pacific's six-car, stream-lined train streaked through the 3,259 miles from Los Angeles to New York in fifty-six hours and fifty-five minutes. An indication of the speed which we may see in railroad travel within the next decade may be gleaned from the fact that a specially constructed train went the 173 miles from Berlin to Hamburg recently at an average speed of 106.31 miles per hour. With the competition the railroads are getting from planes as common carriers new emphasis is being placed on speed and it is impossible even to speculate how fast trains will go ten years hence.

Why, men are even running faster these days. Ten years ago the mile record stood at four minutes and twelve seconds. Now Glenn Cunningham saunters through a mile in four minutes and seven seconds.

A Peep Through the Spray

Whither are we drifting? We're not drifting, mister—honest. We're roaring along with the throttle wide open, with the track cleared and with the masters of speed constantly thinking of new schemes to get wherever they're going in more of a hurry. Have we reached the apotheosis of speed yet? If you think so, you're crazy. Ten years from now we'll look at the records we've just listed and say in wonder, "How did we manage to get along in those early 1930's?"

Ten years from now—but let's ask the masters of speed. Gar Wood has snow-white hair, a bronze face and the bluest eyes you ever saw. Ask him about the future of speed and those blue eyes peer into the next decade. You know that he's seeing a Miss America of the future, half hidden in flying spray, speeding along at a pace not yet within reach of the boats of today.

"We'll be going faster ten years from now than we're going today," he says

(Continued on page 41)

TAR WON'T FLOW *through a pinhole*

"GREAT GRIEF! Motor sounds like an ash-can full of rocks. Can't be lack of oil, though. Had the crankcase filled just yesterday."

"PLENTY OIL, Mister, but bad lubrication. Oil ducts all gummed up with mucky tar. What you need is this new Tarfree oil!"

EVEN WITH A CRANKCASE FULL OF OIL . . . you're not always safe!

You know what stubborn stuff tar is. Then imagine what oil-tar can do to tiny oil ducts—channels no wider than a pinhole, which must be kept open to let the oil reach every bearing!

The sure way to prevent tar-clogged oil ducts and faulty lubrication is to keep tar out of your crankcase. And the way to do that is to insist on the New Havoline.

This is the oil that's Tarfree. It is refined by a new, patented Furfural Solvent Process which flushes out all the sludge-forming impurities that ordinary refining methods leave in. Havoline is Waxfree too—a 100% paraffin-base oil that's all oil!

Of course it's better for your motor! You'll have smoother engine performance, easier starting, swifter acceleration. You'll have less burning-up and thinning-out in long, hot driving—which is another way of saying that your oil consumption will be less, and your repair bills too!

Make a point of asking for the New Havoline. Mention the name and look for the refinery-sealed can that guarantees that you are getting the real thing—proof against substitution and contamination.

It costs just a little more—but it's worth it every time. Ask for the New Havoline—at all Texaco Stations and of good dealers and garages everywhere.

HAVOLINE
HAVOLINE
REG. TRADE MARK
MOTOR OIL
WAXFREE
MADE IN U.S.A.
INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, INCORPORATED
ONE U.S. QUART

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS • *Affiliated with The Texas Company*

HAVOLINE IS TARFREE

Poor Man's Gold

Continued from page 19

this camp? Does he work for Around-the-World Annie—?"

"Give a guy time," grouched Timmy. "I just saw him walking up Loon Creek, with Bruce Kenning."

"Kenning? What are they doing together?"

"How should I know? Just walking."

Hammond already had turned away, swiftly crossing the low land toward Loon Creek. The workers along the stream passed in a blur. He did not hear the miners as they called their greetings, or shouted the news of their clean-ups. He did not even realize that he had reached Kay's claim until her voice cut in upon his superheated mentality:

"Jack—Jack! Where on earth are you going?"

He whirled.

"Bruce Kenning—did he come this way?"

"Yes—he went up the creek toward his claims, about ten minutes ago." Then she came closer. "Dear man—what's wrong with you?"

But he had gone on, without an answer. More sluice boxes, more miners, more argonauts working in cramped positions at the water's edge, more dirty water gushing back to the stream. Hammond saw none of it. Far ahead, he had sighted two men, walking along the opposite bank. Hammond began to run. Then, disregarding the rough bridge ahead, he plunged into the stream. Waist deep, he swirled through it, and clambered out the other side. Then dripping, he rushed forward.

LEW SNADE turned his weak face at the sound of his approach. Then suddenly gray-featured, he begged:

"Let me alone—let me alone!"

Hammond had growled, his big arms outstretched; now he was on the man, bending him in his grasp.

"Give me that money!" he commanded.

"Look here!" Kenning exclaimed as he turned back, "What's all this about?"

Hammond gave no heed.

"Hear me?" he shouted at Lew Snade. "Give me that money!"

"You're all wrong. I haven't got any money!" The weak-featured Snade had caught the extended wrists of the miner and was hanging to them desperately. Hammond bulged his heavy shoulders; Snade rose in his grasp, legs dangling queerly, like those of a dummy.

"Shall I choke it out of you?" he asked. Quickly he threw the man from him, then rushed him for a new grip, his muscular fingers widespread. Snade struck at him, wildly; Hammond gave no evidence that he felt the blow. Now his hands, distorted with muscle, plowed deep into Snade's throat.

"Look out, Jack!" Kenning shouted, "you'll kill him!"

"What of it?" growled the prospector. Then to Snade: "Give me that money!" Lew Snade writhed helplessly, gasping. "You know what I mean; that money you stole from Jeanne Towers." Lew Snade hesitated only a second longer. Then he raised his weak hands and, gasping, pointed to his throat. Slowly Hammond relaxed his grip. The man staggered about, with sagging knees. "Well, get it! Don't stand there stalling. Get out that money."

Snade, still reeling, pawed for his pockets. Currency, the nuggets, the phial of gold dust; slowly he passed them over into the waiting hands of Jack Hammond. The prospector turned to Bruce Kenning.

"What's this rat to you?"

"Why—nothing. We were just talking about a job."

"Be sure it's never anything more than that." Black with rage, he turned to the gasping Snade. "Now, you—get over there on the Alaskan side. And stay there. Do you understand?"

Slowly the man began to move away, in the direction of the uncompleted buildings of Around-the-World Annie's resort.

"And don't cross this line again. Or I'll—"

Kenning came beside the prospector.

"Easy on that, Jack. Sergeant Terry might hear you."

"And what are you doing?" Hammond growled. "Fronting for rats?"

"Of course not—I don't even know what it is all about. But—"

"Then keep out of it," said Hammond curtly and turned back for camp.

AROUND-THE-WORLD ANNIE strode what passed as the streets of Sapphire Lake upon an important mission. Summer had come now, with its hot days and almost incessant light, and Annie was dressed for it. Timmy Moon had brought her quite a wardrobe on his last trip and Annie was displaying a sample. A long period of expenditure was over; now she could announce to this little northern world that she was about to reap the profits.

The hat she wore was wholly sunproof, flapping generously on each side of her equally generous shoulders. Her hair, where it showed, was freshly bleached—also the results of faraway purchases flown in by Timmy Moon. She carried a parasol of flowered silk, matching the silk print of her summery dress, low-bosomed and cut snugly at her hips. Her sandals were undiluted carmine.

Now and then Around-the-World Annie paused in lordly survey, for she was here on business. Preceding her as she went through town were two men with hammers, an armful of placards, printed in Vancouver, and a mouthful of tacks. Gradually they were turning the drabness of cabin exteriors to screaming blasts of white and scarlet:

GRAND OPENING!

GRAND OPENING!

◆

WHOOPEE, ALASKA—JULY 4

LET THE EAGLE SCREAM!

Come Over to Alaska

and

Twist the Tiger's Tail

at

Around-the-World Annie's

Far North Bar, Gambling Hall

and

House of All Nations

Grand Fireworks Display

Inside and Out!

Plenty to Eat - - - More to Drink

EVERYTHING FREE

but the

GAMBLING AND GIRLS!

Come One—Come All—Come Seven—Come Eleven

FOR MEN ONLY * * * FOR MEN ONLY

◆

Whoopee, Alaska—10 P. M.—July 4th

"Wrote that all by myself," explained Around-the-World Annie to a quickly thickening throng of admirers. "Ain't bad for an old gal, eh?"

Among the many who paused to read was a stocky, beaverlike man whose eyes recently had borne the shadows of deep worry. All had not gone well for Mackenzie Joe during these last few months. He had been forced to watch a tremendous change come over the young man whom he long ago had come to regard with an overpowering affection.

Mackenzie Joe and Jack Hammond had pounded the Canadian bush together for six years before they had wandered into this lush valley, with its great rim of purplish peaks jutting above the eternal snows. During those days there never had been a disagreement between them. But all this was changed now.

It had changed, in fact, the day Jack Hammond had hit out from Prince Rupert for his trip to Seattle. Perhaps, that wasn't all Jack's fault. Joe had bluntly told him he was a damned fool for going down there to look up a girl who never had done anything but spit in his face. After all, that was a bit strong.

But Mackenzie Joe never had been diplomatic. He was doing more in that direction now than ever before. At least, he kept his mouth tight when every atom of his supremely honest nature shouted to him to have a showdown, and proclaim that he was tired of being dealt cards from a stacked deck. Something was wrong; he felt sure of it. His distrust of Kay Joyce and Bruce Kenning amounted almost to mania.

The placards announcing Annie's great première were still fresh in his mind as he turned into Jeanne's store.

"Listen," he announced, "I need some new duds. Can you get 'em by plane?"

"If you'll give me your measurements," Jeanne asked. "I've got an order going in tomorrow."

Mackenzie grunted.

"That's easy. Forty-four chest for the coat, thirty-six waist and thirty-one legs for the pants. If the sleeves are too long, I'll turn 'em up." Then, without a break: "How's business?"

"Rushing," answered Jeanne, writing down the measurements.

"Fine." Mackenzie Joe looked sourly into the distance, only to turn back as quickly. "Say," he asked, peering hard into her face. "You and me always have been damned good friends. I think a lot of you."

"Thanks, Joe."

"If Jack Hammond had any sense—"

"Do you have any particular color you'd like for this suit?" Jeanne broke in.

"Well, I guess not. I'm kind of partial to blue. Not that dead blue, you know. Something kind of lively. And get me a tie with some red in it—not all red; and two white shirts. I'm going over to Around-the-World Annie's on the Fourth of July."

"Wearing red, white and blue," chuckled Jeanne.

"Might as well be neighborly," he grunted and started away, only to halt. "Listen," he asked, "what do you think of this layout, anyway?"

"The town, the celebration—or what?"

"I mean," answered Joe, "this thing in riding breeches that Jack's gone bushed about."

The girl flushed.

"Why—I—I'd rather not say, Joe."

Mackenzie turned for his cabin.

"That makes it unanimous," he grunted. Jack Hammond was at home when he arrived, with a poster he had ripped from a cabin wall.

"Have you seen it?" he asked. Mackenzie Joe nodded.

"I've ordered a new suit for it."

Jack stared.

"Are you going over?"

The older man pretended a casual air. He reached for his shovel and pick, preparatory to moving up the trail toward the test shaft.

"Yeh, I figured I might drop in and slap a few drinks under my belt."

Jack Hammond's jaw fell.

"You're not going to do that, Joe?" His tone bore the portent of impending calamity. Mackenzie shouldered his pick and shovel.

"What's wrong about that? You went down to Seattle and got drunk, didn't you?"

"But—"

"I figure if one partner's got a right to get drunk, the other one's got the same privilege."

"Yes, I guess you have, Joe." Hammond's features were clouded. The elder man started away, then paused.

"Say, I seen you on the upper flat yesterday afternoon with a couple of men. What were you doing?"

It was the last question Jack desired to answer.

"Oh, just looking around."

"In other words, figuring out a place to test that wild-eyed theory of yours, that the Big Moose swung over toward the B. C. hills. That it?"

"Well—since you put it that way."

"And you didn't take me into your confidence."

"I've tried to talk to you about it a dozen times," the younger man said desperately.

"And I've tried to talk you out of it. But there's somebody else, stronger'n I am."

JACK caught the meaning. His lips became colorless.

"See here," he argued, "I'm not trying to stop you from working the way you see fit. Why shouldn't the rule work both ways? I'm paying the bills on this experiment of mine. No matter whose idea is right, we'll share and share alike."

"Um-humph." Mackenzie Joe rolled his tongue and stared far up the valley. "I knew another fellow like you once, Jack. He got an idea that he had to go after things on a grand scale. First thing he knew, all his money was gone. And he had to sell out."

"That's idiotic."

"So's your idea," said Joe bluntly.

Hammond's eyes snapped.

"You're only saying that because you've got a prejudice against anything that's modern, or sensible. All you want to do is waste everybody's time, staggering around blindfolded!"

Heatedly he swung down the step, then, and headed for the village. Mackenzi Joe stared after him, a not unkindly light in his troubled eyes.

"Now I know damned well I'm goin' over to Whoopee and get drunk," he mused at last.

For that matter, Hammond knew it too, and the knowledge helped considerably to cool his anger as he pounded along the trail toward his placer claims. Getting drunk, with Mackenzie Joe, was like a plague of locusts, or a spring flood. Something disastrous always happened. At last, Jack turned from the trail and went into Jeanne's store for a tin of tobacco.

"You look worried," she said.

"I am. Joe has announced that he's going to get drunk Thursday night."

"Well," she laughed, "he'll have plenty of company." Jeanne was much more buoyant these days. Lew Snade had not come again to Sapphire. In fact, Kenning had told Jack that the man had purchased one of several newly imported canoes and gone down the lake, prospecting. Enough that he had departed. Jeanne went on: "You won't have to call out the reserves when Joe gets going?"

Jack remained serious.

(Continued on page 32)

Their first time at the seashore

• The children won't change or grow older in the snapshot. They'll always be just like this. What other way is there for the ordinary man to capture so much of life?... Don't take chances with your precious snapshots—your camera is surer of itself when loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. Your snaps "turn out." Always use Verichrome... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow you must take Today

EVERYTHING Up-to-the-Mi

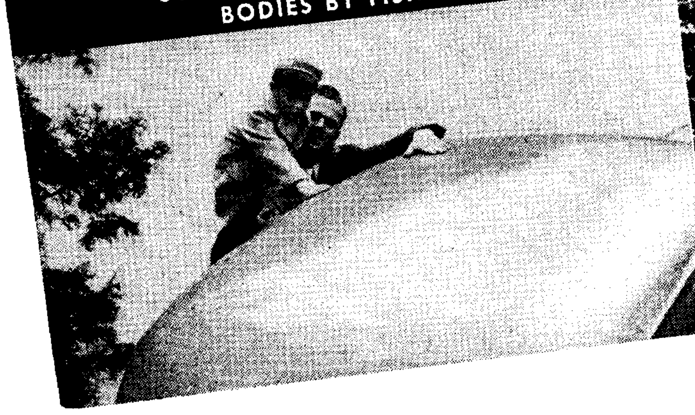
All the newest proved features . . . are all in this big streamlined low priced car!

It's most exciting even to *think* of getting an Oldsmobile. But once you *own* this big car with all its new Streamline Beauty, once you have it in your own hands to do with as you will, then you realize how completely up-to-the-minute Oldsmobile is. *NEW SMOOTH POWER:* the Six has 90 responsive horsepower; 100 in the Eight. *NEW EASY RIDING:* proved Knee-Action wheels step over bumps, making the ride in the rear seat just as comfortable as in the front; the Ride Stabilizer eliminates sidesway and roll on curves; and Scientifically Distributed Weight gives extra riding comfort. *NEW SAFETY:* you ride shielded overhead, underfoot, on every side by the world's newest, strongest body construction—the Solid-Steel "Turret-Top" Body by Fisher; you stop quickly, safely, without swerving, due to big Super-Hydraulic Brakes; you steer the car easily without wheel-shock or "wander" because of Center-Control Steering. *NEW ECONOMY,* too: Owners everywhere are enthusiastic over the extra miles they get per gallon of gas. And in purchase price, Oldsmobile is definitely in the low-price field. You want everything up-to-the-minute in your new car. Oldsmobile has *everything* for you . . . just drive it and see!

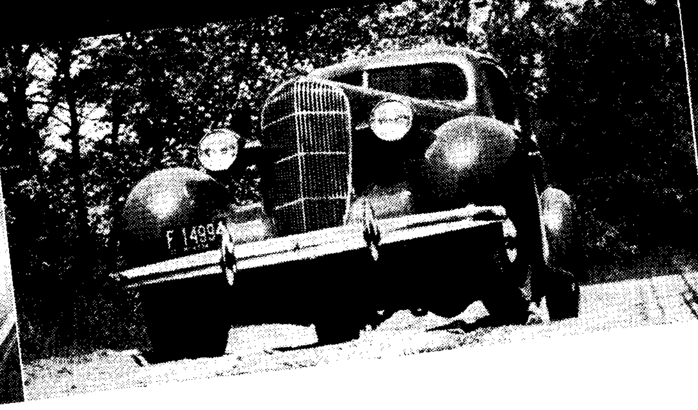
**Sixes $675 and up . . . Eights $860 and up, list prices at Lansing, subject to change without notice. Bumpers with guards, spare tire, and rear spring covers built into all cars at the factory at extra cost. Convenient G. M. A. C. time payment plan. The car illustrated is the Six-Cylinder Touring Sedan, $820 list. A General Motors Value.*

OLDSM

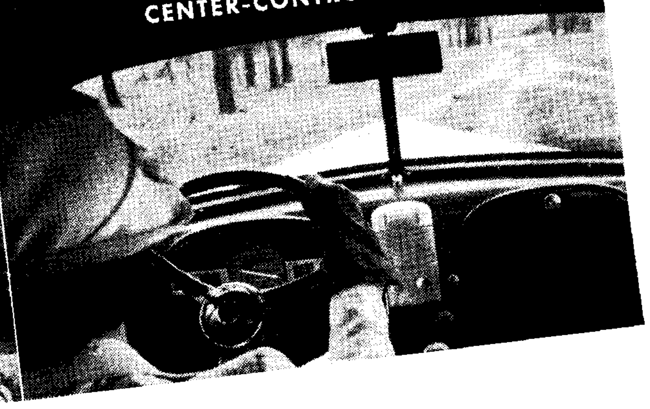
SOLID-STEEL "TURRET-TOP" BODIES BY FISHER



KNEE-ACTION WHEELS



RIDE STABILIZER AND CENTER-CONTROL STEERING



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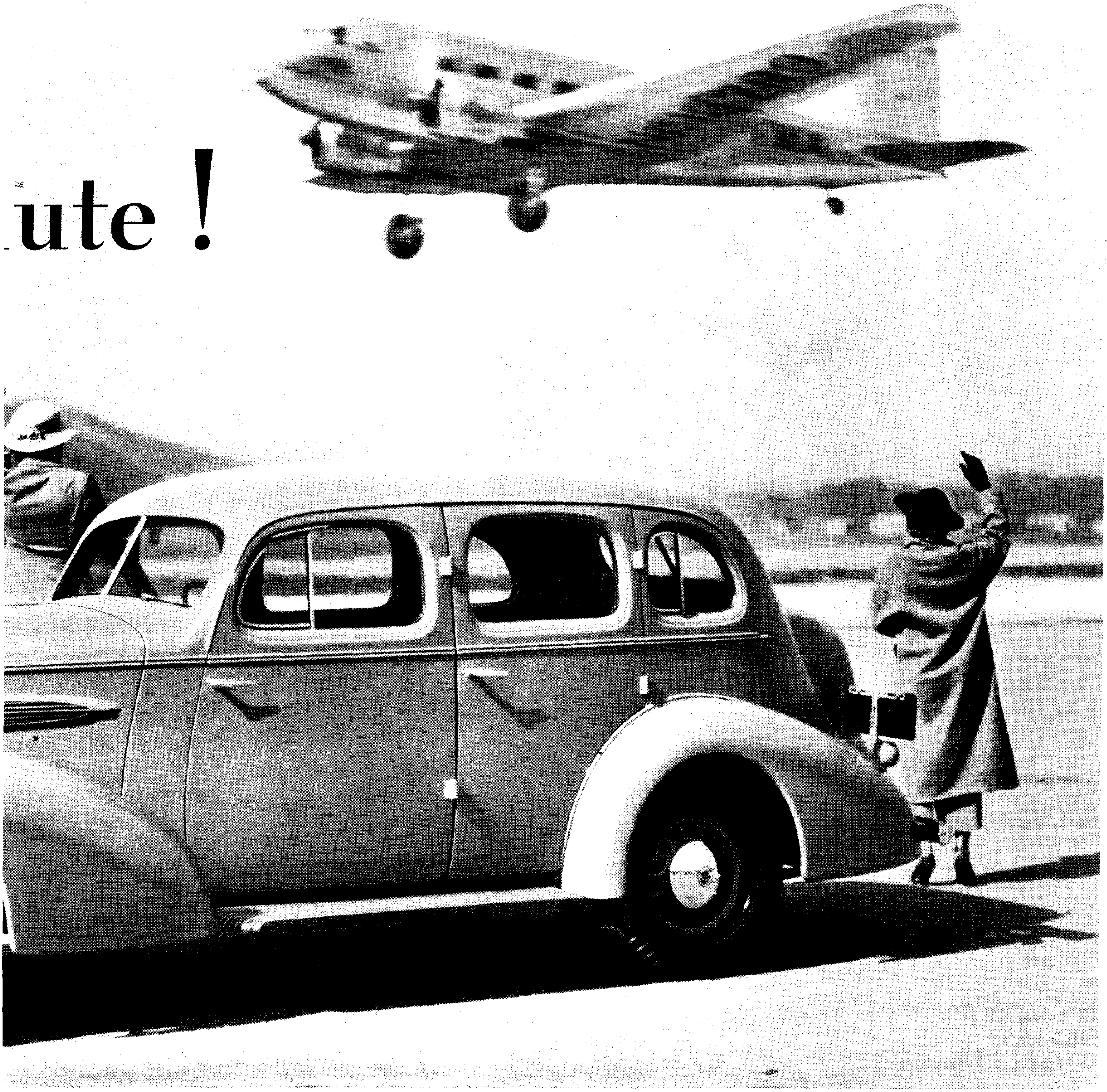

OBILE

"The car that has everything"

SUPER-HYDRAULIC BRAKES

SYNCRO-MESH ALL-SILENT SHIFTING

$675*

VIVA EL BULLDOZER!

HE never used his sword. He didn't have to. But he did produce his stewy old briar, loaded it with El Terrifico tobacco—and blew some the bull's way. Curtain.

Even a bull can't stand the charge of a dirty pipe. But even a baby enjoys the fragrance of a mild tobacco like Sir Walter Raleigh smoked in a respectably clean briar. It's an unusual mixture of gentle Kentucky Burleys—well-aged, slow-burning, easy on the tongue. It's a kind tobacco; your kind. Try a tin and see why Sir Walter has become a national favorite. (Kept fresh in heavy gold foil.)

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
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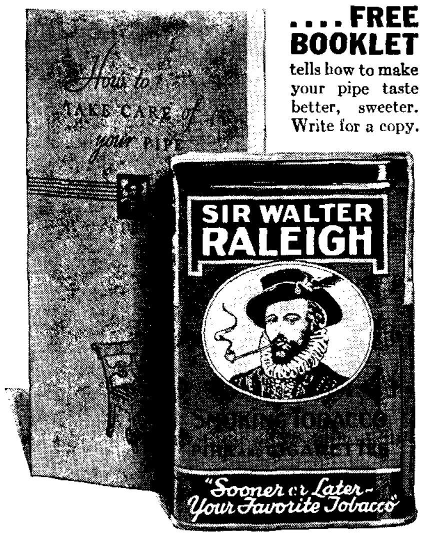

How to Take Care of your Pipe
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
"Sooner or Later—Your Favorite Tobacco"

....FREE BOOKLET tells how to make your pipe taste better, sweeter. Write for a copy.

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

Poor Man's Gold

Continued from page 28

"It's really pretty terrible, Jeanne. Cracked heads, and all that."

"But you're going to be with him—to see that he doesn't get hurt?"

"I can't leave him—something always happens when I do."

Jeanne smiled.

"Maybe he'll fool you this time, and be good."

"Here's hoping." Jack felt better now. Strangely, he always felt better after he had talked to Jeanne Towers. Yet he did not realize how often he needlessly dropped in this little store to buy tobacco when he had plenty, matches when his pockets were full, socks he did not intend to use. His conscious mentality told him that it was to help her along, but that was no longer necessary. Jeanne's store was becoming more and more of an emporium; no longer could she leave it for any length of time without a substitute. Stock turned over quickly and at good profit. A week before, she had insisted on paying the partners for the original supplies which they had furnished her, only to go further in debt in the form of a secret loan from Jack Hammond for three thousand dollars, to be rushed out by airplane the next day and sent by express to The Pas. At least, the monetary weight of her past was off her conscience. Now she came forward, wistfully eager.

"Gee, it's good to see you smile again," she said. Then hesitantly: "You've helped me so much. I'd give anything if I could—"

There she halted and turned away. Jack's eyes followed her gaze, to sight the trim form of the approaching Kay Joyce.

"Oh, there you are," the Seattle girl exclaimed, with her usual easy command of spontaneity. "I've been looking for you."

JACK HAMMOND felt again the queer emotions which flooded him whenever these women met. As though he should explain Jeanne, extol her good qualities. It made him angry with himself; Jeanne needed no extolling, and Kay had never made an outright move of enmity.

"I was just on the way down to the creek," Jack said. "I heard some shouting."

"Yes, Olson's made another strike."

"Olson again?" Hammond turned to Jeanne. "Better put in a new order." Then to Kay: "Olson practically buys out the store after every new strike." Kay covered her rejoinder with a disarming smile.

"I must learn how to handle these rich miners. You'll teach me sometime, Miss Towers?"

Jack Hammond gasped. For Jeanne replied, with the same smiling pleasantry:

"Yes, we must exchange recipes."

"Oh, gorgeous!" Kay Joyce was equally unctuous. Then: "Jack, can you walk down to the creek with me?" Once away from the cabin: "You've simply got to help me out with this man Olson."

"With Olson? I thought he was after your mother."

"She's after him, you mean. It's sickening. Now I've been rung into it. He wants to give a big dinner to celebrate this strike."

"Well?"

"I simply can't sit through a party like that. You've got to get me out of it—tell him that we're going for an airplane ride, anything. It's to be Fourth of July night."

Hammond blew heavily over loose lips.

"What time?"

"Seven o'clock."

"Thanks for that! I was afraid it would be later. I've got to be away by ten. I've promised to be with Mackenzie Joe. It's something I can't break. I simply can't. You'll let me go by ten?"

IT WAS with a bit of pique that she said goodby to him the night of Olson's party. Hammond almost ran from the cottage to his cabin. Joe already was dressing, a funereal procedure.

He pawed at the buttoning of his collar, stretching his neck dolefully as he strove to accustom it to its confines. He peered into the crinkly mirror and tied his blue tie with its red stripes for a third and a fourth time. He took his old hat to the door and brushed it meticulously; he had forgotten to order a new one. He rubbed another dose of bear-grease on his boots. He put on his electric-blue coat, and gave a hitch to his electric-blue trousers with their unpressed box wrinkles at the knees. Then he walked dolefully to the door.

"Ready?" he asked Jack.

There was quite a crowd in front of the dance hall when they arrived in Whoopee. At intervals a bomb hurtled from a mortar into the air and exploded with a detonation which threw itself from mountain peak to mountain peak in seemingly ceaseless echoes. Flags flew from every point and peak and gable of the rambling series of log structures which constituted Around-the-World Annie's solace for solitary gold-seekers.

The slopes leading from Sapphire Lake now presented group after group of men, moving with slow haste to the celebration. Now the bombs changed from mere explosives to showers of stars and sparks, largely lost against a sky as yet untouched by darkness.

"Pretty," said Mackenzie Joe, and with an awkward motion touched his hat. The recipient of the gesture was too busy to notice. Around-the-World Annie, resplendent in a dress of star-spangled bunting, topped by a blue and white tricorne, trimmed with a red cockade, was vociferously greeting all comers.

"Liberty frightening th' worl'!" she shouted. "'Ray for Whoopee!"

"Whoopee yourself!" shouted a miner.

"Took the words out of my mouth," answered Annie with a merry little quirk of a fat leg. "Whoopee for you! Whoopee for me! Whoopee for Alaska!"

After a time they went inside. An orchestra began to play, violin, clarinets, trombone, cornet and accordion, imported by air from Juneau. As if from nowhere, girls appeared, slinking smilingly toward the incoming miners. Florine, arms half extended, as if for dancing, placed herself directly in the path of Mackenzie Joe.

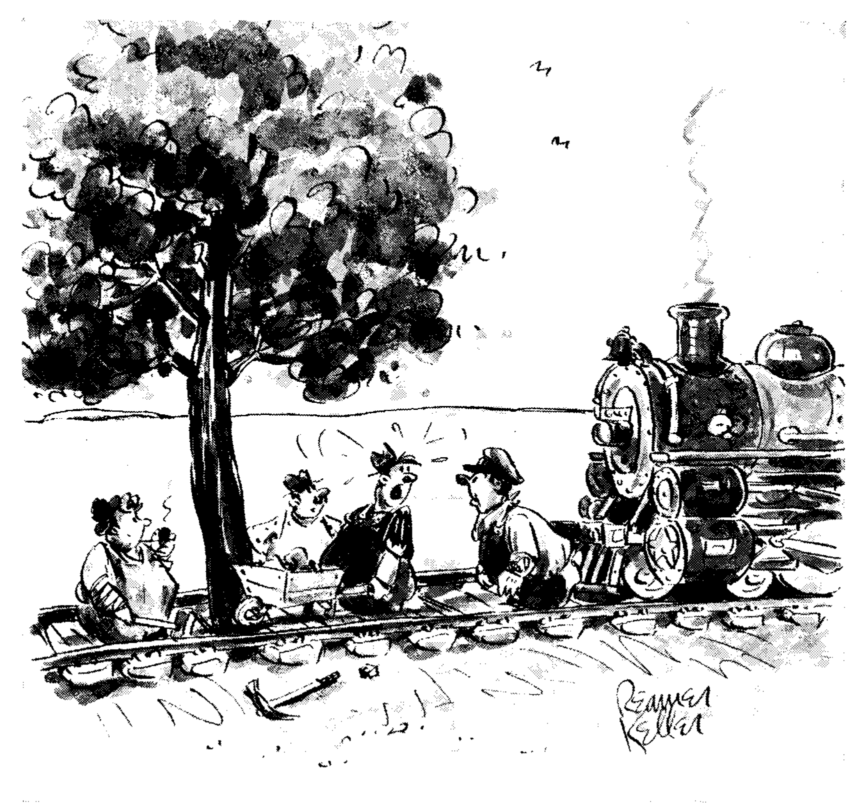
He did not evade her. He did not brush her aside. He merely put out a hand and with a mournful, shelving motion, moved her out of his way. Straight onward he went, to the bar, and while Jack strove vainly to restrain him, ordered Scotch. Then, disdaining the whisky glass, he raised the forty-ounce Imperial quart—a crock in Canadian parlance—in a big hand. For a long moment he eyed it. His beaverlike eyes circled under heavy brows. Then he raised the big bottle to his lips and allowed it to gurgle until Jack gasped, from the mere agony of watching.

IN THE doorway Around-the-World Annie glimpsed the scene and turned hurriedly for her room. Ettabelle was there, taking a folded green banknote out of the thigh end of her stocking and placing it in a tin box. Having thus registered her presence, she prepared to depart.

"What you going to do with that blackjack?" she asked from the doorway. Around-the-World Annie had looped the handle of a heavy, leather-colored weapon beneath a fold of her patriotically resplendent costume.

"Listen, Dearie," said Annie with a laconic hiccough. "If you'd ever seen Mackenzie Joe properly plastered, you wouldn't be asking fool questions."

(To be continued next week)



"It's a shade tree, you dummy. Whatta you want us to do, work in the broiling sun?" REAMER KELLER

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CHEVROLET

for 1935

From Whom All Blessings Flow

Continued from page 8

"So you're turning it over to the politicians?"

"Sure. Of course there'll be some trouble but we've had trouble anyway, so we may as well have it in the hands of somebody we can control," he said. "Anyway, no welfare workers."

But we weren't without a certain sympathy. A couple of days before, we had gone to one of Colorado's county relief agencies and were stopped at the front door by the sign: "This door for Welfare Workers only. Applicants for relief must use back door."

But let's read the rest of Boley's UARBU menu. We find that the unemployed (according to Boley) promise to "remove from public office by concerted and direct action at the polls all public officials, federal and state, who do not declare themselves by word and deed opposed to the tyrannical policy of enforced labor which is capitalism's latest program to reduce sovereign American labor to slavery and starvation."

Too Proud to Work

"Listen," said Boley, executing an under-and-up, "we're going to destroy the relief set-up whereby you fat hirelings of Wall Street—you mugs—and the Hopkins-Ickes top sergeants tell us we got to choose between working and eating. Relief is our privilege, not just our right. The money and food we're getting is ours, not theirs. Those four billion dollars Congress has appropriated are the sweat of labor's brow taken from us in the form of taxation and—"

"So you've become a taxpayer, Boley," we interrupted. "What would Big Bill and the other Bull Wobblies have said to that?"

"Listen, spy," snapped Boley, "listen. What do you know about hunger and want?"

"What do you?"

"Do you want me to tell you about this or don't you?" demanded Boley.

"Please go on," we begged, trying a left-handed under-and-up. "Sorry."

Yet we couldn't help thinking of the contrast we'd observed between relief offices and employment bureaus. Every relief station and disbursing office we had been in—a dozen perhaps—was bulging with humanity, surprisingly large staffs taking up what room the applicants didn't. And there were usually long, disheveled queues straggling at the doors. Tempers were bad, the relief dispensers, the welfare workers, snapping at themselves as much as at their supplicants. And every few minutes an applicant would go off into a rage, screaming that he was being cheated, that the relief administrators were crooks. The cops had lots to do. A woman, hearing her application for double rations rejected, would slap a relief worker's face. Or a man, crying that his district relief investigator had lied, would go over the railing to correct things with his fists.

None of this in the employment bureaus. None in the offices of the National Reëmployment Service. We saw no evidence that anybody was being forced to work. We saw no wild clamor to get back to work. To be sure, the jobs offered by these reëmployment offices were not the kind which men and women kill each other to capture. Only occasionally were wages stipulated. In the main they were probably quite puny. But the employees of these offices were so far from busy that most of them looked bored. Much of their work seemed to consist in finding out why Amanda O. quit working for Mrs. George J. and was reapplying for relief. Or trying to convince Bill H. that he oughtn't to quit a garage job at ten dollars a week and expect to be welcome at relief headquarters even if he is willing to take five.

But we begged Boley to go on.

"Okay," said Boley, waving amiably to a cop who had addressed him affably by name. "Where was I? Oh, yes. This relief money belongs to us in the first place. We demand that it be administered by us, its rightful owners—us workers, us unemployed workers. We're against landlordism, against evictions and against the government saying who is employable and who ain't by physical examinations by capitalistic doctors. We refuse to be humiliated."

And that, too, reminded us of something. Back in St. Louis we had found a woman who had thrown up a job in a laundry because she couldn't stand the humiliation. To be sure, it was no sinecure. She worked hard and got the less-than-burdensome wage of ten dollars a week. And she didn't seem the sort of person who might shy at work. So the case worker asked her about it.

"Well, miss, I'll tell you," she said. "Out where I live, in my block, everybody but me was on relief. And to tell the truth, I couldn't hold up my head."

"Who are all these people you're representing?" we asked Boley. "How big is this UARBU of yours? What's its membership? How many locals?"

"Listen, spy," said Boley mournfully. "To tell you the truth, I never thought I'd see this day. You know me. You knew Bill and the rest of the mob. Well, back in those days the workers had guts. But today the proletariat's gone soft. Ah, I don't know. Something's happened to the masses. There ain't a good strike left in them. Oh, once in a while in a labor lockout they raise hell; but it ain't the good old-fashioned hell we used to see. Most of these guys on relief would rather cry their eyes out in the relief lady's lap than miss a meal. We had a couple strikes in Pueblo and here in Denver but they were only demonstrations. The masses don't seem to have any spirit any more.

"Relief" Leagues

"Listen," he went on, "half the families on relief are scabs—maybe more than half—and the rest are politicians. Half the families and maybe more are knocking each other down trying to get a smile out of the relief offices. And a lot of the rest of them are signing up with local politicians, trying to get on the unemployable rolls. The UARBU is only one of maybe a dozen. Maybe more. Let's see. There's the National Unemployment League up in Nebraska, Wyoming, Idaho and other places. Don't amount to much but they're jealous of us others. Then there's an outfit called the Relief Mutual or something which was going pretty good in Missouri until they found it was run by a couple of lawyers who were taking ten per cent of the relief money they said they got for their clients and which their clients would have got anyway. Then there's Dave Price's Public Works Unemployed League in Los Angeles. He says he's got 40,000 members, but I don't know.

"Then there was an outfit run by a guy named Pockle or Bockle on the west coast. They were trying to nominate their own candidates for office in California. They had a sixty-dollar dole and free housing platform but they couldn't get together on whether they ought to get their money every week or twice a month. Anyway they got swallowed up in Upton Sinclair's EPIC push and they're the ones that are busting Upton's outfit wide open now. We had some of those guys here in Colorado and Wyoming but they beat it back after a riot one night at a meeting. Funny about that fight. A guy gets up (and I think he's a plant) and offered an amendment. The amendment says that all the unrented houses the unemployed would occupy would have to be furnished or we'd strike. That started it. Also no government mattress because they ain't union made. You ought to been there."

You Can't Ride to Revolution

"How about the United Front?" we asked. "Isn't that the biggest outfit of all?"

"They ain't on the level," said Boley. "That's the real Communist outfit. That's the Communist party. With them relief is only secondary. Not like us who have nothing but the woes of common humanity at heart. The Communists—the United Front—are just trying to sign up voters for the Communist ticket. You ought to go to one of their meetings."

We did better than that. We went to three. Two of them were so dull that we thought we had gotten into a Republican caucus by mistake. But the third, held on the steps of Utah's state capitol in Salt Lake City, made the error of not charging admission. It was worth it. It was preceded by a grapevine ballyhoo. That morning the city was ahiss with whispers. We hadn't been in town an hour before being told that we had come just in time. The United Front had decided to stop fooling. This was to be Ultimatum Day. There had been a nice build-up too. A couple of days before, the United Front had staged several attention-calling riots. They had reduced a couple of the FERA officers to kindling, gallant souls, and had spit in the faces of several terrorized dole-dealers. They had torn up a whole pile of case histories, as if there weren't several million more where they had come from, and just to show that the spirit of the French Revolution and the soul of Moscow burns fiercely in these proletarian breasts of ours, kicked several relief workers (women) in the stomach. And they hadn't dispersed either until firemen arrived with hoses.

The build-up included whispered advance information of what was to happen that afternoon in Tulsa, Santa Fe, Seattle, Denver, Portland, and even lovely San Diego, where red hands were about to apply the torch to the exposition—just to serve notice. The United Front was to hold simultaneous meetings in all these places and, having reduced them to a proper respect for Communism, was to move eastward. Anyone could see that in no time at all the hammer and sickle would be fluttering from the Washington Monument and such inflexibles as the Supreme Court, the Honorable William Edgar Borah and the D. A. R. would be legging it for the basement of the Department of the Interior Building where, as any member of the United Front could tell you, five hundred thousand machine guns were stored against the day when capitalism would fetch them forth to kill off the starving unemployed. It sounded perfectly dandy. So naturally we went to the meeting, getting a nice hard seat between a gentleman named Broderick, a miner, and a Mrs. Larjen, housewife. Mrs. Larjen was less concerned with

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Communism than she was about her husband, who had been missing for several days.

The chairman was a pleasant, whimsical party with a platoon of gold teeth beneath his short upper lip and a massive gold ring studded with a large rock crystal. After making it clear that he didn't like the Private Profit System he introduced a succession of earnest orators to the assembled two hundred. Did a good showmanlike job of it, too, the gentler stimulators appearing first, gradually to churn the audience to a proper appreciation of the twelve-cylinder hell-roarers to come. And everything was going fine until the big shot of the afternoon, Comrade McCune, made two appalling tactical blunders. He had them clinging to the stone steps until presently he cried:

"All you who are hungry, comrades, stand up."

Nobody stood up.

"What I mean is," said he, "all you who haven't enough to eat, stand up."

Two men arose, grinned sheepishly, and quickly sat down.

"What's the matter with you slaves?" he roared. "Too weak to stand up?"

His audience began to giggle. Then desperately he tried to salvage himself by calling for an invasion.

"I know where there are a couple hundred sacks," he cried. "Let's take those sacks and go down into town and fill them with food—take it from them that have it. As we march, comrades, Comrade Cord will lead us in song—the Internationale. Are you here, Comrade Cord?"

Comrade Cord was a tall, loose youth with an astonishingly long neck. He is known as the Red Singer of California. He began to distribute copies of the song.

"Now," cried Comrade McCune, "two hundred sacks is a lot of sacks and they're heavy. What comrade knows where we can get a car to get them in? Is there any comrade here who owns a car?"

About thirty hands popped up. There was a general clamor of offers to drive Comrade McCune to where the sacks were. But for some reason this infuriated Comrade McCune, who, throwing up his own hands, roared:

"What's this—a plant? If it ain't, you workers are fools. Sell those cars. How the hell are you going to get your rights if the capitalists see you riding around in cars? Sell your cars and donate a part of what you get to the Communist party. That's your only hope. Give the money to the cause. Don't you know that the governor of this state and all his fellow capitalists are laughing from the windows at you? Coming and going in cars while you starve. How are you going to overthrow the Private Profit System if you ride around in Profit System cars burning Profit System gas? You can't ride to revolution, comrades; you got to walk it on your feet."

"Listen, Spy"

And this, to our great surprise and disappointment, was the end of the day's revolution. Comrade McCune departed in a fuming dudgeon. Comrade Cord, his head bobbing precariously on his astonishing neck, got into his own car with Comrade McCune at his side. And they bolted, taking the revolution with them.

So Boley was right about the proletariat's lassitude.

"Listen, spy," said Boley, "say what you want about the old I. W. W., but those stiffs could work and fight, too. All they wanted was a bigger cut in the dough and the right to shoot a deputy once in a while. But these punks—listen. I only started to organize this UARBU last winter. I don't know how many members we got. Maybe today we could raise a thousand, Mexicans and all. I don't know. We don't collect dues. We're on the level. Maybe tomorrow I couldn't be sure of enough to make themselves heard in the morgue. Here's what they're like, these guys:

"The other day an unemployed worker asked me if I could do anything about his son getting drunk on relief money and being pinched for disorderly conduct. The boy gets a suspended sentence but the relief people cut him off relief and he flops on his old man who is also getting relief. So the old man wanted to know whether there is anything I could do to get his son back on relief and off his hands. So I said sure, I would lead a grievance committee to headquarters and demand that they put the boy back on relief. Anyway, it is none of the government's business if he did get drunk. It's none of the government's business what a man does with his relief money. Do we ask Harry Hopkins or Walker or Ickes or any of those baby-face social workers what they do with their dough—the dough they get out of the same bag we get ours? Certainly not, although I could tell you some stories about that. I know a relief worker who won a hundred and twenty bucks on Omaha in the Derby and a couple days later he had a guy kicked off relief because this poor guy lost a nine-dollar food order in a crap game.

Dispirited Aimlessness

"Anyway," said Boley, doing a very indignant over-and-down, "I said I would lead a grievance committee at ten o'clock in the morning and for the boy and his old man to be there. But in the morning this mug I am going to go to bat for don't show up. And only one of my grievance committee shows up, too. You can't go in before the relief stiffs like that—they'd laugh in your face and call a cop. The relief stiff would ask you who you represented and where he was, and when you say you represent the United American Relief Benefit Union he is liable to tell you that's a hell of a big name for what he's looking at. See?

"But around noon, this boy and his old man show up and I gave them a talking to. And guess what. After leaving me, their organizer, the night before, they went around to a politician and the politician says all they got to do is to get him five vote pledges each and put down their names for an election club he is organizing and everything will be okay. You asked me how we're doing and I'm telling you.

"Anyway, this boy got back on relief again and we're betrayed all over again. Listen, Stalin or Trotsky or Karl Marx himself could come in here and take charge and the only thing they'd get out of these jelly beans would be whether they could get them double relief or free rent. No, you can't organize soft-bellies. And most of these guys have bay windows like a governor. All they got to do is open their traps and the government shoves a T-bone steak down their throats—provided the politicians don't see it first."

Perhaps you think we've spent too much time with Boley. The reason we've given him all this prominence is that he gave us a summation that we could prove—and did. In a dozen states through which we wandered, talking to everybody from governors to the tail ends of bread lines, we found dispirited aimlessness. Here and there we met relief administrators who predicted that the relief rolls would be reduced by half within the next year, but even these admitted that they saw an ever-decreasing eagerness in the unemployed to look for work or to accept jobs when offered.

(*Continued on page 36*)

She Overheard Her Dentist Say..
"MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!"
WISH I DARED TELL PEOPLE HOW MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM FOOD DEPOSITS BETWEEN THE TEETH
I COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING YOU, DOCTOR. WHAT DO YOU ADVISE?
I SUGGEST COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM. ITS PENETRATING FOAM WASHES AWAY DEPOSITS THAT CAUSE BAD BREATH
SO IN A FEW WEEKS
LOTS OF DATES SINCE YOU CHANGED TO COLGATE'S!
MAYBE IT'S MY BRIGHT SMILE...
...AND MY FREEDOM FROM BAD BREATH

Her smile is Brighter—Her Bad Breath gone—since she changed to Colgate's

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Why Dentists Advise Colgate's

Remove these deposits with Colgate's Dental Cream—and you benefit twice.

Colgate's is made to clean teeth thoroughly. Its penetrating foam gets into every crevice. Emulsifies the deposits between the teeth and flushes them away.

Every surface of every tooth is thoroughly cleaned. The cause of bad breath is removed. You know from the clean, fresh feel of your mouth that each brushing purifies your breath.

At the same time—a soft, grit-free ingredient gently polishes tooth enamel. Stubborn stains disappear. Natural lustre is restored, teeth gain new brilliance.

Thus the same care that keeps you free from bad breath gives you also a brighter, more sparkling, more attractive smile!

Colgate's Dental Cream costs less per brushing than any other leading toothpaste. And regular use of it gives you both cleaner, brighter teeth and a pure, sweet breath. Every tube is guaranteed as described below. Get a tube today!

• • •

IF YOU PREFER POWDER . . *Colgate's Dental Powder gives you the same amazing results, sells at the same low, money-saving prices and carries the same double-your-money-back guarantee.*

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Get one tube of Colgate's Dental Cream. Brush your teeth with it at least twice a day, two minutes each time. When the tube is empty, consult your mirror. If you do not agree that your teeth are cleaner, brighter, your breath purer, send the empty tube to Colgate's, Jersey City, N. J., and we'll refund TWICE what you paid!

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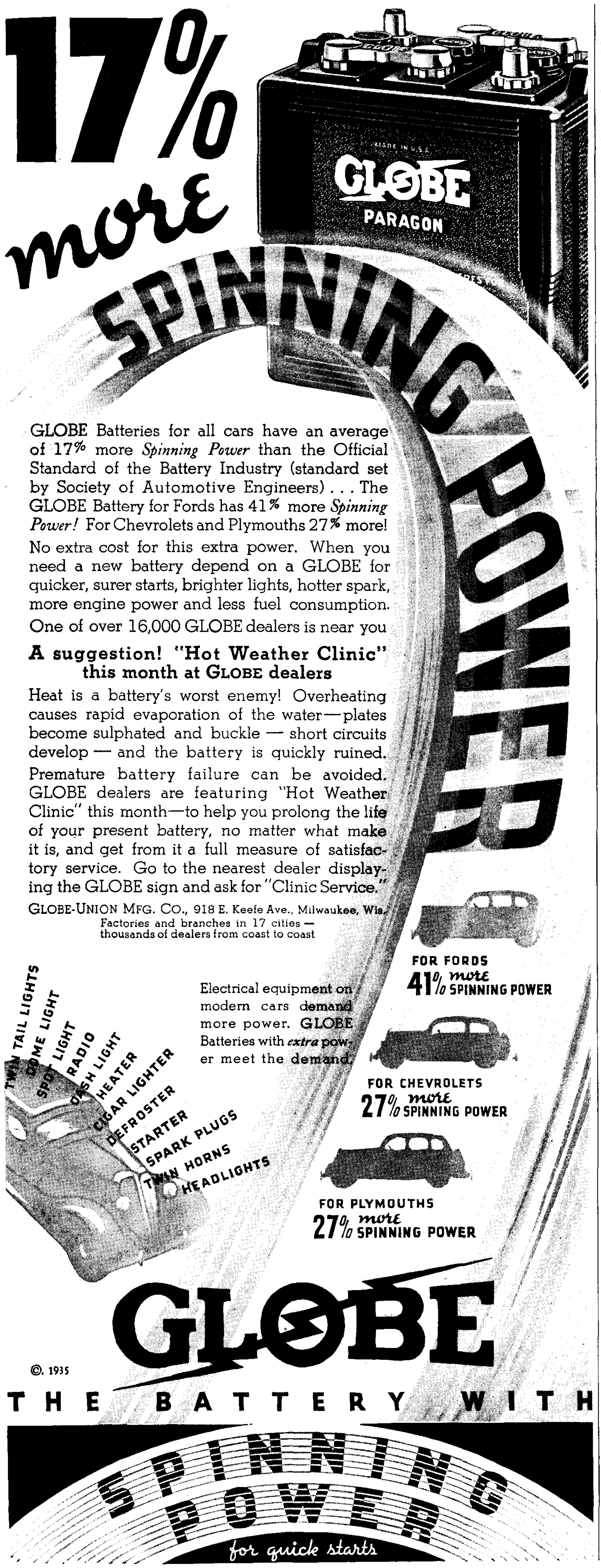

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Factories and branches in 17 cities — thousands of dealers from coast to coast

Electrical equipment on modern cars demand more power. GLOBE Batteries with *extra* power meet the demand.

(Continued from page 35)

And they always closed on a minor key chanting that what another year of relief would do to the dwindling morale of the jobless—human erosion—is a too-discouraging subject.

Yet there is reason to suspect that they're too close to their subject for clear vision. We talked to too many of the unemployed not to get something of their attitude toward jobs and doles. The overwhelming majority insist that they would prefer work. But all of them insist that the jobs they'll take must have larger wages and shorter hours than anything they've seen lately. We would guess that ninety per cent of them—certainly ninety per cent of those we talked to—show definitely the effects of Father Coughlin's sermons. And all of them can give you a rousing speech in favor of the thirty-hour week and the six-hour day. The social programs of the New Deal have been accepted as actual. Huey Long's scheme to Share the Wealth is loudly applauded but the senator's dump-it-and-split-it-up propaganda is not taken any too seriously. They're much more in favor of the Roosevelt-Coughlin preachment of guaranteed living wages and brief working days.

In the absence of wage and working conditions they have learned to demand, they regard government relief checks as their rightful security. They insist that security from want is their chief objective and until industry can offer them that—and prove it—they'll cling to government relief. Many of them told us (and a number of relief administrators corroborated them) that their principal objection to taking the ordinary unskilled job lies not so much in the skimpy wage offered but that once they step out of the relief rolls there is too much trouble and uncertainty about being reinstated when the job vanishes.

But from Georgia to California you find a rapidly growing disposition to get on relief and, spurning all job temptations, stay on. The FERA and, to a somewhat lesser extent, the state relief agencies, mean the security they cannot see elsewhere. Which, of course, is the reason you hear hourly stories of how Mr. Johnson and Mrs. Thompson cannot find servants to chop wood, mow the lawn or wash the dishes. Better, say the unemployed, to do nothing and get an assured twelve to thirty dollars a month for it than to work eight hours a day for from five to fifteen dollars a week and take a chance. The first is sure; the second isn't.

Saving Local Votes

The occupants of the FERA's relief rolls have not arrived at all these conclusions unassisted. Nor have the speeches of Father Coughlin and Senator Long had an inordinate share in building up the revised valuations the unemployed place upon their rights. All over the country you hear state legislators and city councils urging the jobless to look more and more to the federal government for sustenance. They do not include in these earnest broadcasts that their sympathies are less with the unemployed than with their own political well-being. But they are doing their part by shifting the onus of increased taxation from their own responsibility to Congress's. The more of their unemployed they can unload upon the FERA the fewer they will have to provide for. And this, they hope, will save them many local tax-paying votes.

Not that the unemployed on relief care very much where or from whom the money comes. In the Deep South we might think of Alabama as representative. Alabama has the two principal elements of unemployment to deal with—industrial and agricultural. She has contributed about three per cent of the money her unemployed have been given, the federal government the rest. The so-called Solid South has contributed only twelve per cent of its relief expenditures, the balance coming from Washington.

If there is any comfort in knowing that one's more prosperous neighbor is no more generous, Arkansas, which has contributed practically no money, letting the FERA do it all, may look at Missouri, which has got about seventy-nine per cent of its relief money from Washington. Or at Pennsylvania, which has provided only six per cent of her relief moneys, frightened local governments producing a trifle now and then. Illinois with all her wealth has depended upon Washington for more than seventy per cent of her relief money.

The Forgotten Sucker

Louisiana, owned and operated by that cash-and-carry intelligence, the Honorable Huey P. Long, would have starved to death if the FERA had not produced ninety-eight per cent of her relief funds—government money. No wonder he wanted to administer it himself. California, prior to March, contributed less that two per cent of that state's relief moneys. About eighty-five per cent of the relief Ohio's unemployed have received has come from Washington, while Colorado has done very little better and the state of Washington no better.

But that's enough to give you the idea. As we poked around from state to state we were regaled by the sight of many legislatures forcing themselves at the peril of their political lives to exact taxation schedules in the interests of their unemployed constituents. The horrid specter of November first, when, according to President Roosevelt, the government's work-relief projects would be well under way and the nation's unemployables handed back to their respective states, was haunting every legislative hall.

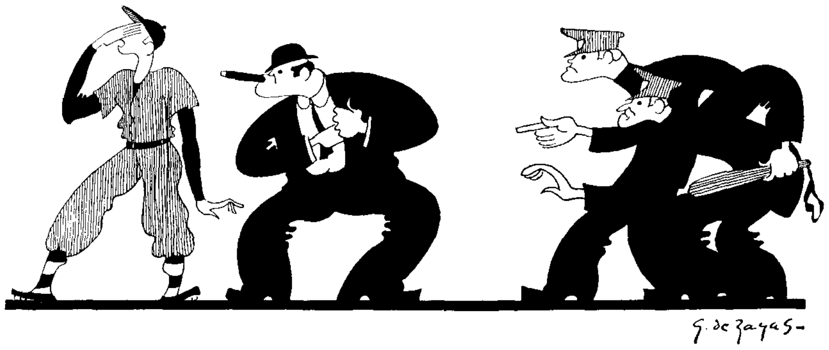
In almost any state capitol you were told that a great deal of foolishness attended some of the FERA's spending. And some of it has been pretty humorous. But you were unable to find any light boondoggling with state moneys, the chief reason being that there wasn't enough to bother with. Much of the jeering was directed at the various rehabilitation schemes fostered by the FERA.

In Missouri we discovered rehabilitators teaching archery to delighted Negroes who were not at all particular where the arrows went as long as each shot was followed by a piercing scream. In Arkansas no success worth listing attended efforts to introduce bagatelle games and folk dancing to the hillbillies of the Ozarks, who might be living on high wind and branch water but were holding out for three dollars an acre for the sheet-iron tracts they called farms. The government's men were in the hills trying to buy up these starvation farms and the owners were too interested in business to have any truck with rehabilitators.

Well, we saw all kinds of victims on this trip. All, that is, except the poor devil who is still shunning relief and is trying to get along somehow on a wage that wouldn't keep an Eskimo in blubber. You hear nothing about him. We spoke about him to Boley.

"He," we said pretty stupidly, "must be the Forgotten Man."

"Listen," said Boley, doing a championship two-handed, over-and-down and under-and-up, "listen. Any guy who lets himself get forgotten these days is a sucker."



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

In several states of this country today the bribing of a baseball player or an umpire is a far more serious crime than the bribing of any state, county or municipal official, including judges and justices.—*By A. H. Sherry, Oakland, California.*

So delicately balanced are the ten giant turbines in the Queenston-Chippewa Hydroelectric Plant in Canada that, after the sluice gates are shut, their wheels will run on momentum, unless the brakes are applied, for more than 12 hours.—*By C. C. Foster, Maplewood, New Jersey.*

A recent study of food sensitiveness made among 500 persons who suffer from indigestion reveals that the foods which most often affect them are onions, milk, cream, ice cream, apples, cabbage and chocolate. Healthy stomachs, of course, easily digest them.

Miners of mercury are exposed to extreme hazards. Close contact with the metal soon poisons them and they waste away rapidly, many of them aging prematurely. Those who are able to work only two years in the famous mines in Almaden, Spain, are rewarded with exemption from military service.—*By Mrs. A. J. Spears, Baldwin, Wisconsin.*

The breeding of pedigreed dogs is a $75,000,000 industry in the United States today. The 5,000 registered kennels have $35,000,000 invested in buildings and equipment and about $40,000,000 more in 400,000 purebred dogs whose average value is at least $100 apiece.

America is the only country in which the rude and discourteous custom of "cutting in" at a dance is considered good form. To be asked to relinquish your partner to another man is not only regarded as highly impolite but utterly absurd throughout Great Britain and Europe.

Large groups of persons sometimes are not permitted to become citizens of the country that governs them. For example, there are more than 10,000,000 natives in the Philippines, Guam and American Samoa who, although they are members of our union and owe allegiance to our country, cannot become citizens of the United States, even through naturalization. — *By Herbert Lamb, Glenville, West Virginia.*

Abdur Rahman Khan, amir of Afghanistan from 1880 to 1901, was one ruler who indulged in both a summer and a winter form of execution. In the summer the condemned were stuffed with red pepper and thrown over a steep mountain near Kabul, and in the winter they were tied under a slow-dripping faucet in the prison yard until they became blocks of ice.

Many Christian missions in non-Christian countries still maintain a foundling hospital with a secret "receiving window" for mothers who wish to give up their babies without disclosing their own identity. Under cover of darkness, they come to this window, place the infant in the revolving cupboard, ring the bell and depart, knowing they are not watched and no effort will be made to trace them.

In India nearly all of the 33,000,000 gods and goddesses of the Hindus are considered to be dancers and their images show them in some symbolic pose. Most Indians cannot understand or believe in a god without grace, rhythm and the ability to express his infinite soul through movements of his body. One of the chief sacred books of Hinduism states that the principal activity of all gods is dancing.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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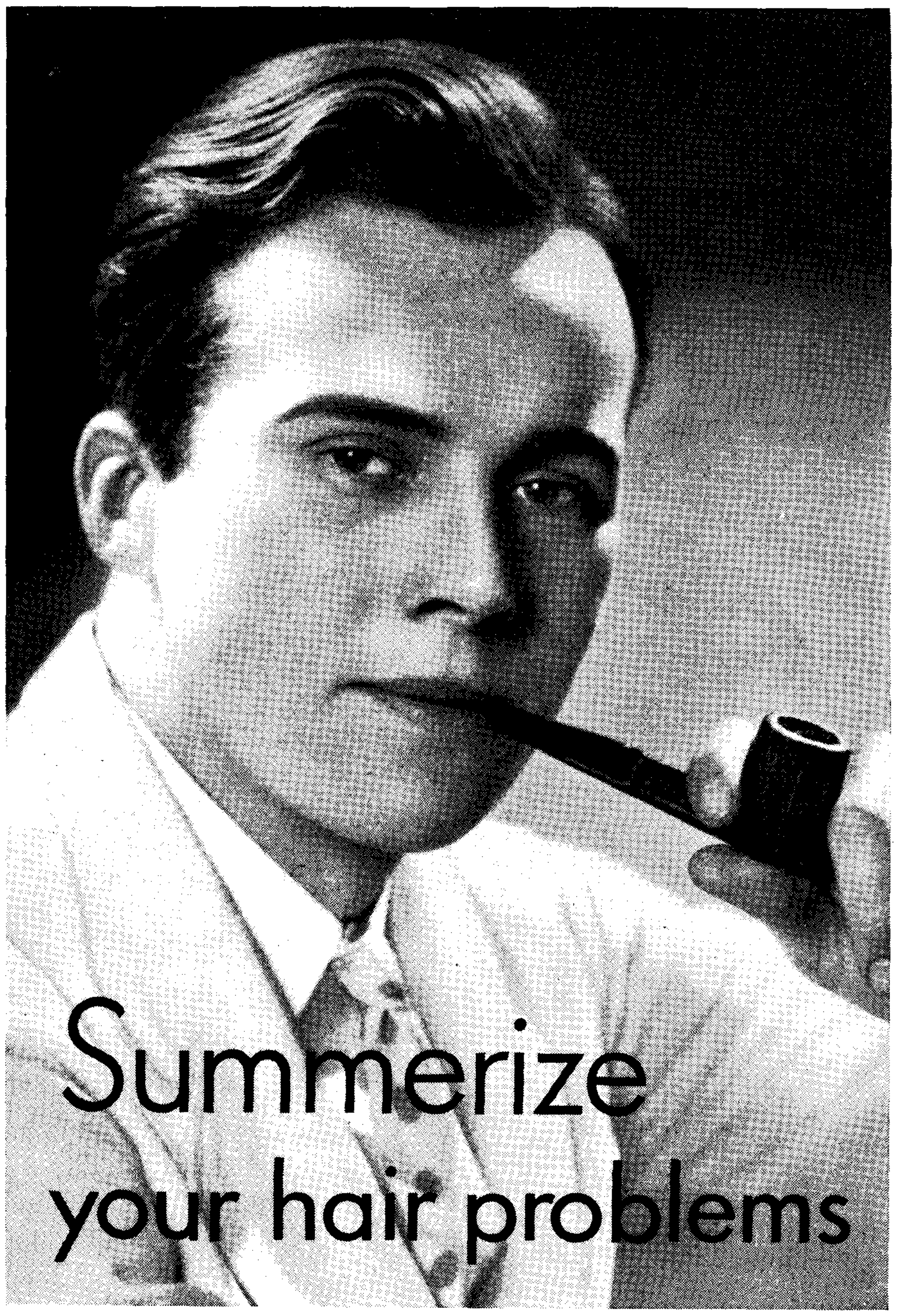

Don't let 'em tell you otherwise . . . summer sun does have a drying effect upon the natural oils of the hair and scalp. If you value the lustre and general good health of your hair, take proper precautions to protect it from becoming sunburned, and dry. Every morning before combing, apply a very little 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic with the palms of the hands. This will act as a protective film, keep unruly hairs in place, and highlight the hair becomingly. At least once a week give your scalp a thorough 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic workout; massage a generous amount of the Tonic in well, until the scalp tingles. Then shampoo. These Tonic treatments cleanse and tone the scalp, keep the glands normal and active, promote an abundant hair replacement. Barbers recommend 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. It comes in two sizes of shaker-top bottles.

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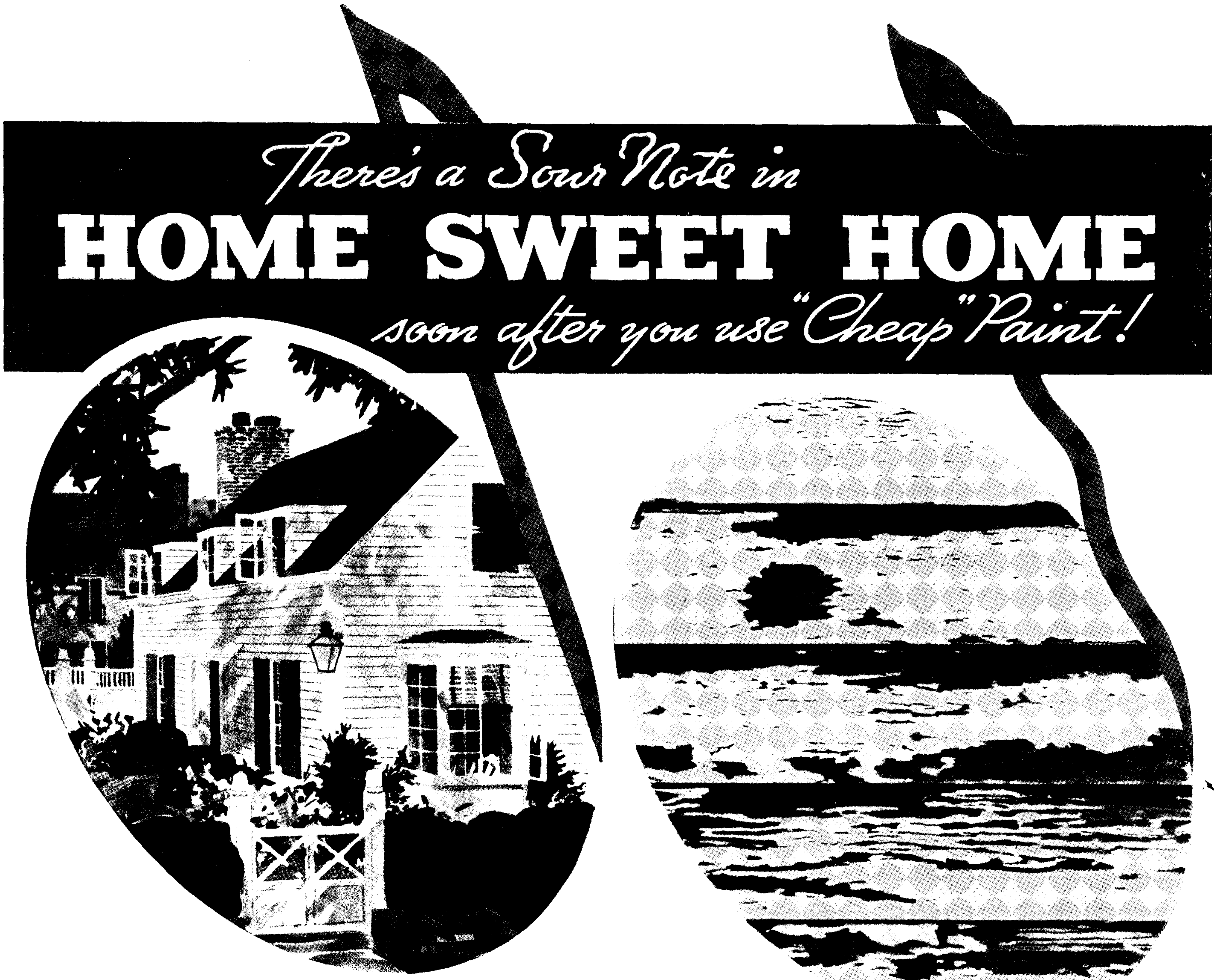
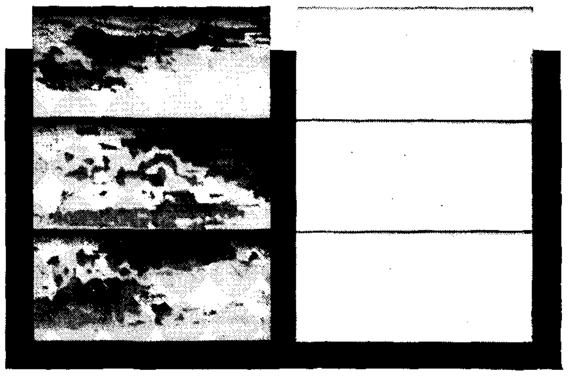
There's a Sour Note in HOME SWEET HOME *soon after you use "Cheap" Paint!*





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This paint is all through. First cost, $148. Now add $90 for burning and scraping, to take it off. That totals $238 . . . or $158 a year. Then add in the cost of a new priming coat.	*This paint is still good. Same type house as the "cheap" paint job and located in same city. Cost, $162 . . . or $54 a year. And no new priming coat will be needed at repaint time.*

THE "sour note" is your bitter disappointment at what happens to "cheap" paint . . . your irritation at having to paint again so soon . . . your dismay at the big repainting bill "cheap" paint runs up.

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N. H. A. for funds . . . Dutch Boy for paint

A National Housing Act loan makes it needless to delay painting because of lack of ready cash. Monthly payments are surprisingly small. But, whether you use the Government plan or not, send the coupon for our free illustrated booklet, "The House We Live In." It tells how to modernize with paint, how to choose colors, what to look for when buying a painting job. Included are directions for arranging a painting loan. Mail the coupon today, to Department 161, in care of nearest branch and make sure there will be no sour note in *your* Home Sweet Home.

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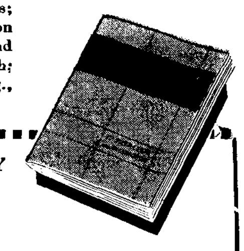

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DUTCH BOY WHITE-LEAD

Good Paint's Other Name

Jaybird's Chance

Continued from page 21

told me the first brick was missing. We found his fingerprints on the knob of that safe over there and I was twice as sure. When the sheriff found out that the slant-eyed slicker had hid away ten thousand bucks in a bank draft on a Chinese bank I was so all-fired sure Wong Low was the thief that I come dern' near blastin' him into whatever Chinese hell he's headed for. I'd 'a' done it, only I was scared we'd never git no track of the second brick he stole. You have a talk with him down at Colburn?"

Lee nodded. "I talked with him for a while."

"You get a confession out of him?"

"Not yet. He's a hard man to handle."

"He's a mighty slick hombre. I suppose you'll want to dig into things right now. I've always wondered how a detective started to work on a case like this."

JAMES LEE looked steadily at Sam Gorman. "I'm in no hurry to begin work. Tell me, are there any trout in the local stretch of Mad Creek? Do you suppose I could catch enough for supper if I'd go down there now?"

"Boy, you could get enough trout in one hour to feed all four of us. I'll lend you a fishing rig if you want it."

"I think I'll fish for an hour. I haven't had any good trout fishing for five years."

"You catch a mess and bring 'em up here and that Greek flunky that took Wong Low's place in the kitchen will fry 'em to a fare-ye-well. You like to play poker?"

"I enjoy poker very much."

"We're doggone glad you come—win, lose or draw. Tommy Miller and Walter and me play three-handed nearly every night. Three-handed games ain't no good. Now and then Jim Saunders drifts in. That helps us out."

"Who is Jim Saunders?"

"He's a mighty good poker player. Deputy game warden in this district. Raises hell with the city folks that come up here after trout without no licenses. Dances with the gals down at Colburn doggone near every night and puts in the rest of his time plantin' these streams around here with trout. Jim Saunders is a mighty busy man. He's due through here the next day or two. We can have a five-handed game the night he shows up if he stays over. . . .

"Come along and I'll lend you some old clothes if you ain't got none with you. You've got to wade Mad Creek to do any good with the trout."

AT HALF past six, returning to the Payboy Mine with thirty trout to show for an hour's fishing, James Lee found a light truck standing in front of the mine office. In the body of the truck, insulated against the changing temperatures of the mountain air, sat twelve large milk cans. "Somebody from the trout hatchery planting more fish," James Lee surmised. "Jim Saunders, probably."

Greeting Sam Gorman, "The fish didn't hear that I was coming," the fisherman boasted. "I caught thirty beauties in two short stretches of water."

Sam Gorman chuckled. "Boy, you're mighty close to gittin' overtook with the law. You got a fishing license?"

James Lee smiled. "Guilty," he said. "Game warden driving that fish truck?"

"It's Jim Saunders. I guess maybe I can keep you out of jail this time. Come on in and meet Jim. We can have a five-handed game tonight."

The five-handed poker game opened up at eight o'clock, no limit and table stakes.

Half the hands played were draw poker with an occasional jack pot, but under the liberty of dealer's choice two of the players, Jim Saunders and young Walter Darrell, persistently elected to deal stud poker. "That's what the dog-gone war did to these birds," Sam Gorman complained, scowling at Jim Saunders after he had followed an ace in the hole to defeat in the face of three deuces. "Deal the cards."

Dealing the cards, "Play what you get. A hand of draw," Tommy Miller announced.

Under the gun James Lee picked up his hand. "I pass," he said blandly, mildly pleased at the sight of a pat straight running to the nine of diamonds.

"Ten bucks." Jim Saunders dropped two blue chips on the table.

"And fifty before the draw." Walter Darrell tipped over a neat pile of ten blue chips.

"I'll have a look." Sam Gorman met the bet.

"This is an interesting hand," James Lee commented. "All right, I suppose, if I draw to an ace?" He pushed twelve blue chips into the pile on the center of the table.

"That'll be fair enough," Walter Darrell said, "but you won't catch many more. I'm holding four of 'em pat right this minute. . . . Deal the cards."

Sam Gorman took one card.

"I'll play these," Jim Saunders announced.

James Lee lighted a cigarette. After a moment he tossed his pat straight into the center of the table face down. "Too rich for my blood. I'll bid my sixty bucks goodby right now and sit on the side lines."

When the smoke cleared away Jim Saunders had captured a six-hundred-dollar pot with a colorful full house made up of queens and jacks.

"This is poker for blood," James Lee reflected. "I wonder how it is that these middle-weight-salary lads can mix in with such big money. I'll have to play 'em mighty close to keep from losing my shirt, but I've got to stay in the game."

Playing until midnight, nosing out with a fifty-dollar profit, James Lee was enabled to learn a number of things about his companions. Walter Darrell seemed to be reckless with money. Jim Saunders was careless with small bets, sure of himself with the larger ones. Sam Gorman was mildly drunk by eleven o'clock and lost a thousand dollars between then and midnight. Tommy Miller stayed out of the big pots. Gorman borrowed chips from Jim Saunders and forgot to pay them back.

At midnight Jim Saunders proposed another thirty minutes of play. He laid his watch on the table in front of him. It was a thin and beautiful watch made by Valentine of Geneva.

"That's a mighty nice watch," James Lee commented.

"Right," Jim Saunders returned. "She cost me four hundred bucks. Bought her last week in Reno from a New York man that went busted in a gambling joint. He said it cost him a thousand bucks."

James Lee nodded. "I don't doubt it a bit. That's a fine watch. . . ."

AN HOUR after midnight, after Jim Saunders had been parked away in a spare room in the bungalow and when Tommy Miller and Walter Darrell had retired to their rooms: "Let's have a drink," Sam Gorman invited James Lee.

After a long moment's careful survey of the glass of whisky that he held in his right hand, "There might be something in what this Chink says about being innocent," Sam Gorman began. "Did you see the way Darrell played his cards tonight?"

"He made some heavy bets for a salaried man."

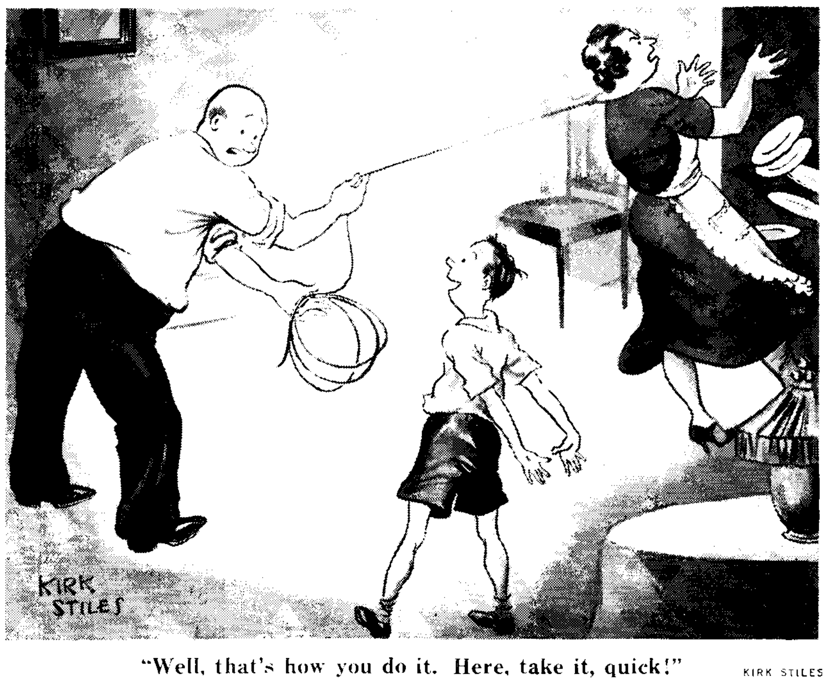
"That's what I mean," Sam Gorman said. "I didn't tell you this, but it was natural enough for Wong Low's fingerprints to be on the knob of the safe. I heard Darrell tell him one time to see that it was closed every night. Darrell told him to see that the safe door was closed and to twist the combination."

"What is Darrell's record?"

"He's a Stanford man. He was in Denver for a while—he's been here three years," Sam Gorman answered. "His record is clear enough but he's notorious for pulling off a wild night two or three times a year in San Francisco. He bought a thousand dollars' worth of champagne at the Palace one night a year ago."

"I'll have a look at Darrell," James

(Continued on page 40)



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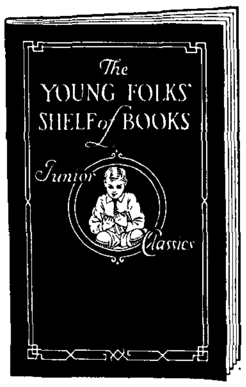

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(Continued from page 39)

Lee said. "How about some sleep?"

"Fair enough. I'm going underground at seven o'clock. Would you like to come along?"

Smiling, James Lee shook his head. "Many thanks. I think I'll hit the trout again at sunrise. What time will you be back into daylight?"

"I'll see you at noon," Sam Gorman answered.

At sunrise three miles east of the Payboy on the mountain road that led to the Redhill-Silica highway, James Lee turned to his right and headed down the wooded slope that led to Mad Creek. The stream lay a thousand feet south of him at an elevation five or six hundred feet below the road.

Leaving the road for a little distance, he walked through a pine forest and then beyond a glade bright with the first blush of the morning sunlight he came to a thicket of ash and maple carpeted with a fragrant growth of tarweed. A congress of chattering bluejays attracted his attention. The bluejay jamboree was being staged in the lower branches of a mountain laurel. Observing this, "Natural history be damned is their motto," James Lee reflected. "No bluejay ever played around a bay tree before. . . . I'll have a look-see at this."

Fifty feet from the mountain laurel he halted abruptly to watch with eager interest the retreat of a scurrying otter. "That's the first time I ever saw one of those animals so far from water in the daylight," James Lee reflected. "I wonder what he's doing up here."

Under the laurel tree, after the protesting cries of the bluejays had silenced, James Lee found the lure that had attracted them; the pungent bait that had brought the otter out of his Mad Creek home. Over an area of five feet in diameter the browning carpet of leaves under the laurel tree was spotted with the glint of little fish. "Minnows—baby trout," James Lee decided. Six feet to the left of the bluejays' banquet table, under a covering of decaying leaves that lay dark and wet against the lighter colors, James Lee found a canvas coin sack. Stenciled on the stained fabric in black paint he read the word "Payboy." A piece of four-strand cotton cord lay ten feet away. He picked up the cord. Parts of it were stained black. "We win again," he said, half aloud.

AT ELEVEN o'clock, to Walter Darrell in the Payboy office, "When Mr. Gorman comes into daylight tell him I've gone down to Colburn," he said.

Young Darrell nodded. "Fair enough. Hurry back. We'll play four-handed tonight and I'll add a thousand dollars to my bank account."

In Colburn, investigating Walter Darrell's bank account as his first bit of work in line of duty, James Lee spent ten minutes at the Colburn National Bank. Leaving there, he went direct to the offices of Sheriff Dutton in the county courthouse.

Greeting the sheriff after a moment, "I have a lead or two on this Payboy case," James Lee said. "Will you help me out on it?"

"I'll do anything you say," Sheriff Dutton announced heartily. "Melvin Armstrong just called me on long-distance. He told me to get word to you that Walter Darrell dropped two thousand dollars in a poker game at Jim Thorne's place in San Francisco a month ago."

"I'll look him over tonight," James Lee said. "In the meantime hit this other detail with both feet. Arrest Jim Saunders. You'd better step on it. I've a hunch this case breaks wide open tomorrow."

"I have a hunch you're haywire as hell," the sheriff objected. "Never mind, it's your funeral. I'm taking orders. What time are you going to be down here tomorrow?"

"I'll be down before noon."

"You're bringing Darrell with you, of course."

James Lee's mouth hardened. "I'll bring him in," he said.

An hour after midnight, when the four-handed poker game had ended, in seeming confidence to Sam Gorman, "I'm taking Walter Darrell down to Colburn tomorrow morning," Lee announced. "I want you to come along."

Sam Gorman's eyes widened in astonishment. "Have you got him cinched?"

"Not quite, but I think I can break him down. I don't want to make any false moves. The first thing we do is get him into the sheriff's office."

"I'll go with you. When do we start?"

"At ten o'clock tomorrow. Can you frame up some phony reason why you want him to go with us?"

"Plenty of 'em," Sam Gorman agreed.

AT TEN o'clock on the following day, carrying his suitcase, Sam Gorman stepped into James Lee's car with Walter Darrell. "I'm going on down to San Francisco for a couple of days," he explained, pointing to his suitcase. "I haven't had a day off for two months."

"All work and no play—" James Lee quoted.

In Sheriff Dutton's office with Sam Gorman and Walter Darrell after greetings had been exchanged, significantly, "Did you see Jim Saunders?" James Lee asked.

Sheriff Dutton nodded vehemently.

"Get a confession out of him?"

"Complete. Got one of the bricks and a mint certificate for the other one."

James Lee nodded toward Sam Gorman. Then to the sheriff, "Book the next man," he said.

Sam Gorman's mouth hardened. "You damned lousy Chink," he snarled, reaching back for a gun, "I'll blast you from here to Oregon!"

"Steady!" James Lee said quietly. A black automatic in his right hand punched suddenly into Gorman's stomach. "You're through. Next time when you tie up a gold sack don't use a piece of iodine-stained curtain cord out of your own bedroom. Next time when you park a gold brick in a can of fish you'd better tell your right bower not to dump the fish under a laurel tree. Bluejays don't like laurel trees."

"What are you talking about?"

James Lee scowled at the superintendent of the Payboy Mine. "I'm talking about the curtain cord in your bedroom and a convention of wild life that I found on Mad Creek," James Lee said quietly. "All the bluejays on earth had rallied round a little mess of trout that Saunders emptied out of one of his fish cans. I'm talking about that four-stranded curtain cord in the west window of your bedroom. Iodine on it. Iodine on the piece I found in the woods. Tough luck, big boy. You can try it again twenty years from now when you get out."

After reporting to Melvin Armstrong in San Francisco, "Thanks for the compliments," James Lee demurred, interrupting Armstrong's outburst of enthusiastic admiration. "I don't deserve them. Darrell's bank balance was fairly large. But his deposits, since the robbery, had been normal ones. That didn't clear him, of course. It looks as though luck did. Mostly luck—luck with the trout fishing, luck at the poker game and my happening to remember the stained curtain cord in Gorman's room when I dug up the Payboy coin sack that had held the second brick. . . . Old Wong Low reminded me of one of our ancient proverbs when the sheriff turned him loose. 'The eyes of the blind need no ointment.' Sometimes it isn't so much what you see as how you look at it."

Fast Company

Continued from page 26

softly. "My Miss America X has gone 125 miles an hour. That's almost as fast as she can go with her present construction. There are certain obstacles, such as the weight of her motors, and the tremendous loss of horsepower because of the friction of the hull on the water which will prevent her from going much faster than 125 miles an hour. But other boats will be built and engineers will overcome present obstacles and then we'll see boats going 200 miles an hour. We'll see that within ten years.

"When my present boat is traveling at 125 miles an hour, she is, of course, riding on the step, which is merely that part of the hull which at high speed comes in contact with the water. At our fastest only about five feet of that step touches the water. We ride high and that minimizes friction. Eventually, I expect to see boats built which will ride so that only two or three feet of the step is touching the water. My engines now develop 7,600 horsepower. Seven thousand of this is expended in wasted effort in combating what we call skin friction. Some day we'll be able to utilize more of that horsepower. Some day we'll have lighter engines—my engines in Miss America X weigh two and a half tons. There is no limit to the eventual speed we can make unless you concede that there is a limit to human ingenuity."

How about those little outboard motors? Ten years ago they were shoving boats along at a dizzy twenty-five-mile-an-hour pace. Now? George Coleman holds the official record of having skimmed over water in one at 61.7 miles per hour and in unofficial tests he has done even better. And those motors are so light that you can carry one on your back and they only generate sixty horsepower.

"It is silly to prophesy about speed," the outboard-motor experts will tell you, "because you always underestimate. If there is a necessity for more speed, more speed can always be obtained. Within ten years people may want outboards that will travel 100 miles an hour. We'll give them such motors. It is only a problem of engineering, patience and skill."

Forty Knots to Europe

Even ocean liners have the speed bug. The Normandie on its maiden trip recently won the mythical blue ribbon emblematic of speed supremacy, averaging 29.6 knots for the 3,192 miles between Southampton and New York. This beat the old record held by the Italian liner Rex, which for some time has rested on its 28.9-knot performance, its average between New York and Gibraltar when it covered the distance in four days, thirteen hours and fifty-eight minutes. Ten years from now there is no doubt that we will have regular transatlantic flying service, which will be an added spur to the shipping companies to hurry things up a bit. They undoubtedly will. Aroldo Palanca, naval engineer, director of the Italian Lines and famed expert on engines and their capacity for speed, thinks ships will be doing forty knots in ten years.

"Sound travels about 800 miles per hour. We're approaching closer to that every day." Sir Malcolm Campbell is talking. Sir Malcolm has driven an automobile faster than any living man. His present record is 281 miles an hour. His present goal is 300 miles an hour. It would be a rash man who would bet against his attaining that speed. These masters of speed seldom make promises they can't eventually keep.

"In general there is no limit as to how fast man can travel. What was impossible ten years ago is a certainty today. What seems impossible today may well be an actuality ten years from now. Ten years ago my car constantly threw its tires at a speed of 150 miles an hour. It was a problem that we worked on and solved.

"Now," he added, "as we approach 300 miles an hour the tire problem is not serious. Above that speed we don't know. Somewhere in the realm of speed there is a point where centrifugal force will throw our tires—perhaps even disintegrate them. When we come to that speed it will be up to the engineers again to solve the tire problem for us.

Track-Burners of the Future

"I am confident that my Bluebird can and will go 300 miles an hour as it now stands. I do not think our present type and design of car is suited to speeds above that. At 281 miles an hour, the fastest I have driven, I know that it is possible for the mind to assimilate reactions and so control the car. I believe I could control a car at a much higher speed. But, knowing the thrilling sensations one gets at high speeds, I can't imagine anyone controlling a car at 400 miles an hour under present-day design.

"Ten years from now human ingenuity and engineering skill may have solved the new problems which will crop up in the new world of super-speed to such an extent that a speed of 400 miles an hour will be possible."

It was only a little more than fifteen years ago that Captain Eddie Rickenbacker was flying what now seem to be cumbersome Army planes over the lines in France. He made up in flying skill what his planes lacked in speed and maneuverability. Captain Rickenbacker has kept pace with the speed parade—is, in fact, a few air miles ahead of it.

"If I could look ahead ten years and tell you exactly what I saw," Captain Rickenbacker says, "I am sure you'd think I was crazy. The increasing ability of planes to reach the stratosphere is having, and is bound to have, a tremendous effect on speed.

"I'll be conservative. I'll say that within ten years we'll have passenger planes cruising in the stratosphere at five hundred miles an hour. By that time speed planes as we now know them will be obsolete and they will have retired in favor of up-to-date transport planes built for the high altitudes.

"Why, even today," Captain Eddie continued, "we have Douglas transport ships flying from New York to Miami in regularly scheduled eight-hour flights. Within five years I am confident that the same distance will be negotiated by passenger planes, non-stop, in four-and-a-half-hour non-stop flights. Ten years from now? Who can look that far ahead? Consider five years from now. We'll have regular transatlantic flights at tremendous speed. People are in a hurry these days and it's up to us to provide the speed they want."

Hold your hat. We're off. The masters of speed are scheming, figuring, planning ways to take you where you want to go in a hurry. They're jealous of sound, which travels 800 miles an hour. Perhaps they'll be jealous of light next—and light travels 186,000 odd miles a second. Which really seems fast enough for anybody.

MAGIC REMEDY

How DOES he fool . . . .
. . . . so many people?

Shrewd, cynical, worldly-wise, and "wise to people", he banks on the fact that thousands will buy anything if it's made to look like a big enough bargain.

Because Sta-Tite Piston Rings do so much for so little money, there is danger that intelligent people will class them as a motor "cure-all". They *aren't* a cure-all. They're just the most highly developed Piston Rings achieved by the Sealed Power Corporation after 25 years supplying more car, truck, bus, tractor, commercial engine builders and repairmen than has any other ring manufacturer. ⁓ We have never made a *better* piston ring. As yet, we don't know how to make a better one. And we KNOW, by road-testing, race-testing, and laboratory testing, that no other ring does *all* that Sta-Tites do. ⁓ Even in cylinders that are worn, tapered or out-of-round, Sta-Tites restore new-car performance. They *compensate* for cylinder wear; *accommodate themselves* to abnormal cylinder conditions; give new-car "gas" economy; new-car oil economy; new-car acceleration; new-car speed; new-car power — and they do ALL those things for ridiculously little money.

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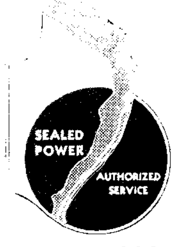

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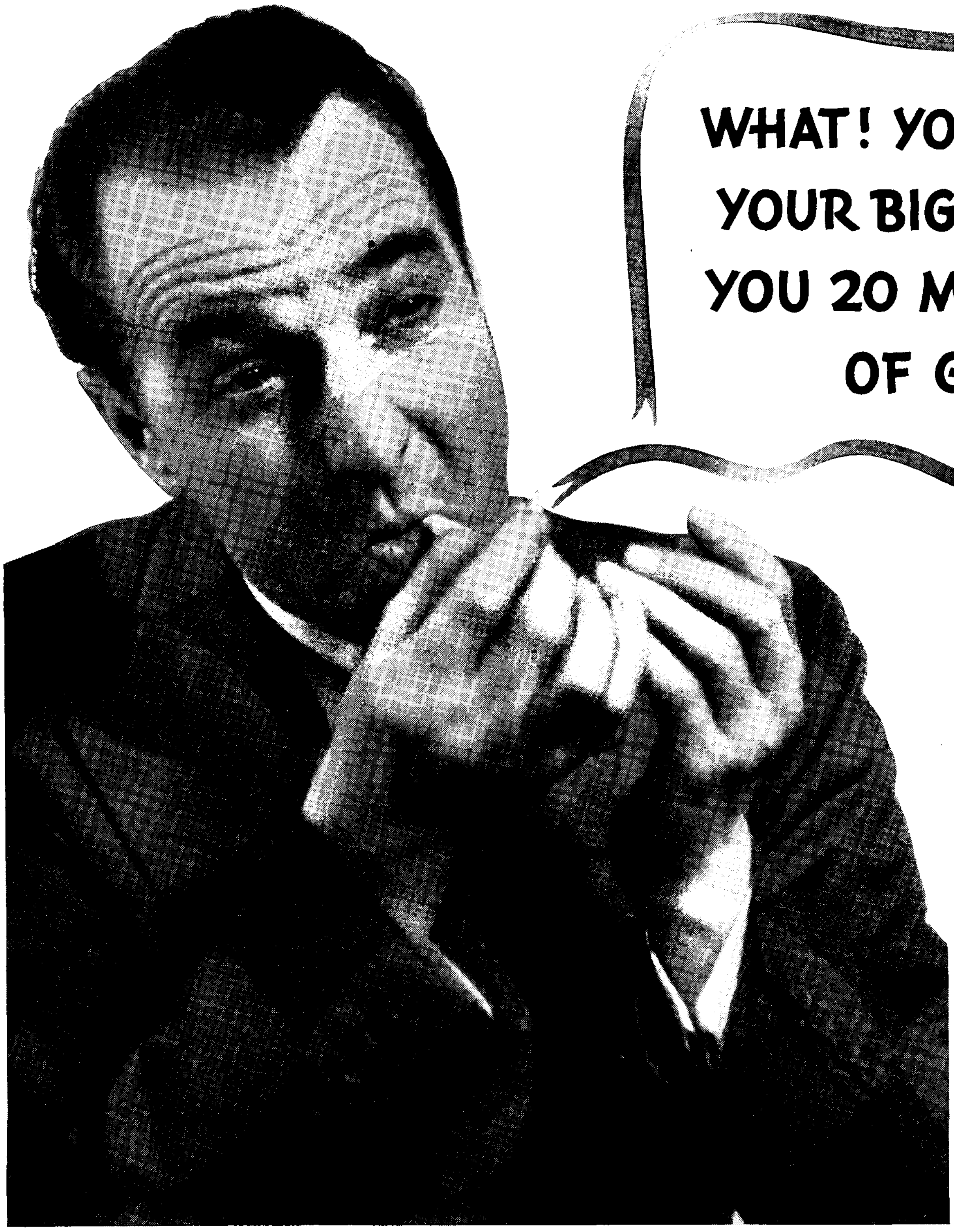
DODGE ECONOMY STARTS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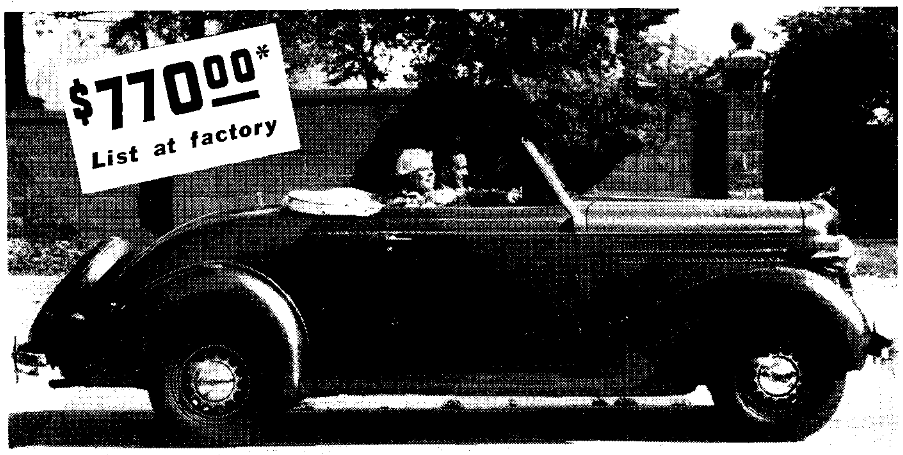
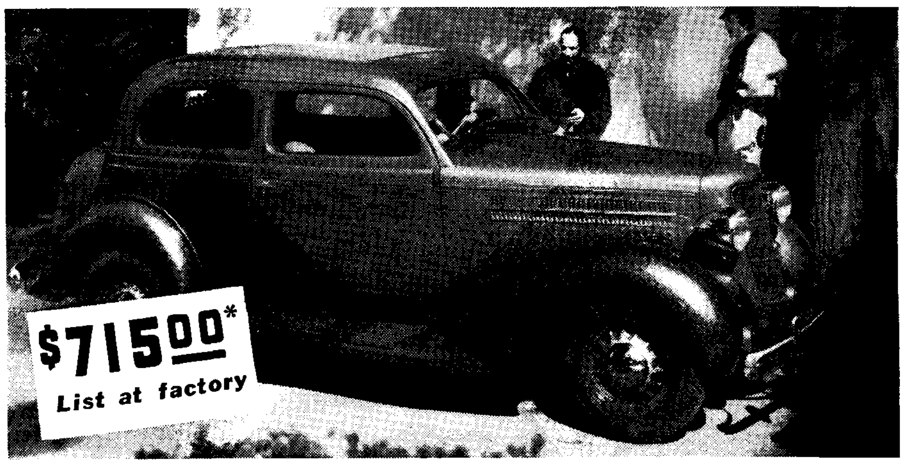


DODGE CONVERTIBLE COUPE. Swanky—youthful—a model with an especial appeal to those desiring an open or closed car. If you love the open air, here's the car for you.



DODGE TOURING SEDAN (2-door) WITH BUILT-IN TRUNK. Plenty of room in the big trunk for baggage, bundles, packages. Spare tire may be carried either in trunk or in fender wells.

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And remember, this big, economical Dodge costs only a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars.

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*NEW-VALUE DODGE: Coupe $645, 2-door Sedan $690, Rumble Seat Coupe $710, Touring Sedan (2-door, with built-in trunk) $715, Sedan $735, Touring Sedan (4-door, with built-in trunk) $760, Convertible Coupe $770. *List prices at factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment extra. Time payments to fit your budget. Ask for the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.*

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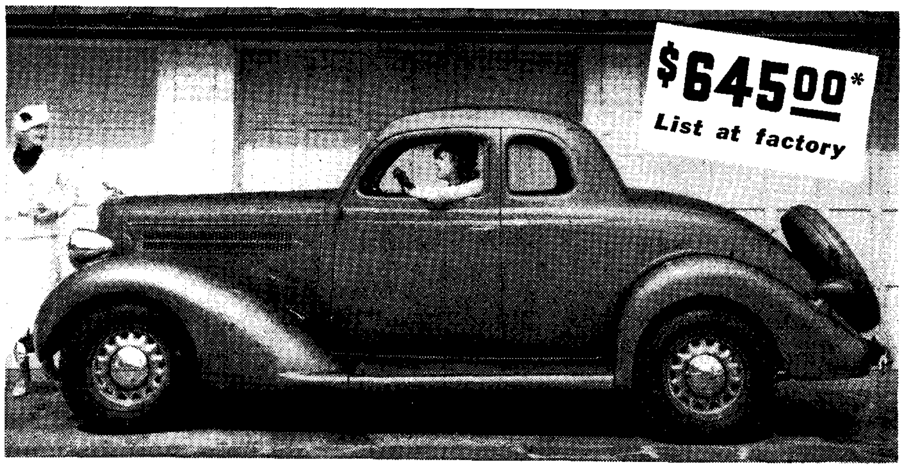
DODGE TOURING SEDAN (4-door) WITH BUILT-IN TRUNK. Ample baggage space for touring, week-end trips, vacations, etc. Spare tire may be carried either in the trunk or in fender wells.



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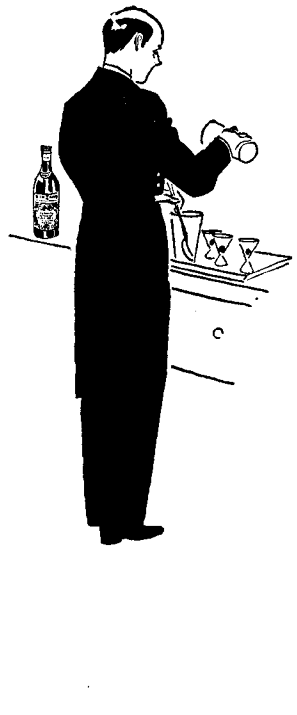

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Romance Deferred

Continued from page 13

Linda stopped dead. The conductor, with one foot on the train step, was waiting impatiently. But she did not notice him.

"Good morning, Russell."

It clicked into place in Tabby's brain, then, and she almost cried out with the startled hurt of it.

Russell! His finding her wasn't a mystery, any more. Calvin Joslin had a place two miles up the shore. The place where legal evidence against Philip was being fabricated by his lawyer son from Joslin craft and thin air.

"He's—Gary's brother?" she breathed. "I—Lin, I didn't know."

Linda was on the train step now.

"So you're Tabby Varick!" Russ breathed at Tabby's shoulder.

She jerked the shoulder higher as she turned away from him.

Hoofs, ripping the smooth green turf, thundered past them.

"One of the best backs the club has developed in ten years!" a man in the next car was announcing stridently. "Polo? Russ Joslin *is* polo!"

Tabby sat very still and watched the field with hard eyes. Philip had refused to come to the matches. And a polo opening without Philip Varick was like a Noel Coward play without epigrams. Dull and jejune. Incomplete. Incredible.

Because of Calvin Joslin and his sons, Philip was drowsing at home in the sunny garden. Broken. Twenty years older than he should have been. Afraid of people. Afraid that the world believed those ridiculous, trumped-up—

The teams were sweeping back up the field now. Well out in the lead and avoiding the riding-off of the opposing Number Four with consummate horsemanship, Russ was onto the ball. Then his mallet swung, the crack of its contact echoing down the field.

For an instant the distant white uprights seemed to waver. Then Russ' horse was wheeling, almost between them. People were cheering. Horns were screaming. The game was over.

DOWN the field, toward the paddock, the eight riders came in a leisurely, broken line. From the stands and the cars parked along the sidelines, the gay polo crowd was spilling up the clipped lawns to the clubhouse. The music of a tea-dance orchestra tinkled down to them.

"Shall we follow along?" Jay suggested.

"Why not?"

They climbed down from the car and started up the hill. People called to them, waved, said things about the form the club's cup defense had shown. Things about Russ.

One man, out in front, caught Tabby's eye particularly. A tall, dark figure, with a laughing, doll-faced woman clinging to his arm. At first she thought he was a stranger. But then—

"Jay, isn't that Gary Joslin up ahead? With that stupid Chiverson girl?"

Jay reddened visibly.

"Why—yes."

Tabby said, "I thought so. Linda sent me a snapshot of him once, on a beach in the Bahamas. They went there on their honeymoon—"

From behind her, suddenly, a voice said, "Hello, Tabby Varick!"

Tabby nodded.

"Mr. Joslin."

Russ took her arm on the side Jay was not claiming. He tucked it neatly through the crook of his elbow. He held it there.

"This is luck," he said. "Been trying to see you for two weeks. You were out this morning."

"Yes."

"And out yesterday."

"Yes."

"And out last Tuesday."

"That's so far back to remember."

He chuckled blithely. Blithely was the only word for it.

"Well, now that we're alone at last—pardon me, Ballantine—the object was to tell you that probably we're going together to that charity dingbat at Mrs. Heyforth's on Saturday. That Night in Venice, or whatever she's calling it."

Tabby smiled acidly.

"Probably we're not. Mr. Ballantine is taking me."

"But—"

"Mr. Ballantine is taking me."

THE morning papers had blazoned the story with malicious flagrancy. It had broken just in time for three-column heads and elaborate art.

PHILIP VARICK INDICTED ON
EMBEZZLEMENT CHARGES!

JOSLIN SCORES IN LEGAL
BATTLE!

Varick to Stand Trial on Joslin
Evidence!

Jay's car swept up the drive to the Heyforth parking space. Beside Jay, Tabby observed that it was crowded already. The Night in Venice would make money for its Shelter for Cross-Eyed Orphans, or its Fund for Retired Fire Horses, or whatever.

They went down to the beach, where swinging strings of lanterns lighted the smart, chattering crowd. Tabby refused Jay's arm. She walked beside him proudly, head high, a skillful smile on her painted lips.

People waved to her, and called, and she waved back. A few of them, though, were busy looking the other way when she passed. Tabby kept on smiling.

Real gondolas were drifting across the spangled water near the beach. Their colored lanterns swayed like nodding chrysanthemums. In some of them, people were singing. Gypsies, with accordions and guitars, were wandering about the white sand.

"Pretty fancy, eh?" Jay whispered.

"Pretty fancy."

She scarcely heard him, because suddenly she had caught sight of a black head above the crowd. Blue eyes, looking at her. A sudden smile, flashing.

Inside, she went cold and empty. Philip's tragic face rose before her eyes. Russ Joslin! She never had hated anyone so completely. She never had hated—

"Hello," he said.

She met the blue eyes firmly.

"Congratulations, Mr. Joslin. I see by the papers you scored another goal today. Consistently sensational, aren't you?"

His lean face tightened.

"Tabby, please. I want to talk to you. Come out in one of the boats for a few minutes, will you?"

Tabby laughed. It sounded almost steady.

"I think you're more amusing on a horse, Mr. Joslin. Look, Jay! There's Nora Hogan down on the pier. Shall we?"

But when they had moved away from Russ Joslin, she caught at Jay's sleeve and stopped him. Her eyes were unnaturally bright, meeting his.

"I think maybe it's bedtime, Jay."

His weak, attractive face was distressed.

"See here, Tab, don't take him that way. Head up! Chin out!"

"Copybook maxims, darling. I'm tired."

Jay took her hand.

"Poor little Tab. Why won't you marry me? I could help you through all this—until your father is cleared."

She needed someone. Even an ambitious someone who had one eye on the Varick position was better than nobody at all. She was afraid. Afraid for Philip. Afraid of Russ, and of herself.

"Jay—why don't we go out on the water and talk?"

Something eager and triumphant flashed into his face.

"Right! I'll find a boat and get your scarf from the car. Meet you in ten minutes, end of the pier."

Ten minutes, she discovered, could be endless. At the end of three, she had lived a century. She started for the end of the pier. He must be there by now. A gondola was waiting. The gondolier, aboard and leaning on his pole, was humming softly.

"Miss Varick's gondola?"

"*Si, Signorina.*"

She climbed in, to wait. Soft curtains fell around her. Instantly the craft began to move.

"But—wait—Mr. Ballantine—"

Russ Joslin's voice, close beside her in the darkness, said. "Mr. Ballantine has missed the boat—as usual."

"You! *You!*"

Behind them, the gondolier was singing. His tenor filled the quiet night, mingled with the ripple of waves.

"You wouldn't talk to me any other way," Russ said.

"So kidnapping automatically suggested itself? I shouldn't wonder. It's in line with slander and lies and your other pet pastimes."

He was silent for a moment. The singing behind them continued, full-throated and poignant.

"Don't try so hard to hate me, Tabby. That morning on the station platform, you said—"

"You surely don't believe I meant it? After seeing you only once? Even you can't be that conceited!"

SHE was too conscious of his long body stretched out beside her in the narrow gondola. He was not touching her. But the little slice of darkness between them was electric.

"You did mean it. We both mean it. Why won't you break down and marry me? We love each other."

"Love!" She hurled the word at him like a keen-edged knife.

"Yes, love. The thing that makes two people miserable when they aren't together. Tabby—darling—"

"Don't!"

Her shoulders stiffened and she wrenched away from him. Her hands held him off. Her breath was unsteady.

"Tabby—"

"I—I happen to be fond of my father, in a vague sort of way."

Russ sighed.

"It isn't the ideal set-up, is it? But—it couldn't be helped. We've just got to make the best of it. After all, we didn't start this mess. It isn't about us."

Suddenly, unexpectedly, she was clinging to him.

"Oh, Russ!"

His lips found hers, and for a delirious instant the night went blank. Then she was trembling. Her fingers were in his black hair.

"Russ, you don't actually believe that Philip—?"

"I know he took the bonds," Russ said. "There isn't any question. But, darling—"

Her heart, for one moment blossoming, had gone cold again. She drew out of his arms.

"Very well, Russ. Will you take me back to the pier?"

"Tabby! Business isn't us. Your father—"

"Will you take me back to the pier, please? Or must I swim in and cause myself a little more embarrassment?"

Curtly he barked an order across his shoulder to the gondolier. The singing broke for the space of a breath, then lifted again. Tabby could feel the gondola beginning to turn.

"Tabby, it won't work out this way. We need each other too much."

"The Varicks," she told him, "have somehow managed without the Joslins to date. Linda found that there was something else. I can, too."

"Linda and Gary! Do you blame me for that, too? Tabby, be fair! This indictment may have finished them. But it was only the last straw. Before that, there was—Katy Chiverson."

"Perhaps Katy will pinch-hit for you, too," Tabby said.

The gondola slid up to the end of the pier, and already she was standing. Before he could move to help her, she had jumped to the cement strip. It seemed to be crowded with babbling people. People who were saying her name. Jay and others.

"Tabby—where in the world?"

Her eyes were hard. She could hear the fall of Russ Joslin's step on the rough platform behind her, as she made a stiff little gesture toward Jay and the crowd. The Varick bracelets, glittering on her lifted wrist, clattered coldly in the silence.

"Hello, everybody! I've just been going the whole hog on Mrs. Heyforth's Venetian idea. You've all heard about the beggars of Venice? And a liar *named Casanova? Mr. Joslin should* take a bow for both of them."

Jay, his face strange, tried to interrupt her.

"Tabby, listen—"

She took his hand, laughing hectically. She looked up into startled eyes, and her voice, lifted carefully, was pitched to carry the whole length of the pier.

"He wants me to marry him, Jay! Isn't that funny? Isn't that screaming? But I told him—" She swung toward the crowd. "I told him that I'm marrying Jay Ballantine the first week in June. And this is the announcement, everybody!"

THEY stared at her in silence. Blank white faces. Familiar faces, blank white rows of them. Her schoolmates. Old family friends. Motionless, blank white faces.

"Isn't anyone going to wish us luck? Isn't anyone going to offer a toast to the bride, or—"

Jay stopped her.

"In Heaven's name, Tabby! Listen to me! Your butler telephoned ten minutes ago. He found your father—in the library—a gun in his hand—suicide—"

Tabby swayed lightly. The faces before her blurred. Another one was there, instead. Old. With haunted eyes. With lips on which the lines of laughter had grown tense.

"Philip—only a bad dream. You'll wake up soon," she whispered.

Russ caught her as she fell.

She had carried Philip's letter to the cemetery with her. On the way back, she unfolded it and read it again. It made her feel less alone in the big car, with rain pelting the windows and only Pierce at the wheel.

"Darling Tab:

"I did it, you know. It's not just your nightmare. I did it. Wiped out in the market, and I couldn't face losing the house and everything we've always had. I did it.

"The Varick in me going devil, you might say. I'd a notion our tribe could get away with anything. We can't. We're just like other families. Some of us strong. Some weak.

"Young Joslin, Gary's brother, gave me every chance to return the bonds. A good chap, that. But I thought our name would protect me. I thought they'd never dare . . ."

THE rest of it blurred, and Tabby stared out the window waiting for home to swing into view. Poor Philip! Poor weak, charming, lovable Philip!

She always had thought him so brave and fine. A Varick. She knew now what had killed him. Not Russ, who had given him "every chance." Not any Joslin. Only his own contempt for himself. Philip, who always had held his head so recklessly high.

The car swerved in between tall stone gateposts. Through the slanting rain she could see a familiar doorway. Pierce stopped the car.

"We're home, Miss."

She went inside, jerking the black gloves from her hands. Lyster took her black coat. The dress underneath it was blue. A dress that Philip had liked, because it was so gay.

"There's a gentleman in the living-room, Miss. He insisted on waiting, although I told him you'd likely not be seeing anyone."

Tabby smiled whitely.

"I—I might as well, Lyster."

He stood near the windows. At the sound of her step on the threshold he swung. They looked at each other. Neither of them moved.

"I had to come, Tabby," he said at last.

"Russ—"

Suddenly the wall of dull pain inside her cracked. It had held her up until this minute. Even through finding out the truth about Philip, it had held her up. But now—

"Russ! Russ!"

Somehow she was in his arms. They had thrilled her once. Soon, they would thrill her again. But now they were the only safe and peaceful place in the world.

"Go on, Tabby. Cry, my darling. I've got an extra shoulder when that one's too wet. Go on and cry."

She cried.

"I was so l-lonely, Russ."

"Wasn't Linda with you?"

"C-couldn't reach her. She was off on a h-house party, somewhere."

He nodded slowly.

"And Ballantine?"

Tabby managed a shaky smile.

"He—missed the boat. When he found out that Philip was really ruined—he and most of the others—"

"I'm sorry," Russ whispered.

"You mustn't be. This was like—like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, piping the rats away, I guess. I won't miss them."

For a long time he held her in silence.

"Do you hate me, Tabby?"

The copper curls against his chest shook instantly.

"Philip said you were a good chap. He liked you. He—"

"What about Philip's daughter, Tabby?"

She lifted her face:

"Philip's daughter knows when the Varick in her's gone devil, too. Would you—kiss me, Russ?"

"The smartest dime I ever spent"

GEORGE BRENT, starring in Warner Bros.' picture, "The Goose and the Gander," Union Leader smoker since 1925

I'VE smoked long enough to feel that I know something about smoking tobacco. But it wasn't until I tried my first tin of Union Leader that I discovered a dime will buy all the pipe pleasure that any expensive tobacco mixture can give.

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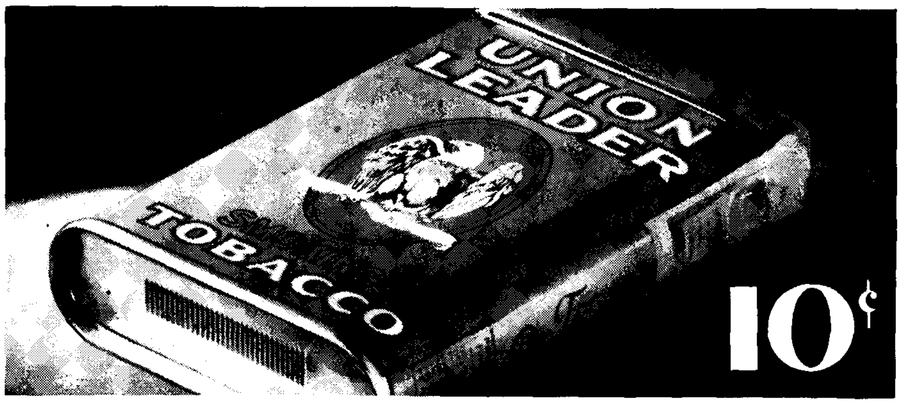

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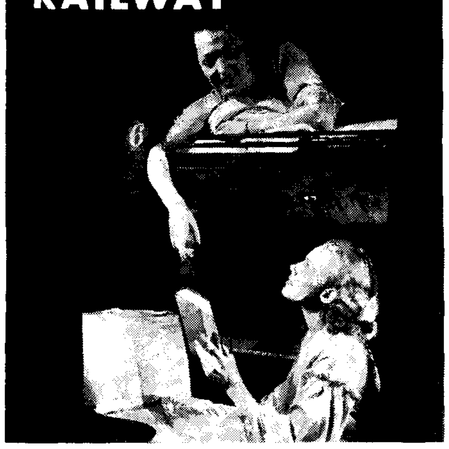

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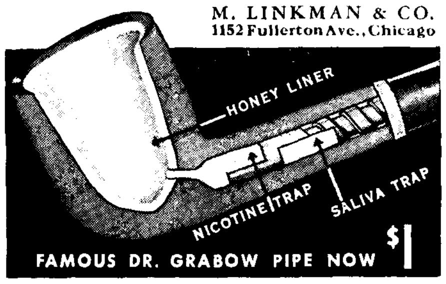

Swim to Beauty

Continued from page 9

fact, swimming the hundred yards in next to nothing flat will do your figure no good at all (Mr. Handley doesn't even let his champions race while they're in training, except once in a while). What does it is a swim of about a quarter of a mile—four to five hundred yards—at an easy pace, in good form. Form is the thing to take seriously, but you won't be wasting your time. Once learned, it's yours for life. You never forget a swimming stroke. You can go along indefinitely, untiring, swimming as easily as you breathe. When you're a grandmother you'll be taking your swim in place of a beauty nap; it's just as relaxing.

A Scientific Dog-Paddle

The first thing to do is pick out your quarter mile. It isn't much of a distance, just five city blocks, and when it's liquid it looks even less. A pool is the easiest answer for city people, but now that summer's here the lake or bay is far more inviting and you in the country have the advantage. It ought to be quiet water; tides or strong river currents are no help to a beauty swimmer whether they're for or against her. If you're going any distance from shore, as in crossing a lake or bay, pick out an amiable boy friend who will enjoy following you in a boat. Or, better yet, team up with a girl who will convoy you out and let you do the same for her on the way back.

Now you've got your course, look over your stroke. The rule is, a quarter mile in good form. If you're like nine tenths of the people on the beaches of the world, you haven't been paying much attention to form. And unless you do, you'll never achieve that easy, unthinking rhythm in the water that carries you as far as you please without a jolt or a gasp or a notion of fatigue. Form means simply the most effortless, energy-conserving combination of movements by which you can propel yourself. Every stroke has its fine points, and if you never learned them it's easy enough to find out what they are and apply the knowledge.

Unless you're an experienced distance swimmer, don't be disappointed if you can't do more than a fraction of the distance the first day—or even the first week. Increase your distance gradually, gaining confidence and ease as you go along, learning to think of what you're going to wear tonight or what you'll say to your best beau or what you'll feed the family for the week to come—in fact, anything but swimming—and pretty soon the quarter mile will shrink to something not much bigger that the back yard.

Of the three or four standard strokes you might use, the crawl is the most efficient, the least wearing and does the most good for all parts of the body. There used to be a lot of talk about how difficult the crawl was, about how only a first-rate merman or mermaid could conquer its intricacies, but that's all a myth. They're teaching the crawl to two-year-old babies these days. And to sixty-five- and seventy-year-old grandmas and grandpas, too, if you want to know. The crawl might almost be called a refined and scientific dog-paddle; its movements correspond to those your Scotty puppy makes when he swims out after his rubber bone.

Imagine yourself, then, crawling along through the refreshing ripples in pretty form, thinking how much good this is doing you. Your body is straight and arched—if you were standing on tiptoe you would be in good crawl position—and that is giving you the fine bearing that will make people think you're a handsome gal. Your head is up, the water breaking just across your eyebrows, and on each stroke you turn your head to the side and get a mouthful of air; off comes the hump of fat at the back of your neck and away goes the menace of an extra chin. Your lungs are expanding in a regular rhythm, building you a fine bosom and making your stomach flat and firm. Your arms are alternately gliding relaxedly forward across the top of the water and then dipping and pulling back toward your side, making you a pair of lovely smooth shoulders that will look equally well under the tailored jacket of your new fall suit or in the revealing décolletage of an evening gown.

Your legs are doing all right, too. Stretched out long and strong behind you, they're fluttering up and down in a narrow arc from the hips, just breaking the water into small foam, beating four or six (or eight, if you must show off) times to each complete stroke of your arms. They are working extra poundage off your hips and thighs, lengthening the muscles of thighs and calves, getting into shape for a free, graceful stride when you walk or run or dance. Your feet, pointed and slightly pigeon-toed, are incidentally curing themselves of the ills high heels and hard pavements have inflicted on them, strengthening arches and slenderizing ankles.

Other strokes also have their uses. For one thing, it's as pleasant to have variety in your swimming repertoire as in your wardrobe. The breast stroke is somewhat snooted these days, but it made a fine-looking woman of Agnes Geraghty, who was champion at it for years. As you thrust your arms straight forward, then pull to the sides and fold them at the chest again for the start, you are doing a perfect exercise for developing the pectoral muscles essential to a firm bosom. Meanwhile your legs are bending up, kicking out straight and together, and doing good things for hips and abdomen.

Dry-Land Swimming

The arm motion of the crawl is one of the items you can practice in your boudoir, perfecting your form and incidentally putting some originality into your daily dozen. Stand before the mirror head on, bending from the waist, and go through the motions, turning your head to take a deep breath on the side that is natural to you (there is no rule about which side you must breathe on—find your breathing side by experiment) and exhaling forward through your nostrils. Go through the exercise in that position a dozen or two times, and then turn your profile to the mirror, watching your side view as you turn for the breath. Remember to keep your head up and shoulders on a level; rolling is bad form and wasteful of energy.

All the swimming kicks are easily transplanted to the home, and there's no better exercise for taking weight off those dangerous places where there's always a little too much. For the crawl kick, lie on your bed face down, arms straight above your head, feet extending over the edge about to the knee, toes pointed and slightly inward. Now flutter your legs straight up and down from the hips, a narrow kick but fast and steady—count *one*, two, three, *four*, five, six. When you're swimming, your arms dip on one and four respectively. That is the six-beat crawl, the most popular rhythm.

Now get down on the floor in a half sitting posture, legs straight out and together a few inches above the floor, hands behind you resting on the floor for support (if you keep at it a while you can do it with your hands in the air). Bend your knees up to your chest, spreading them apart but keeping the heels together. Now in one motion kick your legs out to the sides and bring them together straight in front of you again.

When you've had enough of frog kicking, turn on your side and try scissoring. Begin with legs straight out and together, then kick the top leg forward, the under leg back, and bring them together again. Do it smartly, getting as wide a spread as you can and bending your knees as little as you can. A warning to the zealous: although in the water these kicks are as easy as walking, on land they are strenuous exercises. Begin by doing them half a dozen times each and increase the number gradually or you may be discouraged by a charleyhorse right at the start.

Conquering the Kinks

Charleyhorse is one of the athlete's torments a swimmer need never suffer. That cramped, muscle-bound feeling will get you only if you disobey all the rules and go tense and jerky in the water. Nor need you ever get tired, if you're swimming at an easy pace and in good form. Up at the Women's Swimming Association they tell the story of the race for the Joseph P. Day cup, a three-and-one-half-mile marathon through some of the choppiest water around New York. The weather was wretched from the start of the race to the finish, but the only people who got cold and tired, apparently, were the spectators. There were fifty-two entrants and they all finished, the ten-year-old baby competitor coming in last. As each swimmer came up out of the water someone shouted, "How do you feel?" and the answer, every time, was, "Hungry!" There were a dinner and dance afterward, with two bands playing continuously, and every one of the girls danced all night. The winner of that race, by the way, was a dark horse named Gertrude Ederle.

The lusty Gertrude went on to do some strenuous things which aren't recommended for you or me. On the other hand, there is Ethel McGary, a half-pint of a girl, whose first plunge into a swimming pool was taken on doctor's orders. She had had every disease known to childhood and some not so well known, and she was small and pale and fragile and not having much fun out of life because she was mostly too tired. Ethel became America's champion long-distance mermaid before very long and held the title a goodly number of years. She's still a half-pint of a girl, but with a kick.

If you're tired, jittery or just out of sorts, a course of long, slow swims is the thing to take the wrinkles out of your face and the kinks out of your nerves. Not racing, mind you, for that just ties you up in a few more knots. And not a swim today and another next Thursday week. Pick out your quarter-mile of quiet water and go to it regularly, daily if you can.

Play golf or tennis for fun, but swim for beauty as well. It won't be long before your beauty swim begins to show results.

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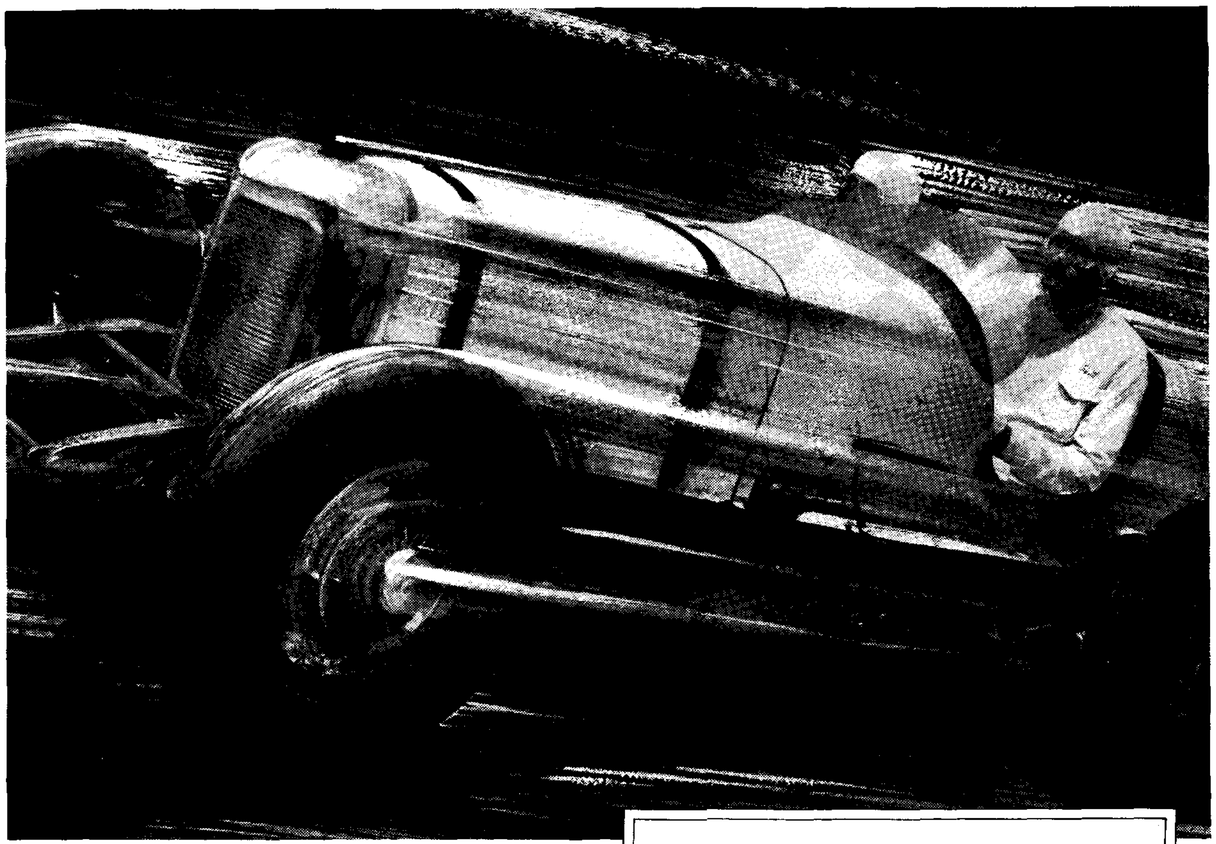

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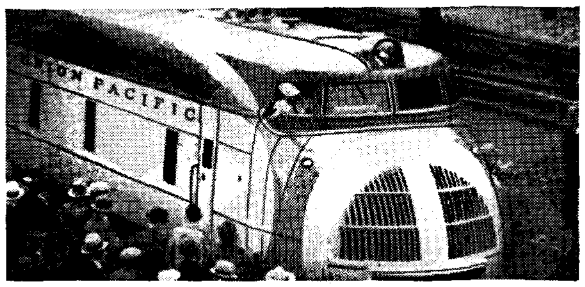

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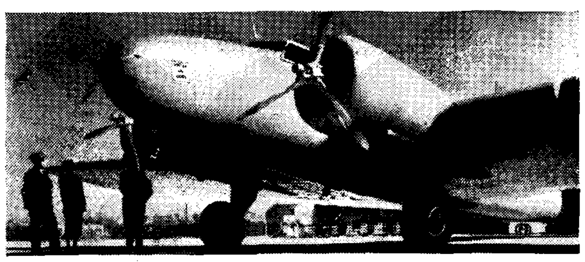

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Secret Marriage

Continued from page 15

place in Buena Vistita Street, but somehow at its worst it seemed realer than that at Laurel Lawn.

She had told her hosts today little of the Burleigh problems. Nobody had been interested. Going to the party Mary had thought that it might be amusing to mention the bakery, to make a joke of her first job. But not only had nobody been concerned in her affairs, but the richly secure atmosphere of the Moulton house had somehow quenched her own enthusiasms. Makeshifts were not amusing here; not the sort of makeshifts, at all events, that were current in the destitute little homes of Green Oaks.

Mary walked past the bus stop, walked all the way home in the flat, tasteless winter air, and felt better for the brisk exercise and the hard thinking.

When she got there a carefully packed hamper had arrived: Cold squabs, cake, jam and jellies. Evidently kind-hearted, timid Mrs. Moulton had gone out to the pantry and followed up her husband's generous suggestion. Lindsay, somewhat bewildered, was setting forth comestibles when Mary arrived.

"I said Aunt Joan liked squab," Mary explained, sitting down by the kitchen table, rosy-cheeked and out of breath, "and Mr. Moulton said he'd send her some. I guess the rest is Mrs. Moulton's idea."

"Are we poor, Mary?" Aunt Joan asked anxiously, from her rocker beside the stove. "Somehow this makes us look as if we were poor."

"It does somehow make one feel that way," Mary agreed with a laugh.

"Oh, never mind *that*," Lindsay said. "Strawberry jam again!"

"Mary, I had a headache and di'n' eat any lunch," Chrissie, trailing out to the kitchen in woolly pajamas, put in here plaintively. "We were in Leo O'Neill's hay loft, and when you hang by your knees—"

The recital was interrupted by Barty, who came in in a torn red sweater and with a filthy face.

"Bart, you are a pig!" Mary murmured, giving him a kiss on his rough hard head.

"Tell us all about Carol and everything!" Lindsay commanded.

"Mary, Asa Moulton wouldn't poison these squabs?" Aunt Joan murmured. Mary laughed joyously. The kitchen seemed friendly and was warm in the waning afternoon light. They were all together again.

JUST a week later Carol Moulton gave a dinner party in honor of her promised husband; she chose Sunday for the occasion because Mary Burleigh could not come on any other day.

"But of course I'm taking a day off for the wedding, Carol!" Mary said, when the girls were upstairs powdering and brushing and gossiping before the dinner. "Is Mr. Maclean here?"

"He got here last night. D'you mean to say you haven't heard of the complete *fiasco*—but I mean it was incredible!" Carol said, slashing at her dyed bang with a comb. Mary observed, with a little secret amusement, that Carol took a long time to make her own appearance satisfactory, in spite of her independent talk and her unconventional clothes. "I mean it was positively—well, I mean impossible. Father's new driver met the Los Angeles train at nine—I should have gone, but I was reading something and completely forgot it," Carol diverged to say, with a glance that invited Mary and Alma to share her relish of her own absurdities, "which, by the way, amused the young man inordinately!" this almost with a smack of her lips. "The train, on account of this football excitement, which is so idiotically American," she diverged, for another aside, "and which simply wouldn't be tolerated in Germany, where they *do* know how to do things, no matter how outrageous their leaders sometimes are. I do wish to goodness you could go to Germany some day, girls; I mean really get to know it, as I did," Carol, having entirely lost the original thread of her conversation, went on. "By the time I left there I was often taken for a German—I mean I was actually *thinking* in German—I mean it was marvelous—"

SHE stopped, rather flatly, and Alma saved her by saying, in her rational, unhumorous way:

"What happened at the train?"

"Oh? Oh, of course! Why, this ass of a Nugent or whatever he is, the chauffeur, didn't realize that the train was in two sections. Met the first section, couldn't find Jeffery—the place was seething with college boys, of course—and the result was that Mac took a taxi, after a wait of I don't know how long, and got here just as the imbecile had arrived after the second trip! Here he was, with his umbrella and his attaché case, calling out: 'I say, is this by any chance the Moulton place?' He thinks the house is atrociously ugly; he was telling Mother and me about it at breakfast. He says it's the most unfortunate example of the Grover Cleveland school he ever saw. I mean he's outrageous! You'll hate him!"

"Is he English, Carol?" Catherine Kendall, who was, with Alma, another bridesmaid, asked anxiously. She had come in a moment earlier, and had been listening with a half-amused and half-shocked expression as she powdered her chin.

"He's rather English in type. No; he's one of the Kentucky Macleans."

"I love that tall, clean English type!" Catherine said hopefully.

"Yes, but he's not that type at all. He's rather like a gorilla. He's short and square and red-faced and he smokes a pipe!" Carol announced. "He speaks a little like an Englishman; I mean he's been everywhere, of course!"

"Probably he thinks in English, the way you did in German," Mary said simply. Carol glanced at her in surprise for a moment, and then they all laughed.

"You won't like him, Mary," said Carol.

"I feel in my bones that I'll loathe him," Mary thought. She made no audible reply.

The four girls went downstairs; Alma statuesque and dull in white crêpe; Catherine at her gypsy prettiest in blue chiffon with a pink rose on her small shoulder; Carol dragging a yellow brocade with a scarf about the neck; Mary in a two-year-old velvet. All this, Mary thought, was rather fun.

Four men were standing by the ornate fireplace in one of the big parlors: Spencer Moulton, Will Pitcher, Dr. Poett's son Lee, these Mary knew. The fourth man was squarely built and not tall, the athletic breadth of his shoulders taking something from his height. He was burned brown of skin, with black eyes, thick black hair, and a homely big humorous mouth with the teeth showing irregularly when he suddenly smiled. Mary thought he might be thirty, perhaps a year or two older; he gripped her hand with a force that hurt her, smiled at everyone, and for a few minutes had little to say. Lee Poett was touchingly pleased to see her again, and persistent with his affectionate, "No, but where've you been, Mary? I've been up at medical coll in town; I've not seen any of the old gang. Where's Pete? How are you all?"

"I gather that you've been away, Miss—?" Jeffery Maclean said at dinner, finding himself on Mary's left.

"Burleigh. Mary Burleigh. I'm the maid of honor," Mary simplified it, with a blue-eyed, honest look and smile straight into his eyes. "No; I've not been away. But I—we lost our mother more than a year ago, and we moved out of town. We used to live next door here."

"Lost your mother, eh? Sometimes that's bad, isn't it? Father looking out for you?"

"Dad died ten years ago, in an accident. No; we're looking out for ourselves," Mary said, with another serious glance and sudden smile.

"Oh, I say!" the man ejaculated. "You and your brother?"

"Two brothers, two sisters, and a little invalid aunt," Mary explained. Jeffery Maclean looked at her thoughtfully.

"Is it so?" he murmured absently, as if he were thinking aloud. "You know Calvin Tait, don't you?" he asked, with a keen glance.

It was a broadside. Color rushed into Mary's face. She felt her throat thick and dry; she could not speak.

"You needn't worry; I know he likes you," Jeffery Maclean said. "I believe you're as fresh a country girl as you look, Miss Burleigh," he added, smiling. "I've not seen a girl blush like that for a long time. It's not a sin to have a man like you, is it?"

"I SUPPOSE it surprised me to have you say you knew Calvin," Mary said, smiling in her turn. "How did you happen to know him?"

"He and my younger brother, Joe, were classmates at Harvard. After my first book appeared three years ago I went up there to talk to the class I'd graduated from, about short stories. I met a lot of the fellows there. I'd forgotten Tait, but he came up to me in the hotel in Hollywood the other day and introduced himself."

"I don't know that I ever heard him mention a Joe Maclean. But then I don't know many of Calvin's friends. He's only been back here in Las Palomas a year. We used to know each other when I was quite small," Mary said.

"In a bank, is he?"

"Yes. His uncle's manager of our biggest bank—in fact, it's our only real bank here," Mary explained. "Cal's with the Los Angeles branch."

"Been down there?"

"No; never in my life."

"He told me you were going to be one of Carol's bridesmaids, but I'd forgotten the name. Tell me something more about yourself," Jeffery said. "Your aunt manages you all?"

"My aunt's not able. Unfortunately she was injured in the same accident that killed my father," Mary said. "Injured—not physically, that is," she added, with an explanatory glance.

"You're the mother?"

She could not help it; in spite of herself she was liking this brown, square man better every instant. Mary had never in her life talked to anyone like

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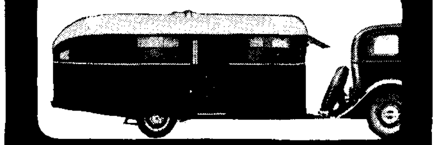

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him before; he was completely different from her idea of what Carol's New York husband would prove to be. The reference to Calvin had fluttered her terribly, and he had seen it, and had rambled along comfortably until she could get her bearings again. Certainly he had delightful manners—quiet and easy and sure; there was nothing rude nor Bohemian nor unconventional about him.

"Tait and I had dinner together," he said.

"Poor Calvin! He hates the south. He's lonesome," Mary said.

"Perhaps he'll be taking you back there some day, Miss Burleigh?"

"Did he say so? But my family couldn't spare me," the girl protested lightly. "My littlest brother is only eleven. And I have a wild little sister named Chrissie who would have the whole family raving mad in two weeks if I didn't hold a firm hand over her."

"YOU'RE not a professional woman, Miss Burleigh? Interior decorating—lamp shop—nothing like that?"

"I work in a bakery," Mary decided to say suddenly.

"You—bookkeeping, eh?"

"No; selling bread. It's a little Swedish bakery out where we live—out in Green Oaks."

"Oh, do you really?" Jeffery Maclean's darkly tanned face was completely devoid of expression. A few seconds later she could at last pay some attention to Lee Poett; Carol had caught Jeffery's eye, and chained him with an animated challenge. The conversation at the head of the table, with Carol to guide it, was instantly fast and furious.

"How goes the medicine, Lee?" Mary asked.

"Listen," Lee Poett said, aggrieved. "What's become of all of you? Why don't you ever come in and let me take you to a picture or one of the games?"

"I'm working," Mary said. But Lee was not interested in her job; he went on instantly to the discussion of football.

The dinner was long and gay. Neither of the older Moultons was present; even the youthful Maria Elena had been banished. Carol's wedding party dinner had not begun until almost eight, a sensationally late hour for Las Palomas. It was almost over when Mrs. Moulton came apologetically down from the sitting-room upstairs to which she had been relegated, with a message for Mary. Mary's sister Lindsay had telephoned from the drugstore to say that Mary's little brother Bart was up on somebody's windmill and couldn't get down; her brother Pete was away and her sister Christine wanted to know if they should call the fire department—

"Oh, dear, dear, dear!" Mary said, jumping up. "I'm so sorry; I'll have to go right home! 'Call the fire department'—that's Chrissie's idea. She'd love to have to call the fire department! She got him up there, of course, and then slipped down herself—"

"Lindsay said some big boys had taken the ladder away," Mrs. Moulton said, standing hesitant and distressed in the middle of the dinner party. "I hope there's nothing *wrong*—"

"No, there's nothing wrong at all!" Mary said, getting into her big coat as she returned from the hall, nodding quick, smiling farewells to everyone. "Spencer, you'll drive me home? Thanks, everybody, and good night, everybody—I'm so terribly sorry to have to go—it's Chrissie, of course—"

Half laughing and half vexed, she was gone. Spencer came out with his mother to the hall; Nugent had brought the car around. Mary went out into the glitter of a light rain, calling farewells behind her.

Fifteen minutes later, still in her party gown, she was the center of an excited group below the Sorenson windmill, Chrissie the most vocal and active of them all. Lanterns flashed; raindrops twinkled in the dark; every few minutes more dark forms gathered from the neighboring houses to increase the shouting little crowd. Far up, a dark blot against the mill railing, was Barty, calling and crying.

"Mary! I want my sister Mary! I want to get down!"

The ladder was brought back, Anna Sorenson bestowing a sound cuff upon the ear of her abashed eldest, who had been ringleader in carrying it away; Mary, still laughing, steadied a side of it; Barty came down at last, a white, scared little boy. He had been up alone in the dark and the rain for only an hour, but it had seemed to him a lifetime, and Mary felt touched by the grip of his cold little hand as they went back to the warm kitchen together.

Once there he sat in her lap, and tightened his arms about her neck, and told her that it had been awful up on the windmill; the wind had creaked it, and the water had blown down, and he had felt horrid.

"I di'n' want Bart to go up at all. I and Katrina went up," Chrissie said, very caressing and affectionate now that Bart was safe. "Oh, poor Barty—wasn't it awful! When I was coming down Lars and Harry got hold of the ladder and Barty went back up again. I said I'd have them arrested and sent to jail—I said Peter'd talk to their fathers, but they didn't mind! They're bad—bad—awful boys—they're the worst boys in this world, aren't they, Mary? Poor little Barty!"

"Chrissie, I wish you'd explain less, and think more before you let us all in for this sort of nonsense," Mary began patiently.

"I started down after Chris, Mary," Barty whispered, his lips close to her ear, "and then when they began to shake the ladder I went up again—and then they took it away!"

"You shouldn't have gone up the ladder at all." Mary kissed his ear. Lindsay said that the dinner of sandwiches and chocolate had been spoiled because she had burned the chocolate. "Oh, you did not, dar-leen!" Chrissie gushed, anxious to reinstate herself in somebody's good graces. Their young faces fresh and their hair curled from the rain, they sat laughing and talking for a while in the kitchen, until Peter came in with two bags of peanuts, and it was time to think of breaking up and going to bed.

TWO days later, at just six o'clock in the evening, when the busiest hour of all was upon the bakery, and the soft rain still falling outside in the early dark, Mary glanced through the group of customers clustered at her counter, and saw waiting behind them all, half lounging against a case of cookies and layer cakes, the man who was going to marry Carol Moulton, Jeffery Maclean.

He had on a light belted raincoat spattered with rain; his dark hair was bare; he was watching her with a serious look, but with something that was almost a smile in his eyes. Mary felt a flutter of inexplicable excitement in her pulses as she continued to serve bread and cakes, looking intelligently into the face of each customer in turn, getting her order with a quick nod of her head, moving instantly for the paper bag, the loaves, the rolls, counting cookies in fours and doughnuts in twos as she put them into the bag.

Jeffery, at her second friendly glance, made a little gesture of his hand that told her that she need not hurry; he had plenty of time. But it was only a few minutes later that the rush subsided;

(*Continued on page 50*)

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MINUTE MAN PRODUCTS CO.
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

(Continued from page 49)

dinners were early in the neighborhood, and by a quarter past six the bakery was empty. Then Mary could call in toward the furnace-room, "Mr. Sorenson, I'm going!" and slip into her heavy coat, and join Jeffery at the door.

"Well, how did you ever find my bakery?" she demanded, as they walked away together in a lull in the rain. It was quite dark now; there was a general shining of rain on the gardens and sidewalks; light gushed from kitchens everywhere.

"I've been taking a long walk. Carol and her mother are in San Francisco shopping, and dinner isn't until eight. By the way, I mustn't break in on your dinner!"

"Oh, you must come and meet the others now," Mary said, with a quick touch of his arm. "They're dying to meet Carol's young man! It's the next block. Look, there's the fatal windmill."

"I WAS wondering how you got the youngster down."

"We got him down by sending for the boys to bring the ladder back," Mary said. "They hadn't taken it far; they were lurking about, of course."

"But no one could do it but you?"

"Well, Lin is only eighteen, and Peter wasn't home. It was all Chrissie's doing, of course. She is a perfect monkey for mischief."

"So she was sent to Coventry, I suppose?"

"Oh, no; you can't do anything to Chris. It only hardens her. Besides, I don't believe in punishing children," Mary said with a serious side glance. "Chris is just naturally naughty, and we have to wait until she grows out of it. This is us. Come 'round the side way, Mr. Maclean; we never light the front rooms at night."

She took him straight into the hot, busy kitchen, where Miss Burleigh, with her great gray cat in her lap, was in her favorite rocker, where Lindsay was kneeling beside the stove testing the baking potatoes, where Chrissie was crashing pots at the sink, and Barty carefully filling the sugar bowl. The heat of the stove, the bright lights, the hissing of hot water all helped to make the place seem cheerful and homelike. Mary performed her introductions amusedly; he would certainly get material from the Burleigh kitchen, this New York writer!

He identified her brother and sisters gravely, looking at each one with a thoughtful nod as he shook hands; Peter came in in time to meet him, but Jeffery stayed in all only a few minutes and was presently off into the dark again with a good night shouted back at the open kitchen door through the darkness and the rain.

The Burleighs immediately settled down to their meal; they talked of him approvingly; they liked him. Mary had little to say.

SHE saw Jeffery again the next day; it was Sunday, a glorious December Sunday with the sun shining and the air like spring. He wandered into the side yard at about noon, and he and she talked together.

"Where's Carol today?"

"Still asleep. We were at a dance in Burlingame last night, and didn't get home until four."

"How does it happen you're up so early?"

"Not early. I'm just up. It's noon."

"My family seems to be scattered. You got them in a lump the other night," Mary said. "I hope you weren't confused."

"No; I had them all straight. I'd heard of Barty and Chrissie before, you know. The night someone got up on the windmill."

She had been walking across the wide lot at the back of the house as she spoke; Jeffery in step beside her.

"I'm going over to the O'Neills' for buttermilk," she said. "I think you ought to stay and have buttermilk waffles with us. They love them!"

"I came down here to ask you a question," Jeffery said. "You'll think this very odd. Are you engaged to Calvin Tait?"

There was a pause. Mary walked along without looking at him; when she spoke it was somewhat hesitantly.

"I think I have to say 'yes' to that."

"I thought so," Jeffery said, and for a moment there was another silence. "I think you probably have an idea of me that is quite—well, false," he said then.

"I? Of you?" Mary glanced at him obliquely in simulated surprise. But she had known from the beginning that he and she must talk to each other this way.

"Yes. I'm not a New Yorker, really. I've only been there five months. I'm from a small country town, too. I had my own way to make after high school, worked my way through college waiting on tables. That's why it rather interested me to realize that you, all of you, are having such a hard time."

"We're not really having such a hard time," Mary said. "Well, yes!" she had to concede with a little laugh, "I guess you'd call it a hard time. But it's only the thinking, 'What's going to happen? How long can we do it?' that makes it really hard."

"It's too bad that you have to feel that. And that you have to wait—I suppose you have to wait?—to be married," Jeffery said.

"You suspected right away that Calvin and I liked each other?"

"From the way he spoke, yes."

Mary was silent. When she spoke it was on another subject.

"But then—Peru? How did you happen to go to Peru?" she asked.

"With some American surveyors. We were there seven weeks. And I made notes for a book."

"And then went to New York?"

"No; not for a long time. I worked on our local paper, wrote editorials. One of the magazines began to quote them, and they made the second book of them. That's all I've done."

"I thought of you as an old New Yorker," Mary said.

"No. I got into it—I mean the restaurants and studios and parties, deeper than I meant—if I meant anything at all," Jeffery answered. "Is this where we go in?"

MARY stepped into the cool, odorous dairy that smelled of wet wood and souring clean milk; she filled her pitcher, and she and Jeffery started back.

"But personally I loathe all that," the man said, as if their conversation had not been interrupted. "I hate that gang. My idea is to live somewhere outside of the city and only go in now and then."

"And write?" Mary asked, considering this.

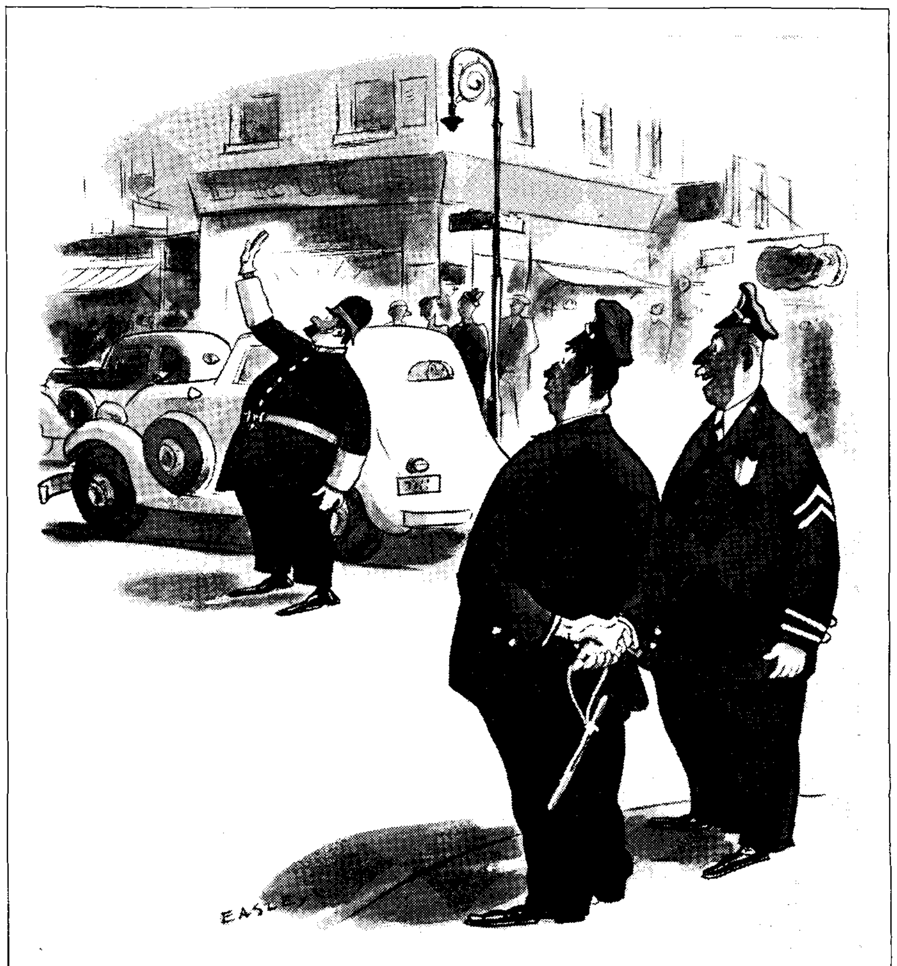
"And write, of course. You know, Miss Burleigh," Jeffery continued, with sudden enthusiasm and a little conscious awkwardness, "I think you're a remarkable girl! I've thought so since the minute you walked into the room the other night, when we were standing by the fire. I think you've had a hard row to hoe, and of course you're—you're going to get away with it! I hope you don't mind my saying this, because I really mean it, I really feel it. In some ways I think you're the most extraordinary girl I've ever met."

They walked along together. Mary did not speak.

"I hope you don't mind my saying this?" he repeated, as Mary merely glanced at him curiously.

"No, not at all."

"Carol and I are going to be married next week," the man said, "and we'll go East, for a while anyway. But I suppose we'll be back here from time to time—her mother was talking of it yesterday—and then I'll see you, married to Tait, I suppose. I'd be willing to bet



"He's our guest conductor from London!"

JOSEPH EASLEY

right now that you're going to make a success of all this." His gesture indicated the somewhat dreary neighborhood. "And of everything else you undertake, too!" he said. "You mustn't think I'm crazy," he interrupted himself to say laughingly, as they paused at the Burleighs' kitchen door, "but I think about you—I think about you a great deal, running these kids and working in the bakery, and almost every day when I start out for a walk I think, 'I believe I'll go down and see how things are going with that girl!' Really, I mean. Really I do!"

Mary, her pitcher of buttermilk in her hands, stood looking at him without being able to find anything to say. Jeffery had his cap in his hand, his browned face was lighted with his own peculiarly illuminating smile, his dark eyes shone.

"I'd like you to think of me as a—a friend who is tremendously interested in everything that concerns you," he said. "I've got to go now. They're having people in for lunch at one. Give my kindest regards to all the others, will you? Your aunt, your brothers. Goodby!"

"Goodby!" Mary said. She turned slowly, after staring for a minute unseeing at the bright panorama of sky and oaks above the poor little Sorenson house, the Barry house, and went into the kitchen. The room seemed dark and small after the bright, spacious world outside.

She was in the kitchen when Jeffery made his fifth call on the following Tuesday. The room was otherwise empty, and in order; Mary had known all day long that sooner or later he would come; had felt, as she scoured the iron sink and hung the snowy towels on the yard line, that his eyes would see them. Lindsay was in town today with Vivian Parker, Aunt Joan was lying down, Peter at work, and the children in school; Mary was quite alone.

SHE heard Jeffery's quick step on the frosted gravel of the north side of the house. The sun never got around to this side in winter and the pebbles wore rime all day long. At the sound Mary's heart began to beat quickly; she went to the east window and began to pick dead leaves from the potted begonia on the sill, so that when Jeffery opened the kitchen door her back was toward him.

"Hello!" he said. Mary looked over her shoulder.

"Oh, how do you do?" She came toward him, her face a little pale and strained, but smiling, and put her hand for a second in his. Then she took a pan of beans from the kitchen table and sat down in her aunt's rocker, and Jeffery seated himself at the table, one arm resting on the checked blue cloth.

"Well, you see, whenever I walk, I seem to wind up here!"

"What's the news at the house?"

"Wedding — wedding — wedding. I rather thought Carol and I would skip all this, but not a bit of it! She's lunching in Burlingame with her old grandmother today; I'm to meet her at three for tea at the Fairmont. By the way, Calvin Tait's coming up in time to see you in your bridesmaid's dress. Did you know that?"

"I didn't," Mary said, after an almost imperceptible pause. "But he may have written. Our postman is what you might call irregular! We have these little boxes out in the street, and whether he comes around daily or twice a week I couldn't say."

She spoke cheerfully enough, but the news had caused the last color to drain from her face, and her heart was beating uncomfortably.

"He had wired his uncle in the bank, that's how I know," Jeffery said. "I happened to be in there when the telegram came. Perhaps he's going to surprise you, so don't give me away."

Mary's small hands, busy with the beans, moved steadily and swiftly; she did not look up.

"Perhaps he is," she said mildly.

"Do you know that I feel like a big brother to you?" Jeffery said.

"He and Carol will be married in four days; I can stand it until then," Mary thought. Aloud, she said with a quick glance: "I'm glad."

"And, therefore," the man continued, "I'm going to talk to you about *you*."

"Big brothers rarely do that," Mary observed.

"They don't, eh? Well, I'm going to. Tell me, how long have you and Tait been engaged? Come on, now, Mary, you know how much I like you, and that after Saturday I won't see you for months—perhaps a year. I'm interested. I want to know."

"WELL, what do you want to know?" Her hands were busy, but she could feel them tremble.

"You and Tait are to be married, eh?"

"Well—" said Mary, after a glance.

"When?"

"We—we have no definite plans," Mary said.

"You've known each other all your lives?"

"Yes; but we hadn't met for years when he came back last winter."

"And the family wouldn't let you go?"

"The family couldn't, really. I wouldn't have deserted them even if they'd begged me to. Lindsay was seventeen, and Bart only ten! All this," Mary said, with a glance that included the house as well as the kitchen, and the world outside, "all this would have been too hard for them without me!"

"You stand," Jeffery Maclean said simply, "for everything magnificent, womanly, motherly, that women have stood for since the beginning of time! You're between them all and trouble, poverty, want. You're remarkable, do you know that?"

Mary's color rushed up; subsided again.

"No, I don't know it," she said.

"Well, why do you think, then, I like to come and talk to you? It's because you're real, and all these women I see, the Greenwich Village women, the artists and actresses and poets, they're not real. They've skipped the real things, and they're playing with words and situations and clothes they've chosen themselves. Mary, I hate to go back to them!"

"If you're going to be at the Moultons' for a one o'clock lunch," Mary suggested, "maybe you'd better begin by going back there."

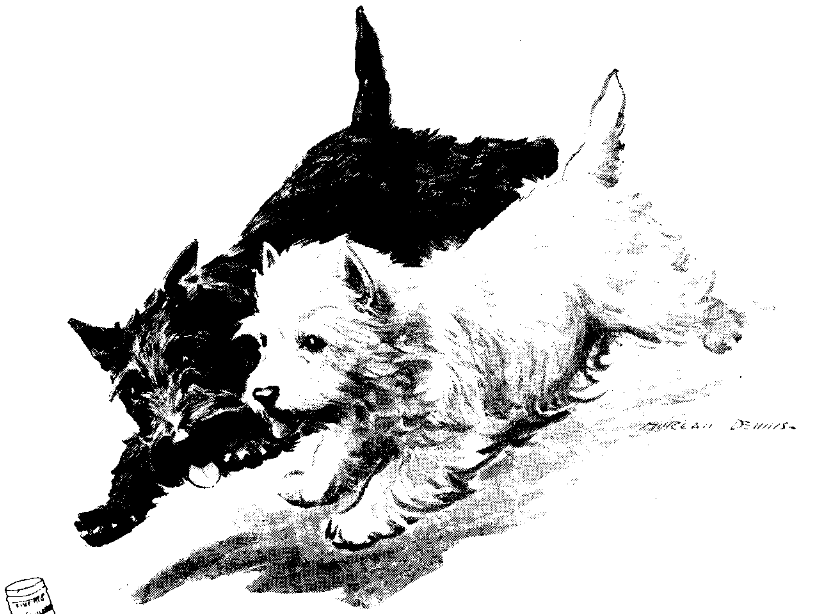
"Yes, by George, I have to go! I'll see you tomorrow. I might come back this afternoon when you're through with the bakery. Anyway, I'll see you soon. Goodby, Mary!"

"Goodby," Mary said. She walked to the door and looked after him, and he turned to wave at the corner of the house. She went to the stove and spilled the beans into a saucepan, and poured boiling water from the kettle over them. She reached up for the wooden salt box; moved the iron lids and shook a little more coal on the fire.

Then she sat down at the table where Jeffery had sat, and rested her elbows on the table and put her chin in her palms. She sat so a long time, hardly thinking, conscious only of the fear and pain that were beginning to press at her heart.

"Four days," she presently said, half aloud. "I can bear anything for four days. After that I'll never see him again. He'll never know. Nobody will ever have to know. God—God help me to get through these four days!"

(To be continued next week)



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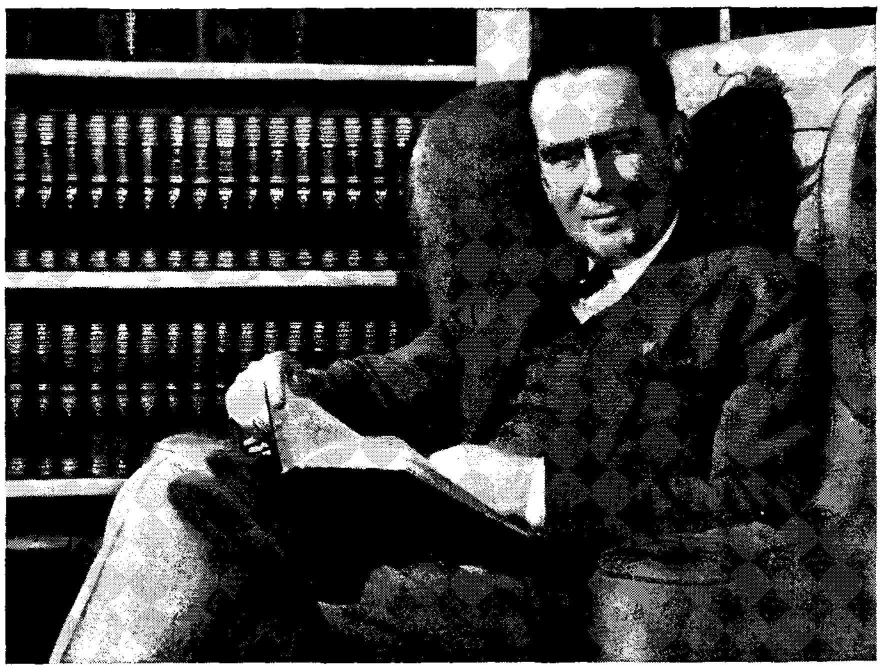

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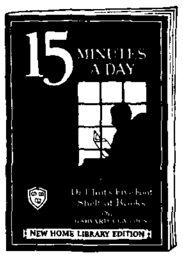


Twenty-four Hours

Continued from page 11

Townsend's elbow rang. Jim could read the news on her face.

"It's a telegram from Marguerite," she said. "She has married Gerry Askew."

Mrs. Townsend cried a little but she dried her eyes quickly. Jim saw that it was actually a great relief to her to know the worst. She kissed him. She called him her poor boy. But she did not linger. She had things to do. She went and got Mr. Townsend.

"The first thing," she said, when Mr. Townsend had shaken hands with Jim and expressed his sympathy, "the first thing is to decide what we're going to do about the newspapers."

"Ask them in," Jim said, "and give them the story."

"Tell them that Marguerite has eloped with that fellow!"

"That marriage won't pass unnoticed. The local correspondent has wired it to Chicago by now. Those reporters out there will get a flash from their own offices within an hour."

"But—" Mr. Townsend began.

"Jim knows," Mrs. Townsend said. "Jim was a newspaperman for years."

"I couldn't bear it," Mr. Townsend said.

JIM proposed that they let one reporter in with the understanding that he give the whole story to the others.

"There's a girl out there that I know," he said. "Jane Fuller of the Chicago Chronicle. She's a nice person and absolutely trustworthy."

The Townsends thought it wouldn't be so bad to talk to a girl. Jim wrote a note to Jane and sent it out to the summerhouse. Jane came in presently and Jim introduced her to the Townsends.

Jim sat to one side and watched Jane's face while the Townsends talked. Jane's face was delicately alive with the emotions behind it. She seemed most womanly and discreet as she listened. But he felt the gamin in her still—the capacity for humor and for mischief. Jane wouldn't betray a confidence but she would take a lot of pains to ruffle a stuffed shirt.

Mr. Townsend told her that Marguerite had married Gerry Askew in a place called Maysville. Jane nodded gravely. She gave no sign the Townsends saw of how good she thought the story was. But Jim saw her eyes light up.

Jim had to admit, as the interview went on, that Jane had learned her business. She had been just as green as he had told her she was two years ago when he had wanted her to give up her job and go to London with him. But she was a reporter now. As any reporter would, she asked the Townsends a lot of questions they hated to answer. But she put her questions gently.

She turned to Jim. She called him Mr. Brown, as if he had never kissed her. "Mr. Brown," Jane said, "when did you begin to realize that all was not well between you and Miss Townsend?"

Jim could have wrung her neck. Jim saw that she was out to make him squirm.

"I never did realize it," Jim said.

Jane opened her eyes wide in wonder. "You mean this fell on you this morning?"

"Yes," Jim said.

"You didn't suspect that Miss Townsend was really in love with somebody else?"

Jim felt himself blushing.

"No," he said.

"How extraordinary," Jane said.

"I suppose it is," Jim said.

"You're giving up your honeymoon trip to Africa—now that you aren't getting married?"

"No," Jim said, "I'm going just the same."

"To shoot lions and things?"

"You can say that if you like. I can't tell you the real purpose of the expedition—not for publication."

Jane Fuller tucked her notes into her purse and shook hands with the Townsends and thanked them.

Jim followed her downstairs.

"Listen, Jane," he said in the lower hall, "I want to talk to you. When are you leaving for Chicago?"

"Not before eight o'clock tonight."

"Will you let me pick you up at the telegraph office and drive you back?"

She smiled. "You know, Jimmy," she said, "how I love to get the inside story—even when I can't print it."

Jim Brown spent hours and hours of earnest effort getting away from the Townsends'. At last, he succeeded.

He found Jane sitting in the telegraph office of the railway station while a lone operator sent her copy.

"Where's the rest of the gang?" Jim asked.

"They went back to Chicago on the eight o'clock train. They were a little sore because you picked me out to give the story to them. They're like you. They can't stand the idea of a woman's being a reporter. So they ganged me. They filed so much stuff I had to wait."

"Are you through now?"

"I'm waiting for my good night," Jane said.

Jim sat down on the bench beside Jane. He gave her a cigarette and took one himself. He held a match for her. As he did so the building shook as if there had been an earthquake and somewhere miles and miles away there was the dull roar of a great explosion. Panes of glass fell into the room and all the electric lights went out. The telegraph operator jumped to his feet.

"What the mischief was that?" he yelled.

JIM took Jane's arm. Together they stumbled over chairs in the dark to get out of the room, out of the building. From the station platform they saw a great red glow against the sky to the north and as they watched there was a second and more violent explosion. They would have fallen if they had not clung to each other. Yellow flame shot up into the sky like the fires of gigantic blast furnaces.

The flame died to a red glow. The telegraph operator found a lantern and got fresh bulbs for the lamp sockets and went reluctantly back to his key. He didn't know what had happened and he hadn't time to wonder.

Jim and Jane stood on the station platform staring at the sky and waiting for a third explosion and arguing about what there could be in that part of the country that could blow up on so large a scale. The operator yelled at them.

"Message for you," he said to Jane when they went in.

Jim read the message over Jane's shoulder:

POWDER MILLS AT HAMMERSBRIDGE MINNEWASKA HAVE BLOWN UP STOP WINDOWS BROKEN IN CHICAGO STOP GET AFTER IT STOP BARNES

"Those men picked the wrong evening to go home without a good night," Jane said. “It'll take three or four hours to get back up here. They'll get on the story just about the time the final goes to press.” She looked up at Jim. “Would you lend me your car?”

“Lend it to you?”

“I know it's a lot to ask,” Jane said in her most wistful tone.

“I'll drive you,” Jim said.

“I'll be out all night.”

“I'll stick as long as you want to stick.”

“And tell me exactly how to cover the story,” Jane said.

Jim took her arm and pushed her across the platform and into his roadster.

“That was low of you, Jane,” he said, as he stepped on the starter.

“I'm sorry,” Jane said. “Especially as I'm going to need your help. It's going to be a hard story to cover in a hurry.”

JIM stopped at the first gas station to fill the roadster's tank and ask directions. The man at the gas pump pointed up the cement highway.

“Forty miles,” he said, “straight ahead.”

Jim gave the car all the gas she would take. . . .

It was going to be a hard story to cover in a hurry. The police and the firemen and the doctors from the neighboring towns would be arriving but they wouldn't know any more at first than anybody else. There would be spectators. But few of them would know anything. Somewhere there would be somebody who knew something. But you had to find him in the dark.

The road was increasingly full of cars. The road, as they got nearer to the light of the great fire ahead, was choked with cars. Jim jammed his way past one car after another while angry drivers yelled at him. Finally, he parked.

They separated for an hour in order to cover more ground and met at the car again and drove madly to a telegraph office and sat down to typewriters and pounded as fast as they could pound. They went back and worked another hour and filed bulletins for the final edition. They kept on long after the paper had been put to bed. The fire had become a sheet of flame miles wide that marched across the country. Two towns were surrounded by fire, with all communication gone.

“I'm hungry,” Jane said at four o'clock in the morning. “I can't remember having eaten anything since breakfast.”

They found a big dog wagon and got a table in one corner and ordered steaks and things.

Jim looked across the table at Jane and smiled. He couldn't look at her without smiling.

“Do I look funny?” Jane demanded.

“You look adorable,” Jim said. “You look as if you'd been playing in a coal bin.”

Jane calmly poured water on her handkerchief and scrubbed her face.

“Now,” she said, “we can talk. Tell me all.”

“It doesn't seem awfully important any more,” Jim said.

“I'm curious,” Jane said. “I'd like to know how you got to be such a stuffed shirt. Two short years ago you were a good newspaperman and now—”

“I'm not a stuffed shirt,” Jim said.

Jane raised her eyebrows. “All that hooey about your expedition to the wilds of Africa.”

“The hooey was to hide the real story,” Jim said. “I went out to Africa as a confidential man for Sir Wilfrid Arkwright. I got to know him when I was London correspondent and he trusted me. He asked me to take a mining man out there. The man was too old to go alone. We had our troubles in the Kalahari Desert. But we went places where few white men had been before. And in—well, let's say somewhere in Bechuanaland—we found what we were looking for. The mining man was sure it was one of the world's great gold deposits. He died of fever coming out and now I'm the only white man who knows the way back. There isn't as much money in it as you might think but there's quite enough. And it's interesting. It's more interesting than being a newspaper reporter.”

“I cross off the African hooey,” Jane said. “But you did get yourself all involved with the Townsend girl.”

“Yes,” Jim said, “I did.”

“How do you explain that?”

“I can't,” Jim said.

Jane leaned forward. “Is it true that you didn't know about Gerry Askew?”

“Absolutely.”

“You must have known something.”

Jim shook his head. Jim told her about his meeting with Marguerite at seven o'clock in the morning.

“You're the only person concerned who didn't know about him,” Jane said. “We had a tip from Paris that Gerry Askew was taking a fast boat for New York and that Marguerite would never marry you. I suppose all the other papers had the same tip. After all, even a Townsend wedding doesn't rate the number of reporters that were there.”

“IF YOU know so much,” Jim said, “suppose you tell me what Marguerite was up to.”

Jane shook her head sadly. “Anybody but you would know that,” she said. “She was trying to make Gerry Askew come across.”

“What if he hadn't?”

“She would have married you and been unhappy ever after.”

They ate steak in silence after that. They ate steak and things until they had eaten all there was. They lingered over coffee and cigarettes. Jim wanted to wring her neck. But he wanted more to take her in his arms.

“Jane,” he said, “are you going out to Bechuanaland with me?”

“Certainly not,” she said.

“I'm telling you I love you,” Jim said. “I'm asking you to marry me.”

“Even if I wanted to I wouldn't do it,” Jane said.

“You're a good reporter now. You can afford to quit your job. You can always get another. And the story of the expedition will be all yours. You can write it.”

“Do you know what people would say?” Jane demanded. “Can't you hear them? One morning you're all set to marry Marguerite Townsend at high noon. And the next morning you're engaged to a newspaper girl. The cute little thing caught you on the rebound.”

Jim took her hand across the table. “It never matters what people say about a thing like that—unless you're a stuffed shirt.”

Jane pulled her hand away. “Don't be silly,” she said.

IT WAS nearly seven o'clock when they walked down the street in search of a hotel where they could get rooms. Jim stopped short. Jim took her in his arms.

“I'm going to kiss you,” he said. “I can't explain why I ever got engaged to Marguerite. I only know I love you.”

“You don't have to explain it to me,” Jane said. “I know. She's a beautiful woman and she threw herself at your head. Most any girl would do it. I've been doing it myself and I seem at last to have succeeded.”

He kissed her and she kissed him back.

“You are going to Bechuanaland with me.”

“Yes,” she said, “I made up my mind to that almost a week ago.”

“A week ago!”

“Yes,” Jane said. “Six days ago. You don't suppose it was an accident I got the assignment to cover your wedding, do you? When I heard Gerry Askew had sailed I went in and asked Barnes if I could do the Townsend wedding. He wanted to send me on something else. I told him I'd quit first. And so here I am.”

Louis Priscilla

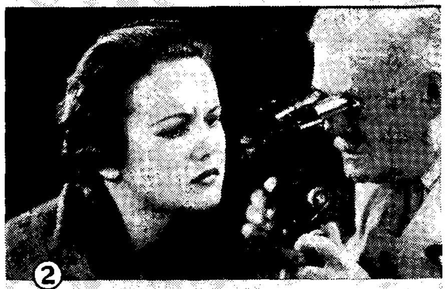
“You're the worrying kind, ain't cha?” LOUIS PRISCILLA

“Has Done Wonders for my Daughter's Skin”

Every quotation in this advertisement is a true copy from an actual letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Anna May Dales
NOTARY PUBLIC

① *“My Daughter Suffered for Months with a bad Eruption on her Face”*



② *“She went to Specialists and tried Everything we heard of”*

③ *“Till Finally, seeing your Ad in Magazines, we tried Yeast Foam Tablets”*

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Why don't you try Yeast Foam Tablets now? They contain precious elements that help rid the body of internal poisons which are the real cause of most skin troubles. Unlike other yeast, these little tablets are good to eat and absolutely safe because they cannot ferment in the body.

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CALLOUSES–BUNIONS–SORE TOES

ACTS 2 WAYS
(1) Ends pain; stops shoe pressure; prevents sore toes.
(2) Quickly loosens and removes corns and callouses.

Quick Relief
The instant you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on corns, callouses, bunions or tender toes—you'll have relief! It's the soothing, healing medication in them that ends pain so quickly. The pressure-removing feature of these thin, cushioning pads immediately stops the *cause* and prevents tender spots and blisters from new or tight shoes.

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To loosen and remove corns or callouses quickly and safely, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate *Medicated Disks*, now included in every box. After that use the pads alone to stop shoe pressure or friction.
Only a thorough, complete, scientific, double-purpose treatment like Dr. Scholl's will do all these things for you. Get a box today at your drug, shoe or department store.

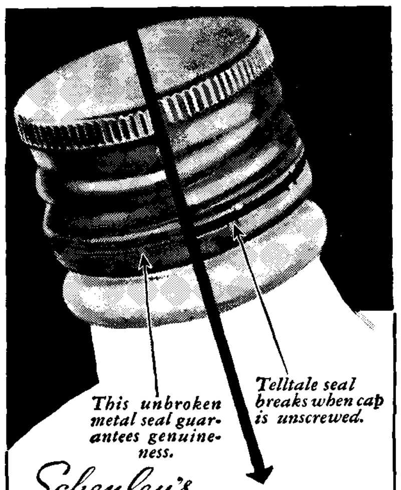
CALLOUSES

BUNIONS

SOFT CORNS

STANDARD WHITE, *now* 25¢
New DE LUXE *flesh color* 35¢

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!


This unbroken metal seal guarantees genuineness.
Telltale seal breaks when cap is unscrewed.

Schenley's Cream of Kentucky
STRAIGHT WHISKEY
See Advertisement . . . Page 55

HAS AN ALSECO ANTI-COUNTERFEIT SEAL ON EVERY BOTTLE *for your protection*
ALUMINUM SEAL CO. NEW KENSINGTON, PA.

Bringing Home the Bride

Continued from page 17

and the little mulatto boy's dog and the ducks seemed somehow to be very much excited over the fish and each other, and then I made a great discovery. I discovered from interrogating the little mulatto boy that Caroline was a great rabbit cook, also. She had been too modest to say so, it seems. So we got three crates of live rabbits. It was getting so crowded inside that we got the men who sold us the rabbits to put all the crates on top of the station wagon, and tie them on with ropes.

Sugar found a bridge pretty soon, and she said: "If Bertie's father isn't pleased with these presents, he must be a very crusty old gentleman, indeed."

Somewhere the other side of White Plains Bertie woke up.

THE Henry Withersbee cocktail is not an ordinary drink. It goes right down to the psychic roots of a man's being. It did this with Bertie now. I had given up all thought of Bertie being any use as a guide to his father's estate—but, presto! Two more of the Withersbee cocktails, and there was Bertie telling Sugar what turns to take, and where to go, and, queerly enough, telling her right. He was speaking out of a kind of trance. The Withersbee cocktail had once more wrought its wonders on the psychic parts of man.

We passed thousands of miles of shrubbery, and then Sugar missed some goal posts or gateposts or something, and Bertie said: "Here we are!"

"Where are we, Bertie?" I asked, because I could not see anything in any direction but these barbered evergreens—you know what I mean, Freddy, they clip these hedges into queer shapes, the way you clip a dog to make him look like a lion. There was moonlight floating over everything, as if it were a mist, and the moonlight was all mixed up with this queer-shaped shrubbery, and it made it seem as if the shrubbery were floating, too—all those odd-looking monsters loomed over us, Freddy, and it makes me shudder even now to think of it. I think I had better have a drink. I shuddered at the time, though it was a warm summer evening. It was funereal.

The little mulatto boy screamed out to Caroline: "Oh, Mammy, Mammy, you've took me to the place where the dead men live!"

I COULD quite sympathize with him; and Sugar said to me: "I hope Bertie never asks me to come out here to live!"

"Why should he ask you to?" I said.

"Well, he might," said Sugar. "You see, we got married day before yesterday."

"I told you," said Bertie, "that I was almost certain I knew who those girls were."

"You keep saying 'those girls,' Bertie," I said to him. "There's only one of them, I tell you."

"Well, you know now why I was so glad there turned out to be only one," said Bertie. "There's going to be enough trouble over one. I don't know what would happen if I brought home two brides at the same time."

Sugar claimed we were in some kind of a driveway, and suggested that if we kept on going we might come to a house. And Bertie said, oh, certainly, that had often happened to him, and in this very driveway, too. He often came to a house. And in a minute more Sugar said that she heard human voices and saw lights off through the shrubbery, I mean. They must have heard us coming, too, for the chickens and ducks had got quite excited over something, and the dog was barking, and the rabbits were squeaking, and the little mulatto boy was howling, and Caroline was making a great to-do over spanking him and reassuring him about going where General Washington and the other dead men lived.

Bertie said: "My poor father! My poor dear mother! They've been terribly alarmed—they are waiting up for me!" He began to cry. "I'm an undutiful son," he said, "to cause them so much anxiety!"

"They will be tickled pink," I said, "when they realize that you have reformed, and a new life has begun for you." For I saw that I would have to stress that note a great deal in effecting this reconciliation.

"How long do you suppose they have been waiting up?" Sugar asked him.

"Since February, Sugar," said Bertie. "I haven't seen them since February."

"And here it is June," said Sugar.

"Time certainly does fly, don't hit, Miss Sugar!" said Caroline.

Just then we came to a terrace, and there were quite a lot of people sitting out on the terrace, all in evening clothes, and they had been drinking coffee. I am an extremely acute observer, and I twigged at once that some sort of party had been going on—probably a dinner party, and they had come out to the terrace for their coffee. They all seemed to be terribly solemn, stern-looking people, both men and women. They stared frigidly at us when Sugar stopped the station wagon at the terrace. Something seemed to hold them motionless, and I could sympathize with the little mulatto boy when he sang out to Caroline:

"Oh, Mammy, Mammy—the dead people! There they are! Take me *home*! Take me *home*!"

The poor little fellow was so alarmed and excited that he was wiping his eyes with a fish.

I think quickly in emergencies. It came to me with the speed of lightning that the first impression must be a fortunate one—I must get in the first punch, so to speak. So I got out of the station wagon, and said to Mr. Duffield, whom I remembered very well:

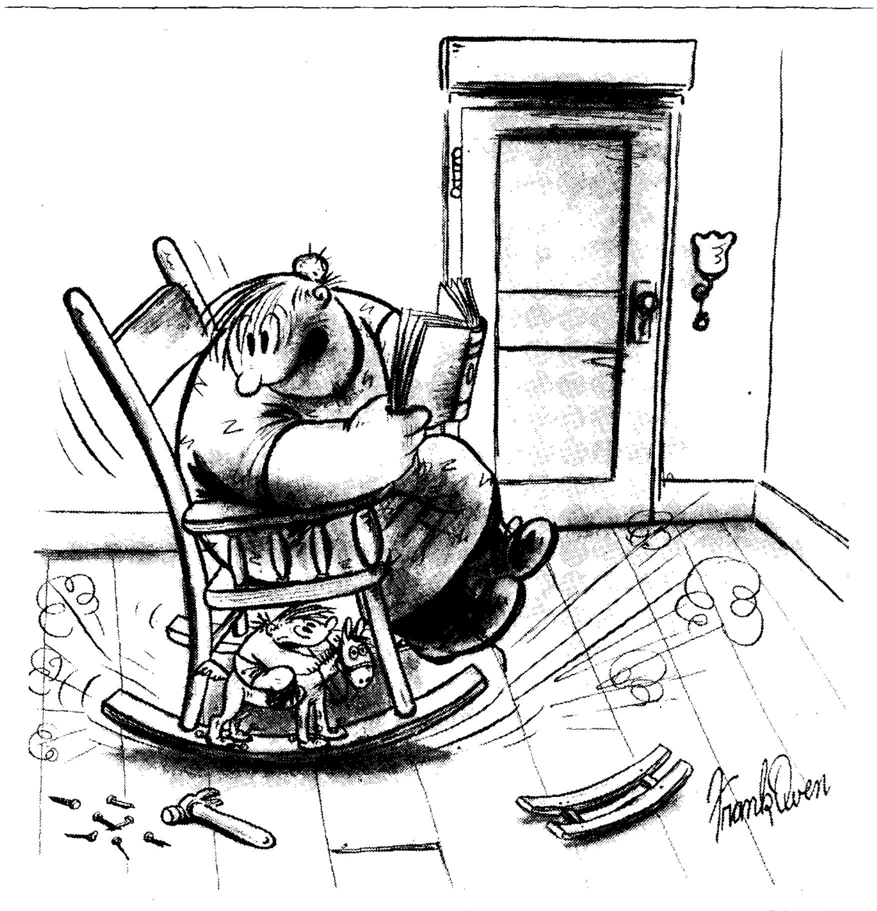
"Mr. Duffield, I have come out to tell you that Bertie is a reformed character. He is leading a new life, Mr. Duffield—married and settled down and steadied, and everything. I have brought him along, and his bride, too."

A handsome, middle-aged lady, who I learned later was Bertie's mother, caught at her breast and said: "The bride! Good heavens! Now that boy has gone and married some terrible woman!"

THE little mulatto boy had slipped out of the car and was standing by one of the wheels. I think myself it was a diplomatic error to bring him along, and if Bertie had consulted me I should have discouraged the idea. The fish with which he had been wiping his eyes was in his hand, and now he cried out: "Don't you call my mammy a terrible woman! My mammy is a nice lady, you ol' dead white woman, you!" And with that he socked Mrs. Duffield with the fish—socked is the only word, Freddy. It made a noise which sounded like the word "socked." I felt at the time that it was a painful incident, and I still think so. Pour me a drink, Freddy. I am still a little unnerved at the recollection.

The little mulatto boy's exclamation, I fancy, gave Bertie's parents a false impression. They could scarcely be

Philbert By FRANK OWEN
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"Go nail that hobbyhorse back where it belongs, and do your own rocking!"

blamed for thinking the little mulatto boy might possibly be their grandchild, or their step-grandchild, or something of that sort. Caroline leaped from the station wagon and took the fish from the little boy, and, asking him where his manners were, cuffed him soundly about the ears with it.

I saw that if I were to have any success with my diplomatic mission, I must at once relieve the minds of Bertie's parents by producing the real bride.

"Sugar!" I called, turning toward the station wagon. But it was no longer where it had been. It had started going round and round. I shall always think of Sugar as going round and round, in a car or on a dance floor. There was a kind of place in this driveway where you went round and round. You know the way driveways do, Freddy. They are very confusing, sometimes.

So the second time she came round, Sugar hit something. It may have been a chair, or the terrace itself, or a butler—there seemed to be thousands and thousands of butlers about now, sprung from nowhere.

The station wagon skidded, Freddy. Lurched and swayed and staggered, if you know what I mean. For an instant, it seemed as if it were going to tip over. And all those crates and things, which must have jolted loose, flew off the top, and landed right onto the terrace. They tumbled over the chairs and coffee cups and everything, and among the guests whom the little mulatto boy had thought were dead people.

They sort of exploded as they crashed, the crates did. I remember ducks and rabbits and chickens bursting out in every direction. There was a good deal of noise, and I have no doubt that Mr. and Mrs. Duffield and their guests were somewhat startled. Especially as these presents we had brought Mr. Duffield became at once mixed with his guests.

One dignified lady, who can only be described as a *grande dame*, lay under a table—it was one of those tables with twisted iron legs—you know, Freddy, sort of scrollwork iron legs that go every which-way, and make you dizzy to look at them—in a terrible struggle with a fish. It was a mullet, for it seems Caroline was partial to mullets. Freddy, believe it or not, but the mullet appeared to have become alive. It may have been because the table legs twisted in such a queer way that they gave a semblance of motion to everything—I state only what I saw, Freddy—but as the *grande dame* fought the mullet, the mullet appeared to fight back. It was a terrible struggle, and was somewhat obscured for me by the dog, who now assisted the *grande dame*, and now the mullet.

I WAS perhaps the only creature there who preserved his poise and equanimity. There was an old gentleman who was trying to get an excited hen out of his beard, who used language I should not like to repeat, and a lady who was temporarily wearing several rabbits who also used expressions I have been pretending to myself ever since that I did not hear. But by far the angriest person was a distinguished-looking gentleman who sat on the ground staring at a duck, which stared back at him. They spoke eye to eye, as if fascinated and unable to dissever their regard. This gentleman, I learned later, was a Mr. Sloan, a very wealthy man. It seems that he and Mr. Duffield were about to fix up some big business deal, which would save the nation's industries, and add to Mr. Duffield's riches immensely, and now Mr. Sloan was cursing the Duffields to the duck and the duck was complaining bitterly to Mr. Sloan.

I thought later that the wrecking of this business deal may have had something to do with making Mr. Duffield so unjust and harsh.

"Mr. Duffield," I began.

"You get out of here, young Withersbee," he said. "And take that idiot son of mine with you. And if either one of you ever shows up here again, I'll shoot him!"

"Mr. Duffield," I said, "I think you are being very unkind—after we have brought you all these nice presents and everything! I should think you would at least allow me to explain that this evening marks a turning point in Bertie's life."

"You darned well know it does," said Mr. Duffield, taking a rabbit from his shirt front and hurling the innocent creature viciously at his son. "Turning point is right—I've talked of disinheriting him before, but now I'm going to do it! The moron!"

I took Sugar by the elbow and thrust her forward.

"Mr. Duffield," I said, "you must at least allow me to set you right on one matter—*this* is the lady whom Bertie married. This is Sugar. How anyone can look at this sweet young thing and remain angry is more than I can comprehend."

"Take her away!" cried Mr. Duffield. He made an angry gesture.

SUGAR'S feelings were hurt at this reception—and who can blame her? She had done her part; she had brought Mr. Duffield's son home to him, safely and happily married, only to meet with this bleak ingratitude.

"Goodby, Papa," said Sugar, and turned toward the station wagon. But she spun around swiftly again, as if with a second thought. "Here's something to remember me by, Papa," she said. I believe I have mentioned that she was a dancer. She stood upon the toes of one foot, whirled round and round as if to gain momentum, and planted a dainty kick in the middle of Mr. Duffield's shirt front. It was a charming gesture, but he did not appear to appreciate it. I shall *always* think of Sugar as whirling round and round and round.

"Papa," said Bertie, as we got back into the car, where Caroline and the little mulatto boy and the dog were now cowering, "you are angry now, but you will get over it, and learn to love Sugar, I know."

"Nerts," said Sugar, throwing in the clutch.

"And," said Bertie, as the car started, still addressing his father, "it might have been a great deal worse, Papa. There might have been two of her—and as a matter of fact, there was quite a while when there seemed to be two of her."

And we drove away in a very dignified manner, permitting Mr. Duffield and his guests to have a monopoly on all the ill nature and impoliteness. Sugar and Bertie are living in my little flat, Freddy, and she will keep on with her dancing until the old gentleman relents, or something. Caroline and the little mulatto boy and the dog are also in the flat. Caroline says she was hired away from a good job in Harlem, and intends to fulfill her contract or know the reason why. There is no room for me. Especially as they all seem to be whirling round and round in there all the time. They were all whirling round and round when I saw them. They were sort of like a floor show.

Sugar told me that Bertie is thinking about beginning to try to look for a job himself. I think family responsibilities are beginning to steady him a little.

I am a little tired myself, Freddy, what with this and that and all the emotional strain I have been through; and I will take a nightcap and curl up on your couch.

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Cream of Kentucky
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FOR A REALLY FINE GIN, TRY SILVER WEDDING DISTILLED GIN

At night, before you go to bed,
'Tis better that all bugs be dead.
The spray to use is Bug-a-boo;
Then "half killed" bugs won't bother you.

WE BELIEVE in being *thorough*. So we've made an insect spray that does more than stun flying insects... we've made one that *kills*. We find that everybody likes Bug-a-boo for its high killing power, for the pleasant aroma it leaves... a mild suggestion of the pine forest. You'll like it, too. Doesn't stain wall-paper, clothing or furniture.

BUG-A-BOO
KILLS FLIES, MOSQUITOES, ROACHES, ANTS, MOTHS

Bug-a-boo
Kills flies, mosquitoes moths, ants and other household insects
SOCONY-VACUUM

SOLD BY MOBILOIL STATIONS AND LEADING DEALERS

Broadway Rose

Continued from page 22

At the tottery age of eighteen, he became recorder of the doings of the War Industries Board, and did all of Bernard M. Baruch's confidential work. While wandering Europe last summer like a wise-cracking and inquisitive gypsy, Rose sat on a gun chair on Baruch's private moor, aimlessly shooting at grouse, and talking show-shop gossip to the man who has millions.

One day during a breathing spell in a courtroom where he was the stenographer, he thumbed through a greasy copy of Variety, the theatrical weekly. In it he read that a song writer had made $59,000 dashing off a jazz jingle. That day Rose decided he would stop being a stenographer, and quit his job. He haunted the pool halls of Broadway where the lyric carpenters wasted their idle time. Danny Winkler, who, at that time, was professional manager of the flourishing firm of De Sylva, Brown and Henderson, Music, Inc., always calls Rose a "declared song writer."

"The guy," says Winkler with an astonishment that has remained fresh down the years, "just came around and declared he was a song writer."

The first song Rose wrote was a hit. It was called "Barney Google" and the nation hummed and whistled its crackpot tune and sang its woozy words. Since then he pleads guilty to being the author of the words of "You Tell Her, I Stutter," "You Gotta See Mamma Every Night," "That Old Gang o' Mine," "Follow the Swallow," "Don't Bring Lulu," "Tonight You Belong to Me," "A Cup of Coffee, A Sandwich and You," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," "Back in Your Own Back Yard," "Me and My Shadow," "Cheerful Little Earful," "Mmmm, Would You Like to Take a Walk?", "Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie," "Fifty Million Frenchmen Can't Be Wrong," "More Than You Know," and "Without a Song"—and so many, many more.

Of them all, he seems only proud of one, "Without a Song," and he hints desperately that it will be an American folk song when he is dead and gone.

The Gag Worked

But he was weary of the song-writing business, tired of it as he had been emotionally strangled by the bleak process of jotting down the words of others in shorthand. So he went into the night-club business.

He called his shabby caravansary "The Back-Stage Club." He had a sly idea, and it worked out. He announced it was a hangout for the people of the stage, and the actors believed him. So here they came every night and jammed the little room, getting up now and then to perform before the goggle-eyed saps who paid cover charges. But Rose played no favorites. The actors who performed free were given a check. "The Back-Stage Club" played to $4,000 profit a week. It cost him $6,000 to establish.

Oh, yes. There was a torch singer there, a white-faced Camille of the dawn, a girl with wet eyes and sad eyes and hands that made quick, sorrowful gestures. One night the place was thronged. The girl had no place to stand and sing. Tables were crowded up on the stage.

"Where will I sit?" asked the girl.

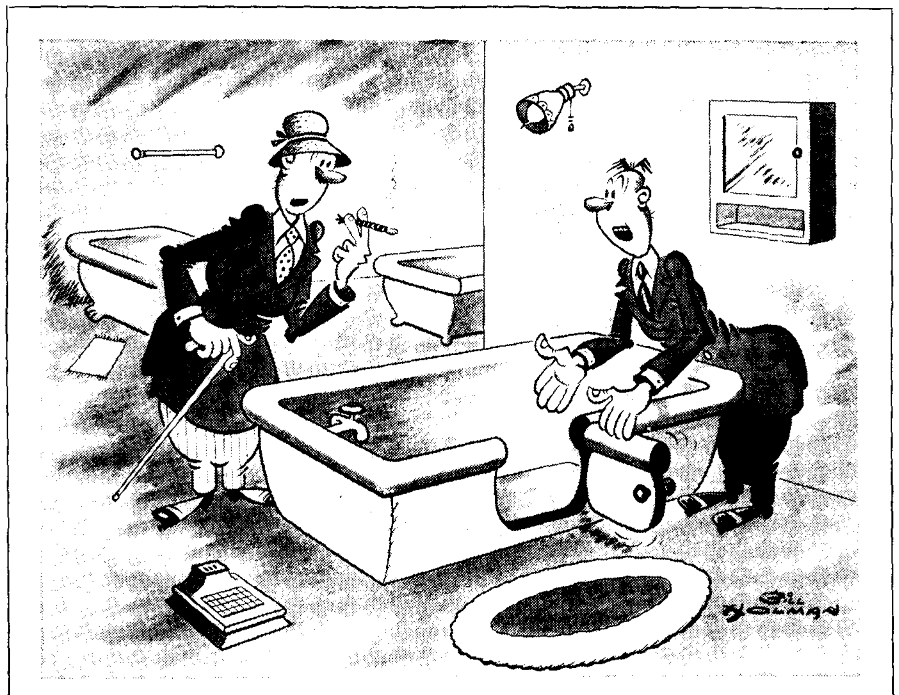
"Oh, sit on the piano, and don't bother me," said Rose, who was counting the house.

The girl's name was Helen Morgan.

The Barnum complex was slowly attacking Rose. If, he figured out, he could make $4,000 a week with a dingy side-street hey-hey hut, he should make nine times that with a swell joint.

So he went over to Fifth Avenue, and hired a mansion. It cost him $52,000 to appoint it in silver, vermilion and ebony. Rogers and Hart wrote the words and music for his show. Lillian Roth, Frances Williams, The Yacht Club Boys and Roger Wolfe Kahn were the solar system of his floor show. The best and worst people in the town stormed the castle of fun on opening night.

Rose later sold the club for $11,000. He then deserted Fifth Avenue and rushed back to his alcove in Tin-Pan Alley and hastily wrote himself out of the red with a ditty of honest but fleeting affection called "Tonight You Belong to Me." It is a famous fact that the $5,000 advance paid Rose for "Tonight You Belong to Me" is still tops for the trade. But Henry Watterson, who paid it, didn't regret it. The tune made plenty of money.



"This model is twenty dollars more!" BILL HOLMAN

The Follies starred Fanny Brice that year. You know Fanny. There's a lady, blessed with the twin gifts of laughter and pathos.

La Brice sent for Rose. It was a tune of heartbreak she wanted. Rose had just the thing for it. He croaked a dreary ditty called "Riverside Rose." But Miss Brice just wrinkled her nose and said, "That thing isn't for me."

That was the first time Billy Rose met Fanny Brice, but it wasn't the last. They were married a couple of years later after Fanny bought "In the Middle of the Night" from him. The curious ceremony was performed by Mayor Jimmy Walker in a thronged and noisy city hall. Movie cameras recorded the event, and flashlights flared. "Bugs" Baer, the humorist, was best man.

But radio was an ogre that devoured the song-writing business. Songs were quick hits that became monotonous and were soon discarded after being blared in every parlor in the land. People refused to buy sheet music when they could twist a dial and sweep the songs into their parlors for nothing.

So Rose decided he was through with song writing, and thought he would become a producer. Anyway, he was weary of being known as Fanny Brice's husband.

Rose unveiled his musical caper in Philadelphia, confident that the critics would announce that a new-risen genius was abroad in the land. It is making an understatement to say that he was greatly disappointed to discover a Philadelphia newspaper heading its drama section with the hideously trite caption: "A Rose That Does Not Smell So Sweet."

There was no doubt he was the father of a flop. The Broadway sages with malicious honesty suggested he close it right away and save the actors in his dazed troupe from the awful monotony of performing in a deserted theater. But the show, which he called "Sweet and Low" had cost him $99,000, which was every cent he had in the world.

But into his day-dreams there clattered a beefy figure. It was the fleshy ghost of Barnum. He had sold the public knickknacks of humanity by the simple trick of telling the world they were marvelous sights to see. So Rose went Barnum.

Rose had been spending $300 a week on advertisements. Now he jumped his ad budget to $3,000 a week while Benny Stein, his business manager, wondered what they were going to use for coin of the realm.

They were strange ads. They showed houses falling down. They showed the debris of earthquakes. They proclaimed to the whole world that Bach and Beethoven had written the words and music of the lambasted show, but that Billy Rose had stolen them. Every one of them showed a nude lady, timidly holding a drape around her and enticingly declaring that there were a hundred others like her on Rose's sad stage.

The gag worked. The Barnum business was a success. The crowds began to thicken in the lobby of the theater, and soon the S. R. O. sign was out. Rose had transformed a flop into a smash hit by the Barnumian trick of hokum ballyhoo.

But Rose did not stop there. He bought the chorus girls new hair ribbons, wrote two more jokes, had the costumes cleaned and pressed, and glibly shouted he had a new spring revue called "Crazy Quilt." That, too, made money. Then he took it on tour.

The troupe played whistle stops and hamlets. They performed in tents and armories, broke down opera houses and Sunday meeting houses. They went to remote places where only movies had been seen for decades. A calliope cruised the streets of the hidden towns they played, moaning and whistling and loud-speakering that "Crazy Quilt" was in town.

The tour made Billy Rose $250,000 richer.

Then a syndicate came to Rose with an idea. They had a theater. They had a dim mirage of a night club that was a theater, a theater that was a night club.

Rose was the boss. He ripped out the seats of the drafty and flop-haunted Gallo Theater, on a shunned side street off Broadway, and built tiers where he placed tables and chairs. He called it the Casino De Paree, and he dressed his doorman up like a musical comedy hussar.

The Casino was a midnight Wonderland for profit. Masked fortune tellers wandered about between shows. Gigolos stood at fidgety attention along the wall with green carnations in their lapels. Magicians meandered about the place, doing card tricks and performing illusions with eggs, ducks, billiard balls and thimbles. Downstairs was an optical illusion called "The Girl in the Fish Bowl." You gazed into a slot in the wall, and saw a nude girl in miniature winking and waving at you from behind a pane of glass. It was done with mirrors and the young lady looked no larger than a bean.

The newspapers were snowed under with a blizzard of ads. Rose wrote them, and they were silly and amusing and profitable. They packed the Casino. The Barnum fixation was at its height. Rose had a mad idea for a magnificent honky-tonk. He hired a theater around the corner from the Casino and called it "Billy Rose's Music Hall." It was transformed into another night club. He first built an electric sign that streaked his name across Broadway's sky. It was the biggest billing anyone ever got on Broadway.

Bigger and Better

Rose hired the remnants of old vaudeville. He gathered a peculiar congress of fire eaters, Indian Club jugglers, clog dancers, coon shouters, players of musical bottles—the strangest group of entertainers seen on Broadway after dark in twenty years.

Rose quarreled with his backers. They took Rose's name down out of the Broadway skies, and closed his music hall. But the Casino De Paree is a monument to his madness for profit.

Now Rose, who is an old man in Broadway at thirty-four, has another idea. Let him tell it:

"Kid, I found out the other day a circus sometimes makes as much as $50,000 in a one-night stand. I said to myself, that's the racket for me.

"Right now I'm in the circus business. That's the business, kid. I've hired the Hippodrome. I bought the biggest elephant in the world. He's called Jumbo. That's the name of my circus.

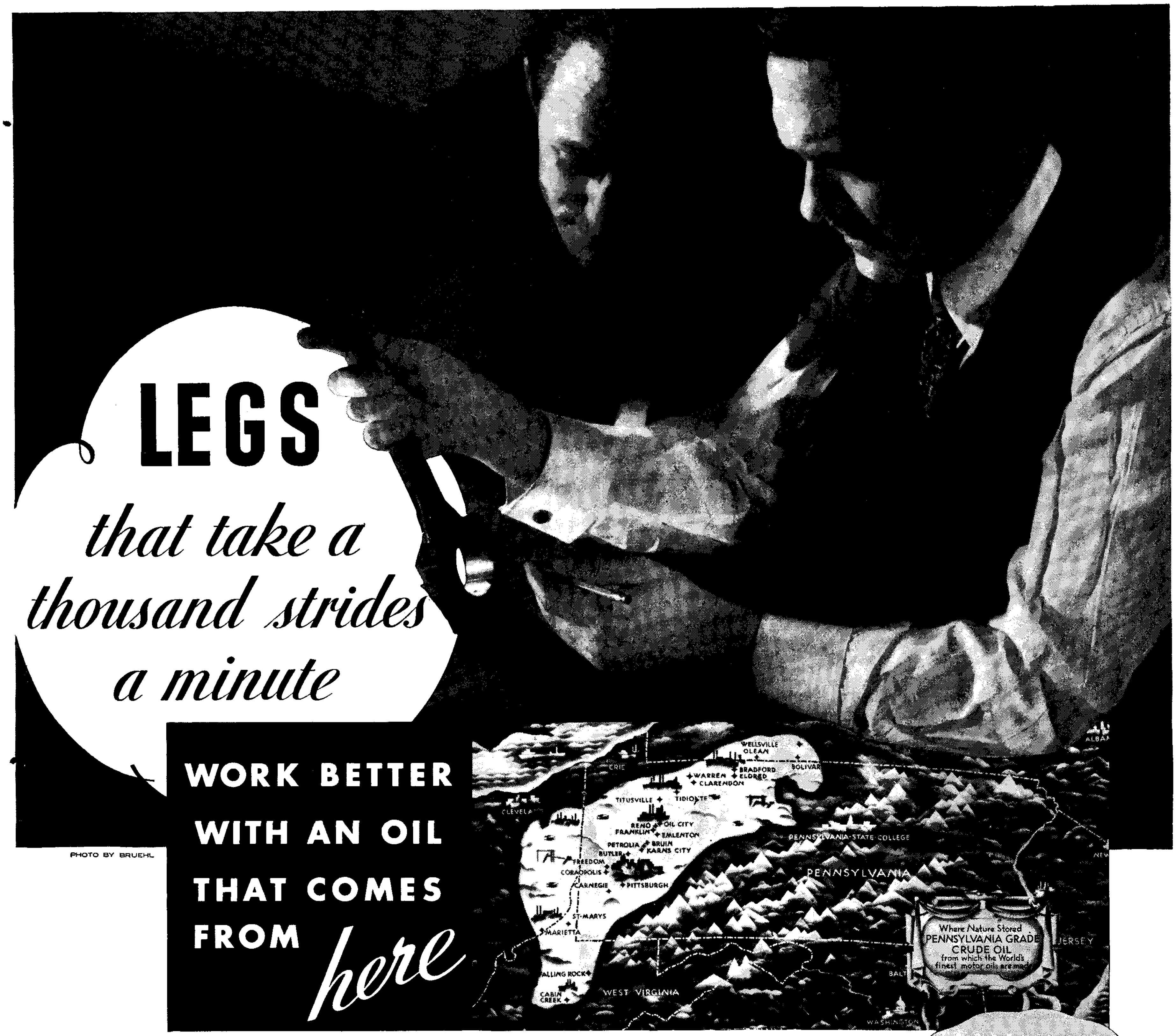
"But this is a circus that's a different kind of a circus. I'm going to have everything in a circus—wild animals, clowns, trapeze performers and things like guys shot out of cannons.

"But this is going to be a musical comedy, too. I got Rogers and Hart to write the words and music. Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur have written the play. I've signed Jimmy Durante to star in it.

"And when I take it on the road . . . I'll make millions. Say . . . fifty grand a day. That's a racket."

But Billy Rose's mother in the Bronx is disconsolate. It makes her happy to think that her son is now rich and famous. But she wishes he had not forsaken the shorthand business.

"He doesn't get any medals any more," she says, unhappy because she cannot polish elephants and billboards and his name in lights.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Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association, Oil City, Pa.

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Collier's

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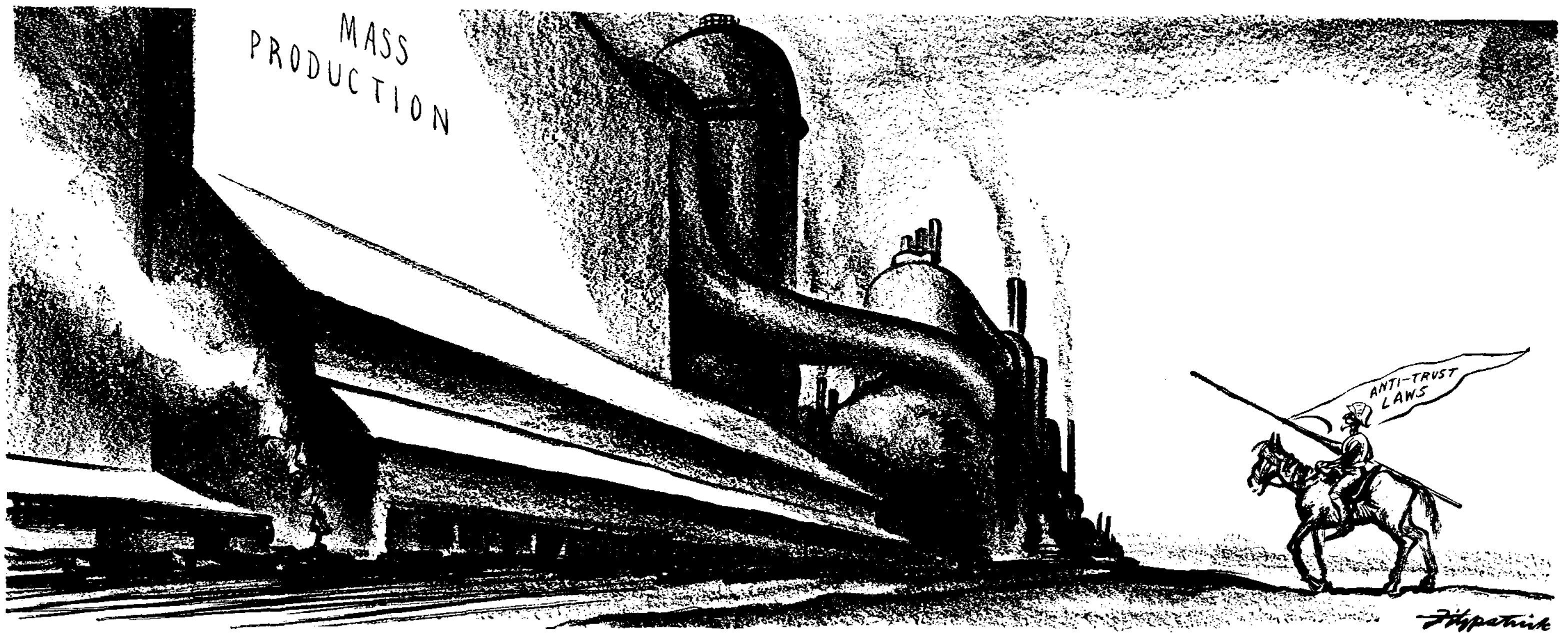


Hillbilly Statesmanship

THE facts of our economic life should be explained to some of our nobler statesmen by their constituents.

William E. Borah, the Idaho Republican, for example, and William H. King, the Utah Democrat. Also Bennett Champ Clark, the Missouri scholar of Democratic leanings, and Gerald P. Nye, the Cooperstown, North Dakota, Republican presidential aspirant.

These eloquent senators, and others, too, got excited over the sleeping anti-trust laws when the President goaded Congress into reviving the moribund NRA. They were all for reviving the anti-trust laws.

Of course there is a catch in their campaign. The anti-trust laws do not apply to farmers. Labor and agricultural organizations are specifically exempted from the prohibitions and penalties of the anti-trust laws. These anti-trust senators are all spokesmen of Western farmers. They are strong for laws which provide penalties for another senator's constituents.

Being against trusts is the old political hokum. It worked when General Grant was eating his heart out in the White House, and it was hot stuff in Andrew Jackson's time.

Of course, it doesn't make much sense today. Politics, however, lags so far behind industry that it is possible for a fluent small-town lawyer to spout 1830 economics in 1935 and still hold a reputation for statesmanship.

The record is that for a hundred years and longer we have been building our business big and at the same time cheering patriots who advocated laws commanding business to stay small.

We built business big because we craved the fruits of large-scale production. We wanted more and better things more cheaply and more widely distributed, used and enjoyed. We were not and are not different from other people in this respect. Nearly everybody at all times and in all places wants as much and as many of the good things of life as he or she can acquire.

The only way the human race has ever been able to produce enough measurably to lift the general standard of living is through large-scale industry. This is the reason the Soviet government, the most radical in the world, immediately began to import mass-production factories and technical experts. Like us, the Russians want to enjoy the good things of life.

By and large and over a long period we have produced more and built a higher standard of general living than any other people. The standard was never high enough and not enough people enjoyed it. Even so, we reached the highest level ever attained anywhere.

We got what we had and have by large-scale industry or what the politicians persist in calling trusts. We have ten times as many motorcars as any other people because automobiles are made in large factories by mass-production methods.

By similar devices we got bathtubs, telephones, radios, washing machines and all of the other material symbols of present-day civilization. We have not stopped wanting these things.

This desire for more creature comforts and luxuries is the dominant theme of our national development. If the anti-trust laws, and the similar anti-corporation laws which preceded them, had ever been enforced thoroughly we should not have had these good things.

The anti-corporation, anti-trust, anti-big-business statutes were frustrated and nullified, not by weak and complacent officeholders unfaithful to their trust, but rather by the instinct and the ambition of the average American who aspired to a better way of life. Political eloquence is not strong enough to induce the people to forgo the production and enjoyment of a higher standard of living. If poor laws block the way to material progress then pity the laws. The people will get what they want.

The time has long since passed when it was practicable to enforce literally the anti-trust laws. Surely the time has come to reconcile our political ideas to the economic principles which a hundred years' experience informs us we intend to live by.

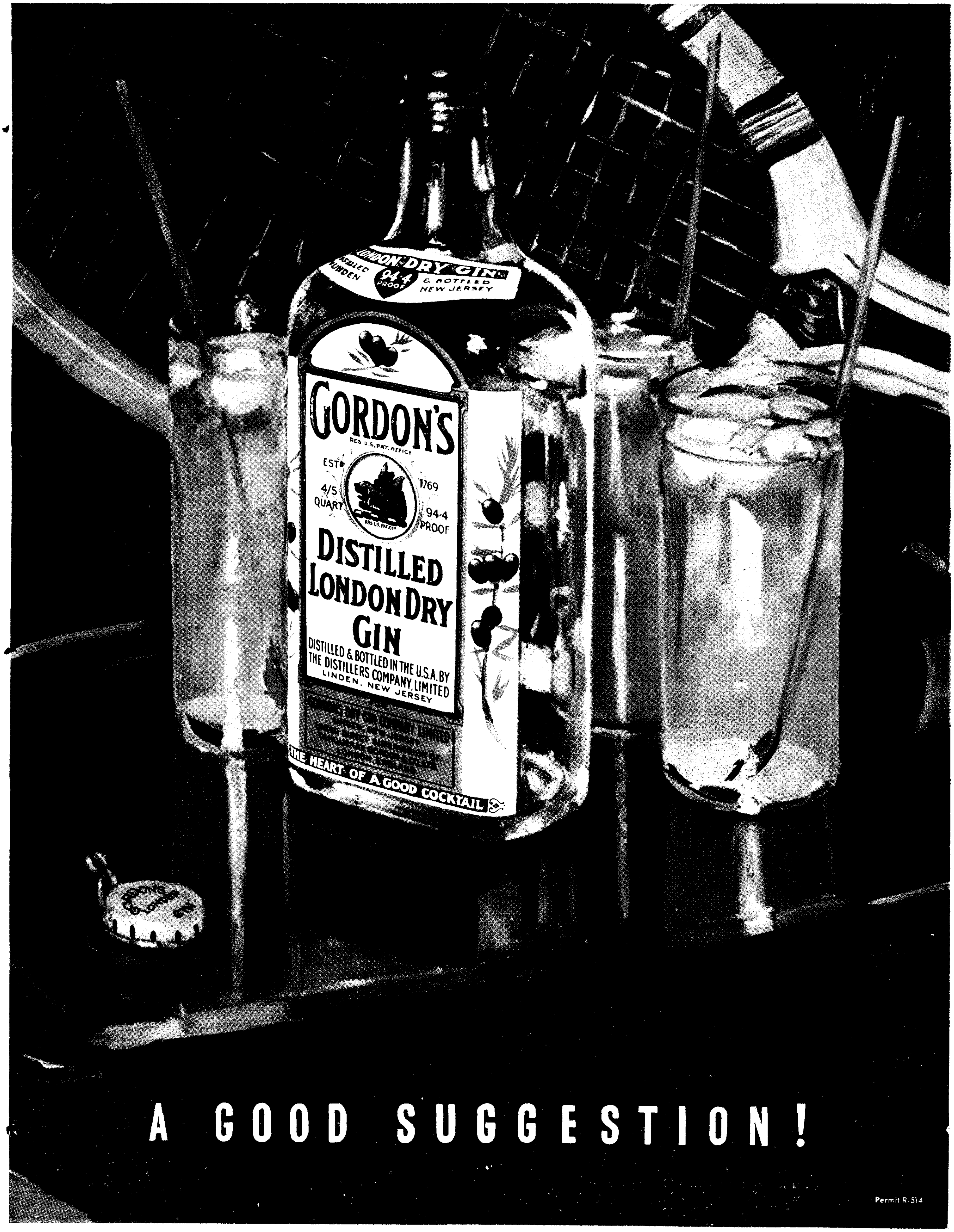
The only practical alternative to large-scale industry is small-scale industry. The end of that sort of thing is the peasant way of life.

The NRA built a temporary road around the impasse created by the conflict between our anti-trust laws and our industrial practices. The NRA blew up from overexpansion. If General Johnson had been more of an administrator and less of a revivalist the NRA might well, by prudent management, have avoided the kind of suit which revealed its constitutional difficulties. But this is now water over the dam.

Surely the time is ripe for common sense and plain speech on this vital issue. Business is going to be big, and small, too, for that matter, and it should not be beyond the wisdom of statesmen to contrive policies and laws which will preserve the obvious advantages of the industrial system which is so distinctly American.

Naturally, big business creates problems which require the intervention of the government so that the public interest may be safeguarded. Little business, also, is guilty of abuses which demand the use of police power. But no genius is needed to work out laws which permit us to enjoy the benefits of large-scale production, the advantages of the enterprise and the initiative of the small individual, and which at the same time set up an agency for protecting both the public and business of all dimensions from unfair trade practices.

All that is needed is the application to our public problems of the same intelligence which we apply in the routine of living to the problems raised by business, science or medicine. In doing this we shall have, however, to drop the hillbilly economics. That would not be an irreparable loss.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